

NYPL RESEARCH LIBRARIES



3 3433 08179066 3

10
The
Gordon Lester Ford
Collection
Presented by his sons
Worthington Chauncy Ford
and
Paul Leicester Ford
to the
New York Public Library.





Millard Fillmore



J. S. Donelson



THE
GREAT AMERICAN BATTLE;

OR, THE CONTEST BETWEEN

CHRISTIANITY AND POLITICAL ROMANISM.

BY

ANNA ELLA CARROLL,
OF MARYLAND.

“The name of AMERICA must always exalt the just pride of patriotism.”
WASHINGTON'S *Farewell Address*.

NEW YORK AND AUBURN:
MILLER, ORTON & MULLIGAN.

NEW YORK: 25 PARK ROW.—AUBURN: 107 GENESEE ST.

1856.

158538

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year One Thousand Eight Hundred
and Fifty-six, by

FREDERICK S. WINSTON,

In the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

E. O. JENKINS,

Printer and Stereotyper,

No. 26 FRANKFORT STREET.

P R E F A C E .

“O, say! does the Star-Spangled Banner yet wave,
O'er the Land of the Free and the Home of the Brave?”

WHAT a burst of life and principle does the very name of America introduce!—bubbling with ever-springing sap, and glorying in the fact that her anatomy is before us.

The land for which generation after generation have spent their substance, their energy, and their virtue—which contains the bones of their dead, who died for it—their savings and their nourishment.

And when influences deep, palpable, and universal, are striving with marked celerity to arrest her chief work, it is not wonderful she should feel it. Glorious movement, what heart shall not respond to it? The hand that guides this light is a Divine one—it is none other than the hand of God.

America has done, and is doing, the world's work, in establishing the only true principles of liberty the world has ever known. If she is thus important to universal man, how much more so to America? Alone with her blood she has watered the tree that she planted; and it has flourished because of its closeness to the root from which it sprouted.

Our lives, our country, our homes, our hearts—this sympathy and love constitute the genius, the wealth, and the strength of America.

She will never be pardoned for the exhibition of this sparkling liberty, which attempts to give the world freedom. She started with blood-stained energy, and incorruptible virtue, and must be solid and constant as the globe. For Americans the first country must be America—the second, America—all, America! Our first and last motto is, Hope!

The balanced moment has come, and in the language of expiring faith, let us call out for light, more light, Lord. We are sustaining the greatest weight ever laid on human life. And who that has caught but the feeblest ray of this liberty is willing to renounce it?

The American spirit must imbue the American sentiment, and the goal should be fixed before the starting-point is taken, by all who press American soil. To give life and durability, which shall implant, by education, the country in the heart of the child, is the means at America's command for her salvation. And America, to be saved thus, must be saved in her infancy. Before the child increases and enlarges, it must exist. This is the inspiration of the American mind; and believing God had raised this independent Nation upon which to foster his own glorious Truth, let man from his birth recognize Him in his own beloved country. Who by origin and adoption is in her—is of her—is enshrined in her, must live and die in her.

America has a mission to teach the world, in her language, her history, and her laws. Her great heart and soul were found in a feeble body, which gave it independence—it was the instinct, the inspiration, the energy, which made the heroes of our liberties.

No mere formulas, religious or political, can bind America—we can, without spade, or mattock, or pick, lay her bare to her foundations—and, alive, or concealed in the coffins or charnel-houses, and in the bones of the dead, faithfulness to the Constitution and laws, which seal our liberties, may be found inscribed. The brave deeds of our fathers speak to us—the thought of freedom is in their blood.

The power of sacrifice was the spirit which carried them to triumph; and all that concrete living spirit yet survives. No Gordian knot, consecrated by absurdity did they fear to discuss; no problems of political sages escaped their logic. It was the heroism of inspiration which led them to love our country; and American patriotism would survive were it engulfed in the bosom of despotism—the soul of America and Americans is an instinct which can never perish.

For the first time I appear before the public. As a woman, I shrink with timidity and distrust. I have no affiliations with any principles which place her in a sphere at variance with that refined delicacy to which she is assigned by Nature. I have no aspirations to extend her influence or position. And from the Press, the accomplished and enlightened Editorial Corps of the country, who are assured I have no political, religious, or personal animosities to resent, I bespeak kindness, generosity, courtesy, and forbearance.

In my friends, who are distinguished by associations with all parties, and sects, and creeds, I have all confidence that, however much they may differ, they will neither resent nor grow cold.

Connected as I am with those holding the Roman Catholic as well as Protestant faith, who came to this land to enjoy fortune and not to seek it; alike imbued with the spirit and instinct of Liberty, which led them to take refuge under our Institutions, which they assisted to perpetuate—it would not be consonant with reason or taste to arraign them!—and though myself a Protestant, communing, in the faith of Protestants, with our common Redeemer, I honor that paternal ancestry, of which I in common descended, with the amiable, distinguished, and worthy Archbishop who bore my name, the first in the United States, and one of the heroic signers of our Independence, of which abundant proof is at hand. Yet it is not with my family relations, Protestant or Catholic, with which the public feel interest or concern; but only in the merits or importance of the subjects discussed. And when I reflect upon America's great end and errand, and see the necessity of passing through the domain

of equilibration, to avail ourselves of the thought which must penetrate and burn, if we wish to perpetuate our freedom, I feel that the truth and earnestness which have brought out the American party, will make it pardonable in all eyes to plead for the Protestant Institutions, which shall foster, sustain, and cherish the principles of liberty and the free government of the United States of America as an incomparable blessing, to whose allegiance, in spirit and in truth, the American only feels and acknowledges responsibility.

INTRODUCTION.

TO THE AMERICAN PUBLIC :

By a Friend of the Authoress.

BYRON, on the eve of the war of Greece, says : “ It is time to act ; and what signifies *self*, if a single spark of that genius which would be worthy of the past can be bequeathed unquenchably to the future ? It is not one man, nor a million, but the *spirit* of liberty which must be spread.”

It is this spirit which breasted the Straits of Thermopylæ ; it is this which nerved the arm of Tell, when, with his unerring bow, he shot off the apple, and reserved the remaining arrow for Geisler, the tyrant of his country ; it is this which gathered the little band in the *Mayflower*, and planted them on the eternal rock of Plymouth ; it is this which moved, like the waves of the sea, the breasts of the colonists, and unsheathed the sword of Washington ; it is this which planted the “ Eagle ” over the “ Cross of St. George,” and made the “ Lion and the Unicorn ” crouch beneath the “ Stars and Stripes ; ” it is the same spirit that now animates their Protestant descendants, and which says to the encroachments of the Papacy, “ Pass not the *Rubicon* which guards the portals of Freedom from the tread of Despotism. We know you—well painted in the

Apocalypse—you have the face of a man, but the hoofs and horns of a ‘dragon.’” And yet this “dragon” is here; his presence is felt; his breath is diffusing its poison; his touch has wounded, and already partially withered our schools, the ballot-box, and the Bible. Why is this? Is Freedom less dear than when it first lifted its banner in 1776? But the spirit of party reigns—the power of the Papal priesthood is invoked, and the *votes* of the numerous subjects of the Pope are demanded for aspirants for office. Is it not an anomaly—is it not one of the most singular facts in this Protestant free country, that there can be found an individual who professes to be a Protestant, whatever the party bias or education may be, that can *barter* the true principles of American Liberty for priestly influence or Papal despotism? To prevent so baneful an evil, we must have an independent and patriotic Press, and books of the right American stamp. And we rejoice to find that the true Protestant spirit is neither apathetic nor dead. To foster and invigorate this spirit, this book has been prepared; and how ought all who are born in this Protestant land of liberty, and who enjoy, untrammled by Papal tyranny and priestcraft, the light of science and of Bible truth, to welcome every publication calculated to spread information, dissipate the clouds of mental and moral darkness, and restore the poor, blinded Papists, in bondage to priestcraft, to their native, original right of freedom of conscience—freedom of Bible Republican independence. Thousands, in every section of our vast territory, and many of our statesmen and active politicians, are still in the dark on the subject of Popery.

Ibant obscuri sub nocte.

The subject of this book is no fiction. It is no evanescent tribute

to a prurient taste, developing the ingenious plot of a silly love-tale, decorating some imaginary hero in false colors, and by the charm of its drapery, and splendor of its style, throwing a brilliant halo around fashionable vice, to please and recreate the lounging moments of a Custom-house clerk, or to beguile from more instructive and innocent reading a boarding-school Miss. Many of the authors, especially of the modern school, may say, in the words of a celebrated writer,

“Our busy pens have lighted fools
The way to dusty death.”

This just accusation will not apply to this book. This work is founded on fact, real, historical, and of transcendent importance to every citizen of this country. The Authoress, Miss Anna Ella Carroll, is a Protestant, of the family of the Carrolls of Maryland being the daughter of ex-Governor Carroll, of Maryland, the history of whose immediate ancestors, as well as his own, is conspicuous in the annals of that State.

The Authoress has been induced, by the request of friends, in view of the dangers which, at present and prospectively, surround her beloved country, to write a series of chapters, conveying her thoughts on various momentous subjects, addressed to America and Americans, with the design to revive the memories of their noble Revolutionary sires, to rekindle an emulation, to imitate their virtues, to remind them of their heroic deeds, to cherish and maintain inviolate the charter of their liberties, to beware, in the language of Washington's Farewell Address, of “foreign influence ;” to resist the false pretensions, the artful intrigues, and bold aggressions of the emissaries of Rome, and to transmit the magnificent

legacy left them by their fathers, unimpaired, to future generations.

There is nothing in this book to give the slightest offence, for it is free from sectarian motives, from political or party aims, from any acerbity of feeling towards Roman Catholics ; it is the *system* of Popery against which it warns, not individuals. It is the production of a young lady of refined education, and of a high order of intellect. It conveys the purest lessons of ethics and of wisdom, in "thoughts that breathe, and words that burn;" abounding in sprightly humor, thrilling reminiscences, luminous descriptions of historical incidents and character, and the most vivid and touching appeals to the heart and the understanding. Inheriting the love of country, the social and noble virtues, the heroic chivalry of her ancestry, the authoress illustrates these traits with a pen dipped in "Castalian dews," glowing with the bright colors of the rainbow, and in a style of surpassing beauty and intellectual power, exhibits the principles of a sound and lofty patriotism, and the most sublime expositions of the rights and duties of American citizens. Would that there were a thousand such talented female pens, glowing with emotions of love and devotion to their country, and throwing their burning eloquence over the hearts of the fathers and mothers, the sons and the daughters, to awaken the slumbering energies, and to revive the exalted emotions of native, primitive patriotism.

The authoress has carefully avoided to touch upon the sectional interests of North, or South, or East, or West. She surveys the mighty Union of the States as being under one government, and subject to the same destiny—beautifully embodied in the motto,

"E PLURIBUS UNUM."

She leaves the diversified interests of the States to the supervision

and wise legislation of disinterested and magnanimous statesmen ; while, with a heart of the gentlest kindness, but earnest and impressive arguments, she advocates the cause of her whole country. In the language of Miss Hannah Moore,

“Our country is a whole,
Of which we all are parts; nor should a citizen
Regard his interests as distinct from hers ;
No hopes or fears should touch his patriot soul
But what affects her honor or her shame.”

This book is well-timed for the important crisis of our country, and it enters on a precious and great mission. It is addressed to all classes of readers, without distinction of name, or creed, or nativity. To all lovers of their country it will be a welcome companion and a timely mentor, and especially will it be appreciated by Americans. Little minds, of unworthy and sinister aims, and a Jusuistical press, may express opposition ; and so the peerless character of Washington, and the spotless fame of Hancock, were assailed, but which their own shining virtues repelled at an immeasurable distance, and their virtues only appeared more conspicuous by such attempts ; so this book, by its own intrinsic excellence and faultless beauties, will carry the seal of its own worth and sterling and unquestioned patriotism along with it wherever it is read.

We feel a pride that our Authoress has added one more literary gem to works of merit ; that, amid the busy cares, the varied and noisy vicissitudes, and, too often, discordant tumults of public opinion, a star of no ordinary brightness has arisen in our firmament, to shed the rays of genius over our civic landscape ; to disperse the clouds that cast their ominous shadows ; to inspire with new vigor

and life our countrymen, and to adorn the literary galaxy of her country. Let the young men who value their privileges, and aspire to an honorable rank among the wise and good, and as patriots in society, read this book, and imbibe its spirit and maxims. Let the women of America, and especially the daughters, who would emulate all that is lovely and matronly in the noble virtues of the Mothers of the Revolution, occupy their leisure hours, with an earnest interest, over these pages, and drink in their salutary lessons.

“Education,” said Burke, “is the cheap defence of nations.” So we commend this book, as one of those happy and sterling productions which will illustrate the same aphorism, and throw a safeguard around the edifice of our liberties, more precious and enduring than the materials of stone and brass which constitute its temporary and pregnable fortifications.

HORACE GALPEN.

NEW YORK, 1855.



Anna Eliza Carroll

CHAPTER I.

THE WOMEN OF AMERICA.

“ American Women, be faithful and brave,
Your Liberty's perilled, your Bible's to save!
Then the Star-spangled Banner will continue to wave,
O'er the Land of the Free, and the Home of the Brave.”

WHEN America was born in the depth of the winter, in the thick of snow-storm and drift, amidst poverty, famine, danger, and oppression, woman hovered over its destinies like a shadow, and gave freely her sacrifice, her sustenance, and her nourishment. And when yet an infant in the world, who more than she should come again to its succor? when pale and ill, it needs her active sympathy and her encouraging smile. The blood of America was poured out for woman, her home, her altar, and her fireside; it has given its soul to her, and it cannot die but with her. And as the soul disappears but once from its mortality, so woman but once can save America. America in eternity, is in eternity forever. God has given to woman to enlighten America, and to America to light the world. When night closes on all beside, America sees, and

while God and woman are with her, she must be invincible to the world.

Hence, when a fearful eclipse is threatening to hide her from the face of the sky, who, more than woman, should interpose between the shadow and the sun? And it is the high destiny of the American woman now to lay her hands on this young world, and save it from a crisis which portends her glory or her fall. Who can say it is a low lot, to put honor on that country for which our mothers thought it glory to live and suffer, to toil or die? And now, when America's religion and political regeneration are staked, does woman need a rougher instruction to bind her to the cause which has so pre-eminently blessed her; does she want labor, or toil, or hunger, terror, or doubt, to make the path of duty plain? "The Fate of the child," said Napoleon, "is the work of his mother." The Fate of America is the work of America's daughters. On their stern virtue, their cultivated intelligence, their faithfulness to duty, to God, and their country, depend America's salvation now.

Washington did not hesitate to ascribe to these qualities of his mother, all his greatness and his triumphs, just as the Gracchi, Coriolanus, and Napoleon did. It is the spirit of the women of '76 that should now circulate and diffuse like a wave over the nation. Who believes, had women then been beguiled into indifference, slothfulness, misapprehension, or distrust, wavering in faith to her God and duty to her country, the liberties of America would ever have

been achieved? Who doubts the efficacy of that energy and virtue, of those prayers and tears, of that vehemence and pertinacity, which woman pressed into the American cause? With the blood of the first hero which watered Bunker Hill, sprang the desire for independence in every woman's heart; and loving ardently what she felt so holy, she threw into our revolutionary struggle her feelings, her principles, her imagination, and her substance. She enkindled the flame which spread through all the Colonies, and carried its light into the depths of the people; and when her unselfish love was seen, interposing for freedom, it bound together tightly all former clashing interests—it awoke the nation into life, and men saw and felt liberty carved before their eyes, on the earth and in the sky. Sparta, Greece, and Rome, furnish bright illustrations of woman's heroism and devotion to country, but only in America has woman, enlightened by the Gospel of Jesus Christ, bearing the standard of the Word of God, been dignified with the true mission of freedom, which is to bless the world.

Summon your resolution, said the women of Carolina to their husbands, brothers, and sons; yield not to the fury of tyrants—hesitate not to prefer prisons to infamy; you are martyrs to a cause most grateful to Heaven—most sacred to men. Thus, teaching patriots to be more than patriots, they ground all difficulties to dust, and, in an hour of deep despair, when the obtuse nature of human perception hid our fortunes in a cloud, when men saw only in lumps and masses,

were blundering and quarrelling with weak vehemence and superlativeness, woman appeared, as the angel of hope, to the American cause, and infused a thrill of joy by her deep sacrifices and her rocky faith in the God of battles. Thus a new impetus was felt in the whole fibre of the Colonies; their hearts swelled, their veins thickened, as the thought of freedom rushed into their blood. They communed with it in their eyes and in their brain; and ever after, vanquished or victorious, that thought of securing it was uppermost—"We were not born to die!" The same spirit that the women of South Carolina displayed, blazed over the nation. Women felt their mission freighted with the weightiest convictions which encompassed two worlds. Heaven and America were of God! And whilst every selfish thought was surrendered, they neither sighed nor wept without meaning; but with accuracy, skill, and truth, they measured the progress of the revolution, and gave their energy, their sympathy, and service, when and where it was needed. They followed their husbands, their fathers, and sons, to the ships, the dungeon, or the battle-field; they sought out American prisoners—nourished, supported, and encouraged them; and when English tyranny was exercised by banishment or confiscation, they surrendered home, and comfort, and luxury, and like true women followed, amidst pestilence, famine, or death, the fortunes of those with whom their virtuous affections were enshrined. "Where thou goest, I will go; where thou diest, I will die" is an instinct in woman

as clear and shining as the stars. "Rebel" was an epithet in which our revolutionary mothers gloried, because it illustrated the birth, growth, and omnipresent nature of that independence which soared to the skies. After the invasion of South Carolina, a visible change was palpable: the patriot women grasped and appropriated those reverses, until the real took the place of the impossible throughout the Southern Provinces.

When Congress called on all the States to complete their regiments, the patriot women of all the States organized to carry forward the requirement. In a town in Pennsylvania a regiment was furnished, armed, and equipped, exclusively by women; they wrought spirited inscriptions on their banners, and exhorting the regiment never to dishonor their flag, dispatched it for duty to the theatre of danger. There were no pleasure-loving, ease-taking women of the Revolution to affect sympathy in verses, to vapor and play; but delighting only in what affected the interest of the soldier, or the power and sacredness of the cause, all associations were eschewed, all places of amusement or pastime discarded. The thought of the wounded, the dying, or the dead, engrossed their lives, their souls, their hearts, their activity. They suspended their jewels and their valuables to give bread to the soldier, who was fighting to shield them—to make pillows or graves for those who had died for them.

In Philadelphia an organization was formed at this juncture, and placing the wife of Washington at its

head, these patriotic women went from house to house to incite liberality to the American cause. And thus, emulated by all the States, in activity and sacrifice, an invaluable strength was added to the pecuniary power, to facilitate and guard the machinery of war. From elegance and opulence women joyously submitted to penury and even beggary; they wore the same garments summer and winter, often went barefooted, in their self-denying spirit, to give nourishment to the famished or perishing soldier.

After the battle of Cannæ, won by Hannibal, the victor was afraid to come down the walls of Rome. The Senate called the people to sacrifice spontaneously their wealth and jewels; the women came first to do it! so true it is that patriotism is intuitively developed by woman in all ages. Woman has a high political mission to fulfil in America, but it is only as a moral agent—her aim is to develop the child for God and his country. She implants these in the soul; and whilst the morals of the country depend upon her, she may be said to guard the integrity of her country. For this reason she is endowed with that divine spirit of love, antagonistical to selfishness. Who, then, so fitted to teach honor before gain, principle before duty, interest before pleasure, God's work before man's work?

The Peri, excluded from Paradise, made many efforts to regain it; the sight of a dying patriot would not do; the kiss of a faithful girl on the lips of her betrothed, covered over with plague, would not do; but when she brought the first prayer of a man con-

verted to charity and brotherly love for his oppressed fellow, the door opened. And only when woman is eminent for the faithful performance of every holy and domestic duty, have her brave deeds and her noble thoughts been properly accepted by the stronger sex; and hence in Protestant America and with a Protestant Bible in her hand, has woman successfully, because worthily, plead, and prayed, and toiled for freedom.

We read of the heroine who defended Argos with her valor, when her countrymen were slain; of the friend of Antigone, who bit off her tongue sooner than betray the fortunes of her country to a political enemy; of the women of Holland in their struggle for independence; of the brave maid at the siege of Saragossa; but with what different emotions comes to us the history of that courageous Christian mother of New Jersey, who, relying on her innocence and the cause which endeared her to her husband, was shot in her window, surrounded by her children, who were sprinkled with her blood! Self-sacrificing, self-postponing, she was solicitous only for her country, when the cruel arm of a fierce Hessian of the British army, aimed his bayonet at her bosom, and summoned her to her God!

It is the moral, Christian, rather than maternal love, to which all great and good men ascribe the influence of woman—and she only evinces her native dignity, and occupies her true position, as woman, when she seeks and propounds man's moral and ultimate good. The intellect of woman must then be cultivated—her

first and last refuge is education—it is this which secures respect, confidence, and appreciation, and united with moral power, she becomes an arm of strength to free America. When thus the country is implanted in the heart of the child, the country is secure. From the youth of America, the character of American women may be learned—upon them depend the fortunes of her sons, and upon her sons depends America. During the long, fierce, and sanguinary struggle for our liberties, not an instance is recorded where a mother ever withheld a son from battle—whilst thousands exist, in every section of the country, showing how they were incited when they wavered. And if, as we have seen, women have been once a faithful auxiliary to the will of America, how much greater are the incentives which should bring them forward now!

On America's great baptismal day, the Spirit of God moved like a wave over the whole nation; it was Protestant America, and the Bible was the cornerstone on which the mighty structure rested; and when we inquire what it is that is now shaking America, and attempting to unsettle her basis, and toss her like boys toss a ball, from her foundation,—the problem is solved—she bears on her vast bosom the seal of the Book of Life! It is to take from her this halo of light and of glory, which surrounds her, to mount the sun and to rob him of his rays, to put Rome's Vicegerent in the place of America's God! Arrogant mortal, thou dust before the moth, let Rome trust in thee, but

the people of America must trust in the living God!

Nero wished Rome's population were but a single neck, that he might exterminate it at a blow; so has this Popish Hierarchy but one single aim, and that is, mankind itself.

It has fomented discord, weakened and oppressed America; it has poisoned her habits, bit at her freedom, robbed her of her rights, and undermined her national character. What was the oppression of the "stamp act"?—what all the consumption taxes of England, which aroused America to her indefeasible rights, and made her a blood-stained child, comparable to the wound now made upon her heart in seeking the destruction of her Bible? And when her conscience, her religion, all that survives death and the grave are perilled, as well as her honor, her freedom, and her nationality, what less can women do than come now to reveal its vitality?

And if the women of America have soul or eye, now or never they must be the pillar of support in the great moral and political revolution, which designs the overthrow of Popish oppression in Protestant America!—and with a bosom thrilling with the necessities of the moment, a heart filled with the purity of the feeling—a mind balanced on the convictions of the great principles of the Protestant Bible—in God's name, we say, come! every nail and every tack has a place in the great structure of human liberty!

Unprepared because unsuspecting, the expulsion of

the Bible from our institutions of education has been demanded by intolerant Rome, and yielded by free America. Popish prelates have come with their scissiors in their hands and lopped out before our eyes, the thoughts and the arguments of American freedom—every truth precious to liberty, which its founders sought to carve in the mountains and hills, and on the plains of America, have been maimed and murdered before the youth of America! Let woman reassure America that she shall not be the nursery for Papal Rome—that the will of God, and not priestcraft and jugglery, shall govern the mind of America. That the ground on which we stand is not slippery ground; that the soil which has drank the spirit, and been enriched by the blood of its heroes and martyrs, that has been fashioned and moulded by iron implements, the plough, the hoe, and the spade, cannot be blotted out by the mere draft of a Papal pencil.

Our Saviour himself drove out from the halls of the temple those who trod it for desecration, and shall not woman be inspired with resistance, when His foes are already in its vestibule?

It is the political feature of the Church of Rome, its aim to unsettle the principles of our liberties, and hence to destroy them, that has agitated America from centre to extreme. The graves of our fathers have been slandered, an unfathomable abyss has been sought to be created between the living and the dead; but though concealed in their coffins and charnel-houses, they speak to us to-day, and in their thoughts,

their deeds, and their blood, they disclaim the aspersion that any system, religious or political, should be tolerated, that strikes at the foundation of free America.

An assault on Protestantism is an assault upon our liberties; when the Bible, our foundation stone, is struck, how can the building stand? It was the beam, the spindle, the shuttle, which warped and wove our freedom. The descendants of Luther and Calvin, the Puritans and Penn, came to America, to have a Church without a Pope, and they made a government without a throne.

Like the temple of Solomon, reared without sound of hammer, has been the long and silent preparation for Liberty's overthrow in Protestant America. Sweetmeats, cheese, bread, butter, roast beef, and plum pudding, have all been set at the base of our political temple, to tempt the taste of Jesuitical rats, who bite, and gnaw, and grow fat in undermining it: every beam, every joint, every stone, and every slab, has its laborer, that riveted and morticed a Popish edifice of despotism and death may rise upon the ruins of free America and her Protestant Bible. To hasten this vast work, Infidelity, Socialism, and Jesuitism have made equality and fraternity; every influence, foreign and domestic, has been addressed, every treasury has been taxed. The church, the school, the confessional, the political caucus, and the American ballot-box. It has made for us Legislators, Governors, and Presidents. It has elevated to positions of trust, honor, and power, Jesu-

itical emissaries. It has founded colleges and convents in all the States. The cabinet, the supreme bench, chaplains in our public service, foreign missions and embassies, offices of honor and emolument in the revenue and postal service of the country,—all! all! have been affected by this pestilential influence.

As the captive lion beats against his cage, does the soul of woman now beat against the sworn foes of God and her country. America without her Bible, her Sabbath School, without God, and without woman, to cherish and uphold these, would not be America. She will never consent to grant to Rome's Vicegerent the disposal of America's blood, and America's humanity. She feels it a transaction between Heaven and Hell, between the blessed and the damned; and only thus can be contemplated America's fall.

We have seen that the signal of our nationality was the signal of Rome's irrevocable decree to crush us in our might; and commencing with the honied expressions of the tongue and a sardonic smile upon her face, she has received largely and enjoyed long our national confidence and hospitality. We remembered that it was not the least of America's glory that her Roman Catholic sons fought, and suffered, and perilled for her liberty; and we did not thus perceive the Jesuitism which now absolutely controls the Church of Rome in the United States, never had anything in common with our institutions, the Declaration of our Independence, or our Republican government. There is an eternal hostility between the principles of Washington and

the principles of Popery; between the spirit of Romish priests and prelates, and that of the fathers of our Republic, who owned allegiance only to God, and need no intercessor but His well-beloved Son. There were no surpliced traitors, no perfidious prelates in that great Convention which formed the eternal code of our liberties, and wrote our everlasting principles; but God-fearing, God-depending, God-trusting men, of robust and manly life. It was no vulnerable, conceited popinjay—but the spirit which had drawn lightning from the skies—who arose in that assembly, and to solve doubt, and difficulty, and danger, said “let us pray!” They knelt, the collected wisdom of America, before the God who had given them Independence—that He might guide them to a Constitution wise and holy enough to save it.

And now, women of America, let the pulsations of one heart arouse you to that Almighty echo of public opinion which has moved the hills and mountains of America—and risen now, with her thundering trumpet, may it send out her warning notes until this foreign aggression, this Papal Despotism, this Jericho of human oppression, falls before Protestant America. Raise high with womanly hands the blazing torch of truth—plead that the oppressed may be consoled by the Word of God—plead that the great principles of the American party, founded on the eternal laws of God’s immutable truth, shall stand until time shall be no more.

The American woman lives for others, for her coun-

try, for the world; the champion of right against expediency, is the spirit by which her highest triumphs have been won. The son looks for the wife after the model of his mother, so that the women of America now may be said to control the destinies of ages yet unborn! "How do you manage to rear your family, with your infidel husband?" said a distinguished minister of our country. "I never oppose the father's authority by the mother's, but always with that of God."

What honor can woman expect when she ceases to honor her country? what hope can woman have, when she has ceased to cherish her Bible? Then, without saintly or prophetic pretension, let her take her eye instead of a telescope, and, from knot to knot, from flower to seed, from seed to kernel, realize *Truth* as her first and last mission in free America; let her second the wish and the heart of man in all his holy work; with the creed of Milton's Eve, let her feel, "God is thy law, thou mine!"

When the excitement of the "Stamp Act" was inflaming all sections of the Colonies, the daughter of Dr. Franklin wrote her father thus: "The subject is 'Stamp Act,' and nothing else; the Dutch talk of 'Stamp *tack*,' the negroes of the '*tamp*;' in short, everybody has something to say." O, cannot the introduction of Rome's intolerant Popery so affect us, that news-boys, market-women, cooks, butlers, and dairy-maids, hotels, boulevards, and public squares may feel it a real and tangible evil, and not a skipping ghost? The patriot women of '76 drank tea

no longer than the taxes were imposed; they denounced it as a bitter, baneful weed. Can't American women feel their soul's errand strong enough to lead others into the ghastly insight of Papal tyranny? "Liberty, property, and no stamp," may now give place to "*Liberty, the Bible, and no Popery.*" Where is the blood of those noble spirits, who, amidst unparalleled suffering and toil, taught their sons to honor God, their country, and their manhood? Where are the descendants of that Christian woman who opened her purse to Gen. Greene, after the battle of Cowpens, and surrendered the produce of her toil to her suffering country? Where those of that southern daughter, who came at the soldier's call, and with powder in her apron freighted afresh their ammunition, and when sought, was found upon her knees at prayer? Where those of that matron, who, after giving her garments for cartridges, stood at the guns when husband and brothers had fallen? Where is the spirit of Pocahontas, who saved Virginia by her heavenly heroism? Where that noble woman, who, under an inspiration of conjugal and patriotic devotion, rode through an unsettled country at night, and entered the camp in time to dress the wounds of her dying husband, whose fate she had surmised?

No screen can hide the light—no snuffers can bring us to the darkness which has too long misled America; and the quadrupedal idea that salvation and intelligence are at war, must be exposed. It is to suppress and exterminate the thought, that the government of

Rome, and not the Constitution of the United States, governs America—it is to fling back in their faces all this painting, whooping, and tattooing, to unpack their varnished and encrusted subtlety, to heal the erysipelas which is spreading its contagion over the nation, that the true influences of Gospel Liberty are now sought to be diffused.

We want no Joans of Arc to make America vascular and alive; but when Popes, Cardinals, and Bishops have rendered her risky and ticklish, we want faithful and true women, who neither shriek nor protest, but pray; women who neither mount nor sink; who are neither heroines nor fools; but American women, who can stand in their shoes, and take the plain topic of the Bible, and discourse and diffuse it to the depths of the people.

Our gratitude must be shown in acting out farther and farther what our ancestors began. They did not design that their work should be regarded as an absolute thing—like the world's creation, which was perfected when it was finished—but spreading their Protestant Bible and their American Constitution of government on the wings of the American Eagle, they left us to burst its pinions, and soar towards the Sun.



Geo. D. Prentice.

CHAPTER II.

THE MISSION OF THE AMERICAN PRESS.

“A song for our banner!” the watchword recall,
Which gave the Republic her station;
“United we stand, divided we fall!”
It made and preserves us a nation!”

THE sun of liberty had gone down in the old world, when its star went up in the new; and America became emphatically the city of right, resting on the vast bosom of God, peopled by those who fled hither to be bound to the Lamb and the Dove, and hence the Heavenly blessing which fell upon it. America, also, became the city of protection, which summons all God's children, without distinction of sect or creed, to come unto her and renew their strength, their hope, and their vitality. But whilst she invites such, she permits no advance, and hurls back from her threshold all who denounce her cherished principles and reject her living truth.

It is *soul* liberty, then, which has made America free; this endangered, all is endangered—this saved, America can never die! And now, when her foes are in league to kill her in her very heart, shall the people

of God-fearing, liberty-loving America be voiceless? Shall her Press, which is to America what the rainbow was to Noah, the harbinger of life, of light, and of hope, suddenly collapse?

More than eighty-three years since Franklin laid the foundation of this mighty American edifice, and almost without competition gave life and force to tattered manuscripts, and hedged around liberty a prestige, which was ballad, epic, lecture, and library, as well as newspaper. And from that little structure has grown the great Colossus of America, filled with inexhaustible sap, and undulating and flowing through the heart and in all the arteries and blood-vessels of the nation.

And now, when America is groaning and suffocating; when the bloody code of Rome's Inquisition is seeking to trample down her noble Constitution; when the Cross of Jesus Christ, her national ensign, is being supplanted by the nuncio of a Papal despot, let the shrill trump of the American press summon America to judgment! Let America's action now centre around the mighty power of her press, and its great wheel will roll on and crush by its hard friction, all the influences which have combined, and conspired America's destruction! It is a holy mission now of the youngest of the nations, to raise her voice above all her elders, and through her press, the chosen instrument of the Almighty, remind America why she deserved freedom; how it was won, and how it must be preserved.

Never yet has the press entered into a searching examination of this great phenomenon, which works in cloisters, in convents, by puppets, by subtlety, by sophistry, by cunning; which hates living and thinking, descends downward, presses heavily, is oblique, penetrates skilfully, enters into detail, inquires, pries, and seeks to govern the very soul of America. Each day brings her cause for greater distrust; with each confessional a rampart of America's liberty falls. It is filling houses, enriching coffers, and leaving her great soul empty. It is shutting up and locking the door on the intellect and the energies of America, and bringing man to the animal scale, leaves him in doubt whether he is a fungus or mollusca. America needs her press, to unlock men's mouths and open men's hearts, and enlighten men's eyes; to arouse America to her young elasticity, and her great energy. May it come now, and form an alliance with the people, for the people's regeneration. For seventy-nine years, by its activity and faithfulness it has sustained liberty in all its struggles and triumphs, above all other interests. Shall it yield the past? Shall it become quiet, as the Popish influence becomes noisy? Shall its voice be stifled, as the ear and the eye of America becomes more familiar with her danger? Popery fears but the light of the Press; at its sight it hangs its head, rolls heavily, falls into mud. Changes which have constantly advanced Popery in America have been looked upon by the Press too long as frivolous; while it soared, the Press was silent, until it has advanced upon

America with a vast significance, and assumed a visible equality. With their men machines, this Romish Hierarchy is essentially absorbing and threatening to swallow up America; and springing its shuttle of death across her shores, it pants to be able to water its steed in her great Mississippi.

Its fly frame with an hundred spindles comes back, as it is thrown off, and conforms itself to the circumstances of America. It uses whitewash, varnish, and paint, to hold out a seeming light, whilst it is plunging into the thoughts, the dreams, nay, the very illusions of America. It brings into her nothing but death, and cultivates flowers, but to hide us from a sight of God's love. But while Jesuitism plies steam by day and by night, the Press, too, plies its thousands of arms, and is the true instrument, and the real strength of America.

Shall it allow America to be sunk and lowered by Popish machinery longer? Shall it look on, unmoved, when the citizens of free America are becoming the low servants of the giants of tyranny? This is the result of its radical corruption. With political waves it comes and goes. Our Saviour suffered devils to enter swine. Let the Press meet the animal as it was met, with Balaam on its back. It is the power, after all, which has the heart of America within its strong grasp, and not to allow a thousand blades of grass to take the place of one, should it longer see shackled the mind of America; the power and the scandal must be taken from America's great name. When once the

Press, racked and toothed, whirls around triumphantly, the whole world will marvel, inert masses will vibrate, oceans cease to roar, and blatant multitudes will be lulled to whisper! America's regeneration is done. The woe to America is being done by collective means, under individual influence; the Press must cypher this out, and show it a vital thing—show, by its grand review, the real condition of America, with a Romish Hierarchy planted in her soil, avowing its principles and aims antagonistic to American liberty, and branding her whole Protestant population as heretic. The thought and activity of America are equally influenced by her Press; and to effect the divorce of America from Papal Rome, no power is half so potent. It must take the bandages from the eyes of America, and show that the cat, which emits sparks at night, when touched, is the measure of intelligence Rome confers by her system. And though it speeds where it lists, in the beaten paths of the old world, it cannot step on the Father's throne in free America. Let the Press be the Daniel or Joseph to solve the problem for America now; before our heroic blood is trampled into dust, the graves of our fathers despoiled, and a void made in the glorious humanity of America the world can never fill.

Popish prelates, puffed up with self-importance, vanity, and aristocratic longings, despise the infantile of America, and glory in precocious manhood. With glittering pageant, they shrink back and deny

relationship with the people. It is, indeed, a great inventor, without life or heart.

Should America be struck from the roll, as the only free nation the world has ever known, the Press would furnish the bayonets and the ammunition. It is this which can influence America to her impulsive will. It is the judgment-seat of public opinion, and its moral support is all America wants in her great contest for truth and freedom, but begun. Popery has made itself sovereign of every Papal country on the face of the earth, and what should it do, by its own policy, but sap, if it can, American freedom, and American nationality. Already are Papal officials more dependent on the lowest Romish emissary in America, than the highest political power with which her Constitution entrusts her. In vain the efforts of brave men and true women, in vain the sight of aged, dying patriots, in vain all high and lofty endeavors, if the Press comes not to succor liberty.

Shall the youth of America feel the morning of life perilled by such a destroyer? Their education abridged, shaped, and murdered by Romish despots? That sparkling liberty, innately welcome to every American heart, shrouded from the very eyes of America? Who would shed a tear over the death and grave of America's eternal foe?

The note once sounded will be like the trump at the city of Jericho! Shall Rome's Vicegerent scourge America for her love of God and liberty? Let the press

of America answer. It alone can translate its dead languages, and pull its laws down from lofty spires, and discourse and diffuse them to the depths of the people. Think of Jesuitism supporting the government of free America with its yawning gulf, which makes tragedy for souls! Let the American Press rise; America expects it, entreats for it, hopes for it. America is incarcerated in the Protestant faith of the Gospel; give this full force, and she can bear the woes of the world. The Press is the pyramid which the people have reared to guard America's welfare; and honoring its high destiny, it may rise to that height where man is forbidden nearer to approach his Maker.

America can die but by suicide. The Press can cut her throat. But will it? Shall America become a moon to wax and wane amid the sun of the Pope of Rome? What has Romish prelates to do with a living God, or His worshippers, but to destroy both? Shall this Atlas of Perfidy shoulder America, and bring her to dust, by her cold pressure? Let the Press feel its mission to hurl back—to pull down—to crush this crusade against our liberties.

The war ships are under sail, to conduct America to prison and to death. Cut but a single artery, and her blood will gush and flow over the land. The foot of the Pope is now treading American soil; he nods like Jove, and shakes her with his rattling thunder. Then will the Press feel its glorious and divine mission, and take the plague spot from our borders? Let it demand the anatomy of property, the anatomy of her aim and

end in America. Let it stop the rushing wave of Papal usurpation, and become the breakwater of Popery—the guard for the land that Luther and Calvin, the Puritans and Penn, sought out. The despotisms of the world are in league against America—her liberty is the incubus they cease to cast off. Let the Press take up her cause, before it languishes and dies. Let it teach every son and daughter of America to adhere to her Constitution, her laws, her Bible, before all passion, all interest, and all emolument. Heaven defend us from the mummery existence of Popery, which decays by contact! Popish prelates are sending Cains throughout our beloved Union, to incite fanaticism, to curse our morality, and to walk impiously on the ruins of our liberties.

Nowhere but in America is there entire freedom of the Press, or freedom of speech,—nowhere beside! But here even, Papal subjects enjoy it not—the priests deny them the right.

The Press, then, though it espouses many principles, and speaks as many tongues as were spoken at Babel, is yet sustaining one grand idea in America—its liberty, the people's liberty, their rights, their laws, their Constitution, their freedom, their history, their geography, their interests. The Mission of the American Press emphatically is Liberty! Let this be above all her monuments, and beneath all her graves. How, then, does it permit the usurper of all human liberty to throw the apple of Eros in free America? Rome feels her mission to rule the world: it remains for America to

deny the error. Rome deals in darkness: the Press can drag it from its deep entrenchments and expose it to the gaze of sharp-sighted, light-loving America. It can show its hereditary constitutional habits, its scrofula and lymph. And when the people see it, they will be sopped and drugged by this machinery no longer. An open field and fresh laurels are now before the American Press, and when it has shown the Romish Church in the United States in its true political character—how it stands and serves only to assume and govern—it has cut a lower basin, and given a deeper ray into its opaque sphere, and its history may then be written in American annals. This is the divine mission of the Press, the last act in its nobility and exaltation. Show America how Romanism is as the limb to the body, and the breath to the mouth of three millions of human beings, who profess to embrace American nationality! Every forest, and mine, and stone quarry, the man whose property is his axe, his plough, or his wheel-barrow, who has no enthusiasms, no aspirings, contented, self-respecting, but wishing to keep the middle way, feels the great question at issue, which is plainly to sever the Church of Rome from the Government of the United States of America.

Liberty of conscience, freedom of will, and the right to worship God thereby, are the principles of America's Bible, on which she wrote her everlasting Constitution; and while the stars and the stripes of her national banner float over the Capitol of the American States,

her people will resist unto death any system which interposes her eternal decision.

Experiences, fortunes, governings, readings, and writings, have at last awoke the nation into life, and called into existence her great American Party, to crush that fanatical zeal which thirsts only for power, and which has succumbed to rituals and pomps, joined in chants and processions, to foster and appropriate its baneful influences for momentary success at the American ballot-box. The accident of birth does not unnationalize an American citizen—a citizen who has sought refuge for and on account of our free institutions. How many such, now within our temple, are among the brightest ornaments to its walls; who stand out in bold relief in reference to the building, and would serve as figures by which to model statues of calmness and continence to American liberty! And in the faithful inventory of truly American hearts, which tread her soil to-day, thousands upon thousands of those who beat most fervently to her Bible and her constitutional liberty, have made it the home of their adoption. They stand here for truth, and will not for States, or revenues, or churches, or the reputation of all Europe, forfeit American freedom and American nationality. Let the Press, then, the censor of morals and manners, meet the issue fairly, which is the Papal foreign influence attempting to hold the balance of power against America, and not the Protestant foreign influence, which is decidedly American.

When the Press shall have cast up the figures, the people will see the foot of the column. Here it has prerogative, not privilege. Here, especially, by its newspaper Press—the most glorious form for men's interest typography ever assumed—intelligence is brought to the very doors, and set on the tables, and laid on the pillows of the humblest and lowliest of America. In New York City alone, the great commercial metropolis of the nation, the newspaper circulation equals almost that for the whole of Great Britain; while those of the American Union exceed the combined presses of the world! From five to ten millions of newspaper copies are scattering intelligence, and flooding the nation with a vast wave of light. England boasts of her *Times*, which exerted so powerful an influence upon the great Reform Bill—France of her *Rhenish Mercury*, which obtained, by its influence, the name of the *Fifth Ally* which warred against Napoleon—but what were they in comparison with many of the American newspapers, sending out from thirty to forty thousand copies daily, and coming in contact with the whole mind of America. Perhaps five hundred millions of sheets annually emanate from the newspaper Press of America.

In France and Spain, and wherever Popery has had the ascendant, there has the Press been fettered, and its Editors trammelled.

The Press—the free Press—the enlightened Press—the political Press—the moral Press—the spiritual Press—nay, the infidel Press of America, come, and give impressive language by national phrases, and,

without painting or quibbling, move sea and land for America. The Press is the ship America wants for her billows; the ark which saves Bible, and Sabbath, and Liberty; a front force, which will never abandon the adversary while one drop of vital power trickles upon a shrub in America.

Rome has put her sly paw upon America's great shoulder, snapped at her Constitution, and is pawing and clawing at its vitality. A caterpillar with wings, before America thought it a butterfly! And America craves now the bold, self-relying, self-sustaining power of her Press to show her real life, its sweet, before she smarts and is stung. Let it come to recruit her strength; to open avenues of new intelligence; to beat back advancing and opposing armies, and save her graves, her blood, and her humanity.

“What God in His mercy and wisdom designed,
And armed with His weapons of thunder,
Not all the earth's despots and factions combined,
Have the power to conquer or sunder!
The union of lakes—the union of lands—
The union of States none can sever—
The union of hearts—the union of hands—
And the Flag of our Union forever
And ever!
The Flag of our Union forever!”

CHAPTER III.

THE MEN OF AMERICA.

“The holiest spot a smiling sun
E'er shed his genial rays upon,
Is that which gave a Washington,
Sound the clarion peals of fame!
Ye who bear Columbia's name!
With existence, freedom came!”

WITH irresistible will America sprang the chasm between two worlds, and started into life; and with a ray of glory on her brow, she opened her young arms to mankind, and offering them her life, her truth, her hopes and her humanity, called all men brethren. Right was her father, Justice her mother, and God, who made these, her religion. And now, when God is urging forward her salvation, she calls on man, who is her column and her arch, to bear her onward—to cut the cable—to drop the link which has bound her to a foe who has kissed her dust but to curse and crush her.

Let her sons never forget her star—that star of victory which gave her independence, and a government to preserve it. And when her doves are moaning and

groaning, and her robin and thrush are driven back for pelican and stork, America calls aloud for that Jerusalem of manly hearts to shiver off, to tear away, to fling afar, the source of these stifled groans and distressing sobs, which is taking all the lustre from her eye and paralyzing the very limbs of America.

It was the inextinguishable spark in the souls of her real men that made her struggle from her birth. It was chartered rights then ; it is chartered rights now. American men would not be taxed without their consent, and this was the initial step to America's freedom. They contended for the cause of Hampden and Sidney, for trial by jury, for the *Habeas Corpus* and the *Magna Charta*. England resisted ; her Parliament was declared omnipotent ; courts of admiralty to try American men enacted ; the charter of Massachusetts Bay revoked ; the port of Boston shut up, and armies and navies to teach America submission, answered her long and earnest remonstrance. The blood of Lexington and Bunker Hill showed American lions, and made American martyrs. Union ! Union ! rent the air, the sky, and the rocks of America. Independence burst upon her with sun-like centrality, and acknowledging responsibility only to the Supreme Ruler of the universe, they became one people, and the church-bells rang America one people, ever and forever !

The Declaration of Independence, then, was the work of American men. They said they were, and of right ought to be, free. It was issued on the authority of all the people in their collective character, and, *de facto*,

every enfranchised citizen of America was a signer of that immortal charter of American liberties. America was not saved by pen and paper, but by the living faith of her living people, which worked through fire, and undaunted and steadfast they fathomed the rapid and invincible tide which was rising to overthrow her. Each man seemed a legion; he held the ramparts, defied the musketry, and subdued England's great artillery. These men held Bibles, not tapers, in their hands; they knelt not on church-steps, nor did penance, but with prostrate hearts they implored the living God.

They were men of one faith—one oath; not men who held the ballot-box for America, and the oath of fidelity to the Pope of Rome.

But the articles of confederation could not bear up the principles of America's independence. The debts and current expenses of the Union went unpaid, because there was no power in Congress to enforce them; and when the States refused, Congress went to France, Holland, and Spain, and made loans to this end; but amid all this the cause triumphed, and America as one people took her station in the front rank of nations. The heroic leader of her armies surrendered his commission; her soldiery were disbanded, but unpaid; mutiny and danger threatened; a single frigate, the remnant of her gallant navy, was dismantled and sold; the expenses of the nation curtailed; but the people saw that the independence which had been purchased with

blood and treasure would avail nothing without a government formed by themselves.

America had her men. There was Washington, suffering under the injustice and cruelty inflicted upon his companions-in-arms. There was Madison, Hamilton, and Jay. When at Mt. Vernon, in March, seventeen hundred and eighty-five, the Constitution of the United States of America was conceived. And, as preliminary to its birth, a convention was assembled at Annapolis, Maryland, in seventeen hundred and eighty-six, from five of the Central States, which prepared the way for that of all the States, which met at Philadelphia in seventeen hundred and eighty-seven, when, abolishing the Confederation, on the authority of the people they framed a Constitution in accordance with her Declaration of Independence and her Protestant Bible, and joining it to these, made one indivisible structure, as solid and constant as the globe. And thus, for the first time, was completed the revolution of thirteen years, which achieved and perfected American liberty. At the head of this Convention was Washington, and prominent among its actors Franklin and Sherman, who had signed her Declaration. That Constitution has abided sixty-six years. Not one artisan of all the builders survives this immortal work, which made her very stones cry out, Oh America, you are saved! and mankind echoed back, Oh world, you are saved! It was the breath, the energy, the faith of true men that has wafted America

as a breath of life over a sin-stricken world, and peopled her a living city for a God-submitting race. Thirteen primitive States rallied around her Constitution then, eighteen younger sisters have since reinforced her. Four millions of souls footed her first census columns, thirty millions now penetrate from the Atlantic to the Pacific shores, and dot the fruitful valleys of her great Mississippi. Friends of right, of independence of mind and soul, panting to break the bonds which bound them to moral tyranny and superstition, fled to her, because, republican and democratic, she eschewed all authority but the rights of mankind, responsibility to God, and consent of the people.

Shall the story of that triumphal march of Washington from Mount Vernon to New York ever become stale;—that civic wreath of American laurels, dropped upon his brow by a blooming boy, significant of his dear America? Of that band of matrons who welcomed him to Trenton, the breakwater of British tyranny, the turning point in the war of Independence, when the women of America strewed flowers and chaunted the song of triumph, in now beholding, as their Protector, the man who had defended and saved their mothers? This was America's great baptismal day, when all the sons of God and liberty sang for joy. Here, then, was the first Executive in America—her President Washington! American sons behold that spectacle! The first act of the Congress under this Constitution, was to regulate and administer the OATHS required by it. The homage of religious faith was

thus superadded to all obligations of temporal law, and in conformity with the Declaration of Independence, which appealed to God as the Judge of the act and the motives of American men. Two erratic sisters were found among the thirteen States, Rhode Island and North Carolina—the former never participated in the Constitution; the latter, though represented, never ratified it. But, without either, the Government and Washington moved on, and though treated as aliens, or foreigners, by the first acts of Congress, they came, unsolicited, within two years, and were kindly received into America's maternal arms. Nine States alone would have given full force and vitality to this stupendous machinery of Government.

The establishment of justice with foreign powers thus became entrusted to the men who, of all others, best knew the value and cost of American liberty. Then, truly, America was in the cradle, and her foreign relations were inconsiderable. The Baltic was an unknown sea to American navigators—the Mediterranean was interdicted by the Mahomedan warfare of Barbary powers—the southern parts of France, Spain, Portugal, the Mediterranean, and African Islands, all closed; and the "old mother" everywhere our rival, excluding us from all commerce with her in American bottoms, which was soon followed by France, who, seeing our future greatness shadowed forth under the bright auspices then presented, joined Spain, to debar us from our great Mississippi.

Yet America was manned with that inextinguishable

spirit of liberty, which would not suffer her to be smitten on the cheek, or hung between two dogs—and then ask are we men? And she hoisted her Stars and Stripes upon a thirty-ton schooner in the very sight of the city of Taho. Her men did not wait to see the Constitution perfected, but in the same confidence with which they declared Independence before they fought for it and won it, they set about enlarging the domain of commerce and navigation. The Boston merchants started the Columbia and Washington on a voyage of circumnavigation and discovery, which resulted in finding the Columbia river, and in securing the right of extending our territory from the Atlantic to the Pacific shores. The character of Washington's administration gave permanence to that of the government. All that looked painful, difficult, and insurmountable, vanished and was made easy; children who went astray returned to their mother; and upon that altar, free from concealment, and in God's sight, one hope, one faith, and one destiny, awaited this one people. Our fathers saw the triumph of right, and left with their sons their speaking actions. Shall the heroic generations of the past be slighted now? We contend against a foe of feverish passions, active, fervent, political, full of intrigue and cunning, not only able to create revolt, but powerful to organize and direct insurrection. It is the Romish Hierarchy, the Jesuit Priesthood, the political church in America. Her people fall short in suspecting the reality, the immensity of this danger. The woes and experiences of the past

cannot be lost, if our free institutions are to be saved. Is America to become the Sodom and Gomorrah for this machinery? The Babel of Priests and Prelates? Is she to be martyred for innocence and truth, for the performance of God's work? Our fathers saw (but knew not) their entrance—may the sons see the exit. When America decides, she will reach the goal.

Her men are her national guard, her troops her power, to hoist her flag when and where the nation wills it! To give peace and liberty, American men struck tyrants, and hurled back their thrones, and she cannot harbor enemies within her borders now. Her heroes were invincible then—she has heroes still.

Our fathers founded liberty on the enfranchisement of the mind. That age abolished all gods of flesh in Church and State, and left no idol and no god but God.

They counted not numbers but principles, and rejected restrictions, distinctions and exclusions. If America halts now, she rejects and condemns the very men who gave the whole world America.

She was born "I am," and started a front force against Popish tyranny and priestly superstition.

The deeds of America have been great, how much more so the men who conceived them! Nothing could exhaust their resources, and her sons have but to look to their fathers to see the mirror of humanity which made them heroic, magnanimous, disinterested.

And though we have lost the witnesses of that great age when America started into life, we have the faith

which hovers between death and the grave. Shall the question, then, be avoided?—shall men treat it cautiously, that they may not compromise their interests? What interests? Is it a minor matter to conduct politicians to preferment by the courtesy of Romish emissaries, and leave Jesus Christ, the living God, dishonored?—leave home, and family, and domestic hearths, and all the sacred influences which make men happy, to give party chances?

Surrender the infant, unarmed and helpless, to satisfy this vast, mute tyrannical empire of perfidy and sin? The Pope of Rome thus governing America; putting her out of court without a hearing from mankind! This trifling with liberty, by political tricksters, this ecclesiastical prudence and sagacity of the Romish Hierarchy!

This, then, is a contest for a principle dearer than that which led the people to dissolve the Confederacy and make the Constitution; because it judges and decides this infant for Heaven or Hell; it introduces into the blood, and transmits from age to age, an hostility to the liberty of America's soul, and sways all civil institutions, upon which it presses its deadly fangs—it is a frightful wound on America's maternal heart. She has been awoke, glory to God, and will sleep no more until things change! Her American spirit has aroused her American Party, and a day of justice is at hand. Right is coming to sit in judgment; oh, men of America, let it be the day of her deliverance!

If what God created with one word could be exter-

minated with one word, the Pope of Rome would annihilate America before to-morrow morning! Oh that God would descend upon their altars in America! This intolerant system which has lived for ages to deny justice, liberty, and God—to implant herself in America and preside over her ballot-box! And as the ballot-box is the deposit of America's liberty and salvation, American men need but to know the discovered truth, to make them wary in choosing to whom they intrust it.

America wants no gold, incense, or myrrh, but her toleration, her liberty, her Declaration of Independence, her Constitution, and her Bible. She is the Colossus of Freedom! Our dearly-loved country! Could we be surprised if her crops should fail, if her land should refuse her increase, and, like a tired, worn-out beast, prefer to lie down and die, sooner than go farther; while those who profess to hate her are seeking to possess her, soul and body? Popish Dives are absorbed in defending pious foundations, securing mortgages, but neglecting her poor Lazarus! This bier and coffin of despotism must be buried from the eyes of America. It is blasphemy on her great name. It is a knife to slaughter her freedom. The sun and dew of America can produce no harvests of men where this flourishes and springs forth, to make them machines. With Popery nothing free stands or lives! Oh, what a moment for America's men, when their families, their wives and children, are endangered by an influence which impregnates her air, her temperature. If

America is to be bound to the earth amidst false friends, false patrons, false protectors, false clergy, her men must furnish the cord and the stakes. It is the American people, American voters, her editors, her printers, her farmers, merchants, lawyers, physicians, preachers, teachers, artisans, operatives, yeomen, that are bound up as one people; who made the Declaration and the Constitution, and the oath to support these, that America wants; men with the same unanimity, to crush out a system which curses American liberty, and brands twenty-seven millions of her people heretic!

Can America be annihilated? Can her walls, her stones, her sounds, her air, her sky-light, not understand?

Let her dilapidate prisons, and deliver her wretches from death. The captive mind of America suffers—dumb among inferior animals—and musing, like the barbarians of Africa or Asia, in free America.

With its fathers, let Popery live and be buried, but not with America's soil. Let American men, all who love her, whether by birth or adoption, all who love her pure principles, and bless God for her free institutions, organize and work for this great deliverance. She wants all her men, every one of them; not crying men with pocket-handkerchiefs to their eyes, but men who decide all, and are men. This is the power to strike America's foes—her men who will not be duped by duties, and be blind to their rights, but know both, and who, knowing this, know their empire.

It is the men of America who can raise her flag above all mountain summits, and rally Truth and Freedom around the globe. As a standard of humanity they are invincible to tyrants.

For seventy-nine years this Romish Hierarchy has been speaking a language and adopting an instruction hostile to American liberty and American nationality. The people thought they were laboring for souls, suspected no wrong, until the crape and the cypress were visible all over the country. The disciples have been worthy of their master, and they are pumping the very sap which springs instinctively into the American heart. They take away her books, take away her pulpits.

Oh, men of America, make them depart from our temples; they give no light to the people; their lamps have gone out; America wants not a dead but a living religion!

Come, sons of America, American freemen; put torches in dark places, and demand light, until it mingles with the visions of America.

Men and principles are to be saved—Citizen and Christian; then crown the apostles of liberty with a civic wreath, and let her American Party discard the tattered robe, and achieve this last but not least of American triumphs. Who will stop to weigh syllables in a scale, or bottle the tears of her joy?

This is a mighty move; God's hand is here; nothing can withstand the storm—it is coming, coming! The winds blow—the leaves are scattering—the fowls are

flying. Coming, coming! Gracious God, it has
come!

“ Oh, shun with pious awe
Corruption's least approach,
Nor on that sacred fount of law
Let aught profane approach.
Give honor to the great and good,
And wreath the living brow,
Kindling with virtue's mantling blood,
And pay the tribute *now!* ”

CHAPTER IV.

AMERICAN CHILDREN IN ROMAN CATHOLIC INSTITUTIONS.

“One in the struggle for mankind,
One in the strife for equal laws;
One, only one, in heart and mind,
Forever one, in Freedom’s cause.
And tyrants might as well enchain
The billows of the mighty sea,
As for a moment’s space restrain
Our onward march of destiny.”

WHEN America concentrated all lesser rays, she revealed her own great nationality, and became more than nation—the asylum of freemen—the political city—the moral city of the living brotherhood. Her men struggled for her vital heat until they made her the Pontiff of invincible light; and replete with the history of heroes, and rich in the blood of her martyrs, they left her, though an infant, the offspring of Solomon, on the judgment-seat of nations.

America rose, then, on the promise of Christianity, and under the dogma of its principles. It was a unity of love which made her the land invincible to hope. That alone gave her life, durability, and freedom. Can

she faint now in the depth of her nature? Shall she die now in the wilderness without seeing the promised land? Can her sons, in the face of all she has done, with the blood she has shed, with the dead rising from their tombs, desert her now? America is the head, the judge, the Prætor of mankind.

But America is trembling all over. A theological autocrat, a Romish despot, has had a great inauguration-day under her free sky. And for her imprescriptible rights for that truth which God made for man, for which Jesus Christ died, and American liberty struggled to protect—she calls out yet for light; Lord, more light!

A Romish Hierarchy has entered and mapped America before her eyes—her soil, her geography, her philosophy, her history, her resources, and her men. Sworn foes to freedom, they put their hands on the Star-Spangled banner and their feet on her Bible, and ask, Are we not faithful to American liberty? Jesuitism is working in America as it never has done before, it is digging her up to implant its seed deep in her soil, whetted by obstacle, its whole machine is in activity, its springs all at play, and its thirst is creating pools through all the forest, to drench the very sod of America. And now these Jesuitical artists, who have surveyed America as a sociable angel, to answer the longings of saints and the fears of mortals, decide to resculpture her globe, upset her freedom, and build upon her fair proportions night, death, and a doleful pit. They open the foreground, and offer their houses

of education. Education to whom? To American citizens!

This it is which makes this love of freedom a grand salutary, durable impression on American children. America thus embraces each child, and warms it with her great soul, speaks to it through her living and her dead, shows it how God has blessed it in America with her blood, her liberty, her Bible. The child thus learns to embrace the image of life, and craves the strong food of the mind, which nourishes the very soul of America.

Shall these first moments of life, when experience is collecting, and reason applying, when impulses are deciding American destiny, be surrendered to a Jesuit priesthood, who kick the Bible out of doors, or burn it before the eyes of their pupils, and call it an immoral book? Here are decisions made for liberty or death! Under these teachers Americans acquire their ideas, associate, judge them, learn to love or despise, to desire or avoid, and thus are the opinions transmitted from fathers, mothers, nurses, instructors, and schools. Thus the mind of America becomes saturated with truth and liberty, or filled with error and despotism, thus conscience, the means of reflecting, the means by which I know what I think, and that the thoughts and actions are mine, and belong to me, is cultivated. Thus the American sees his destiny by the objects towards which his energies are directed, thus these teachers show him his interest, teach him where to place his felicity; they are made to love it, to search for it, these American citizens become in their turn the sovereigns of society,

the depositories of all political power—the proprietors of America. Education, then, is the instrument of liberty, property and security to America.

Is it, then, a matter of trifling moment to offer to the sons and daughters of America false ideas of honor, wrong ideas of her glory—to concentrate prejudice before their eyes—which makes them view with disgust the very safeguard of liberty, her Bible—and where all inimical to the very existence and well-being of America is derided?

The man thus tutored and trained becomes under a moral necessity to obey his heavenly teaching, and thus acts under as strong an influence as though the axe of the guillotine or the fires of the Inquisition were really before him. The same desire for a benediction from the Pope of Rome that made Grecian philosophers burn themselves to excite the astonishment and admiration of Grecian assemblies. A man believes he is free, and this is the delusion of Jesuitism.

It is the imperceptible concealed evils of Jesuitism, until the moment for action is displayed, from which America now suffers. With millions of her young men and young women attached to powers which cannot be foreseen—what a trembling for America! In every Romish institution in America, atoms are amassing, insensible particles are combining and assembling for that mighty power at Rome, who seeks to scourge us and take away our Nation.

What is man but a machine trained thus? He cannot answer for his own destiny a single instant; he is

ignorant of the causes which acts in the interior of the machine, he has no cognizance of what passes within his own mind, knows nothing of the circumstances which will give them activity, or develop their energy; nevertheless on these causes he feels his life depends.

Americans, dost thou see the threads by which you enchain your children? Dost thou see the circumstances which rule and control their destiny? Dost thou believe thy prayers can arrest the influence of those to whom thou entrusts thy child? When America becomes old, her fibres rigid, her nerves unstrung, her senses obtund, her sight dim, her ears loose their quickness, her imagination cools; her memory fails. Oh! what will her great soul do?

But know thou, arrogant mortal, thou vicegerent of Rome, that, though the Washingtons, Franklins, Adams, and that vast concourse of heroes are dead, that the course of America is not arrested, and never can be. America has mourned their loss, but America lives on the fame of their deeds, and a desire to perpetuate them.

Cato was commended because he would not survive liberty: Curtius, who rode voluntarily into a gap to save his country, a model of heroic virtue. Samson wishing to be revenged on the Philistines, consented to die with them as the only means. And if our country, our liberties, are invaded, by taking away our Bibles, taking away our children for Rome, will we not freely die to arrest it—to save our dearly-loved country? Oh, God bless her!

Can a man be an American when his opinions shall oblige him to tremble? Interest is the great prompter of human action—interest alone ought to make a man a true American; and the happiness of all her people consists in nourishing those principles which gave birth to her liberty. It is the humanity, the compassion, the benevolence, the equity of America, those sentiments of attachment and tenderness innate to her soil, that we cultivate and love. Are the sons of America thus tremblingly to champ the feeble bit of Popery which makes them pusillanimous or enthusiasts—who are rendered unhappy by their opinions, or dangerous by their tenets? Popery is a dyke to resist all that is light and free.

Great God! shall American children be fostered by the sworn enemies of America's freedom, who are destroying their young hearts, filling them with contempt for her religion and her liberties, who are wresting all self-respect from their characters—annihilating liberty and justice, breaking the most powerful incentive, weakening the most efficacious stimulus to urge them to action, and glory, and right—that spur to live for America—taken off. Is it not audacious? is it not dishonest? and yet this intrigue is eulogized—this cunning rewarded at the ballot-box; this love of public weal taxed, and American rights looked at as a bubble. Jesuits clothed in public honors by American suffrages—her punie sorrow laughed to scorn! This faith to America stalks forth unmolested, and is lauded with ovation at the Court of Rome.

Nothing can compensate the want of virtue in our free America. Alexander required the destruction of empires to content his passion for glory; Diogenes but a tub to make him look whimsical; Socrates but disciples to lead to virtue; but the Pope of Rome wants the liberties of thirty millions of freemen, soul and body, to content his rapacity. All quarters of the globe are thus ransacked to find food to suit the dainty taste of the fastidious of America.

It is America's sole errand to oppose this; to consolidate all virtue and kindness upon her own destiny; to interest her people in their conservation; to merit her affections; to draw respect on her from strangers; to render harmonious her page of history; to elicit the praise of all nations; to clothe the orphan; to dry the widow's tear.

If America has miscalculated her remedies against this growing evil, they are suitable; let her but be consulted—her experience cannot be resisted, and America will not renounce the evidence of her senses! And when error is demolished, it must be by truth, not prejudice. By not underrating the power of that great curse, which is sapping our foundation, and sinking our national standard every day. This is an obligation America must not, and dare not longer resist.

The Laplander adores a rock, the negro prostrates himself before a serpent, and, at least, sees what it adores; the idolater falls down before a statue, and what more does Popery—to the souls of America. Mahomet conversed with the Deity, and promulgated

his system to Mussulmen, which now imposes on millions of credulous Arabs, and is yet the creed of the Turk. These are the results of education. The Turk would have adored the serpent, or the African the Arab, in the same way by circumstances.

The worst of all is deified error. He who abandons his reason in this, will not likely examine it in anything beside. The Romish Hierarchy says to American sons and daughters, you must seek your happiness in the creed of the Romish Church, of which the Pope is the pillar; it is, then, in the doctrines they set forth that we expect men to look for the model of right!

Then America is to be saved by an instruction which rigorously underrates her reason; and waiting only for time and chance to excite the most rancorous animosity, and separate forever freedom and America. Popery, then, is armed with this political mission in America, and she fulfils it through her convents, schools, and colleges. Citizens of America, give activity to her movement by giving the souls and bodies of your children to their guidance, and soon will you feel the plunge of their pointed steel and barbed arrows.

America shrieks with horror at such a havoc—her blood bowing to superstition and idolatry of priestly influence—each child lauded, while his destroyer glories in the crime for which he enlisted his young heart.

In some countries, mothers have delivered children, to moisten with their blood the altars of the gods—in others, by immolating their victims—in others, by la-

ceration and torture. Some thirst for blood, some for idolatry—but, gracious God! is free America to be a pandemonium? Our dear country! Shall America's children give their souls and bodies, through their parents, to an idolatry which banishes happiness and reason, stifles the cries of nature, renders them barbarous to themselves, atrocious to their fellow-creatures, to render their zeal acceptable to Romish priests and priestesses.

The ethics of Romish superstition, which shuts up the souls and bodies from the eyes of America, must always be prejudicial to her. Coming here trampling on the dearest rights of nature and freedom, and unbridling their rancor against Protestants—to obtain the favor of Heaven! Is America's blood to be polluted and castigated? Priests and prelates, calling themselves the ministers of Heaven, inflated with pride and covetousness, advancing the cause of Romish despotism and intolerance in free America? They fix on adamantine rocks, and establish an empire on brass, in America: then send American children to her instructors; they are open to receive them all, every one of them! It is impossible to serve the Pope of Rome and the Lord Jesus Christ at the same time! ✕

Rome's Vicegerent opposes America's God, and has inflicted in all ages the most cruel exaction on those who refused to displace God for him. Professing religion, with no knowledge of morality! Even Constantine found his priestly accomplices, and sovereigns have had no difficulty in atoning for crime, with a good Confessor.

What fruit has Popery ever gathered anywhere? What nation was ever rendered more happy, what sovereign more powerful?—alas, alas!

With a monopoly of expiatory indulgences, are they to establish a tariff of pardons for American citizens, to which all fidelity may be forfeited by paying the customs—subjecting them who are favorable to liberty to the heaviest imposts? Thus may America be defended, but it is at a dear cost that her Papal sons can touch the hem of her garment! What the priest looks to as sacred—which is the Church—the political Church of Rome—no citizen of America, who is with her, can regard as common. Under such a guidance, what can become of America's youth? Sacrificed to superstition, poisoned with unintelligible jargon, fed on mystery, crammed with fables, drenched with absurdities, occupied by puerile pursuits, mechanical devotions, sacred nonsense—until the mind, fascinated, becomes an automaton! Their men and their women chant without one sensible word. Forever prepossessed against truth, they become enemies to reason, and they leave these places, if at all, with manacles on their energies—their spring gone: too humiliated to soar, the most fertile genius becomes barren, and yields but thorns! Oh, God! shall this be America's education? Are men to revolt thus against God and their country, and ready to cut the throats of all who question the veracity of their faith, while the corrupted minds of its young men and women become fascinated by its pageant, and know no duty above this, to self or country?

Where shall we look for America's strength, when time-serving priests are at every corner, swayed by no other interests than to curse and curb her freedom, and who, maugre all efforts, go on to captivate, and destroy.

It is only by educating our own people in our own schools, that we can counteract this. Let America rise and thus lay her axe at the root of superstition and priestly power. Let America teach one lesson—that superstition is incompatible with liberty, and can never furnish good citizens. Thou vile dust, know America can break thy sceptre, level thy throne to the dust, and God can destroy thee from this land thou hast sought to enslave.

Popery has a right to be an enemy to reason, for that is to annihilate it. These creeds of imposture must be overturned. Shall America be sacrificed to this frightful delirium?

When she consults the legitimate desire of her heart, she will find that Rome is against her liberty and happiness.

Infuse courage, then, into those who seek to break this illusion; console the prejudices of those who have never examined, and dissipate the incertitude of those whom doubt has made unhappy—take away the enemy who afflicts America's mind, and kindles anger in her neighbor's heart. Snatch from imposture all the children, that America may no longer blush to be enslaved by this artifice.

Can a cause so precious—benefits so tangible—be

sacrificed to such a hope, with such a convincing experience?

The thorns are scattering all along her way-sides.

Every man and every woman who has the courage to announce truth can attack error, to battle these evils which threaten our liberties. It is glorious to deprive imposture of its influences; it is loving our neighbor as ourselves, to rid and despoil this Romish tyranny of its empire here. It will evaporate before the sturdy examiner, not by casting opprobrium or discourteous language, that its absurdity can be judged and discrepancy shown with our liberty, but by the test of truth, which is ever consistent with itself. There is a marked difference in this system, between the mind and the heart. Priests who fan the flame of discord are rebels to our ruling power.

Theological autocrats governing American freemen, controlling her legislature, her executive; assuming to give divine lustre to their persons, while they blind and bend American freemen beneath their galling yoke.

America owes something to America. This Romish creed prescribes all plighted faith, when it is a question of interest. And the maxim of their church is, "no faith to be held with heretics."

This Roman Pontiff, it is well known, has the right of relieving all oaths, of annulling all vows. He has arrogated the power of deposing kings, and absolving Americans from obligations of political fidelity, and thus the political church of Rome schools American freemen! Let these haughty prelates become citizens

and cease to disturb public tranquility—what an impetus to the mind of America, to sound morality, to the diffusion of truth, to that improved legislation, were this trammel taken off, and unlimited freedom given to thought! Romish priesthood is opposing it at every step, taking the children of American sons and daughters, bandaging their faculties, wrapping them in swaddling clothes—this civil and spiritual mixture must be overthrown.

It is the outrage perpetrated on American liberties that has aroused the American party to immolate its fame and genius at the shrine of conscience. It has moved to purpose, and will give a verdict. When unsuspecting, tolerant Protestants fled to Bishops and Priests confidingly, for the education of their sons and daughters, they knew not that, with a tenacity which never swerves, every study, invention, and dream, is to make her a dog, or jackal, without her books, her monuments, or her great name.

CHAPTER V.

INTERIOR VIEW OF ROMAN CATHOLIC INSTITUTIONS IN AMERICA.

“The sword of the hero,
The staff of the sage,
Whose valor and wisdom
Are stamped on the age.
Time-hallowed mementos
Of those who have riven
The sceptre from tyrants,
‘The lightning from heaven!’”

AMERICA never had but one Mother, and she it was to whom Solomon gave the child. It knew the grammar and rudiments of the Mother tongue, and could read strains of Heavenly music from its birth; and, lest the glory of its intellect should be too bright for its young eyes, and cause it to stagger under the trance of delight, its Mother, disinterested and kind, taught it its infirmities, and guarded it by her education from the stranger, who, passionless, bloodless, and didactic, might wander around, take the lustre from the landscapes, the birds out of the garden, the children out of the schools, and leave its soul pining at the sight of living corpses, walking without shrouds! This was seventy-nine years ago, the happiest moment of America's life. She was born a Nation. The jubilee was

great. No temple could hold the enthusiastic multitude, and they gathered under the canopy of the sky. Men, women, and children, the old on their crutches, the young in their cradles, all were actors—none spectators! Every other interest fled, and all was left to the custody of public faith. America was carried a living flower among all the flowers of the earth, and offered upon the altar of Liberty and Truth.

She took her civic oath from her Mother's lips on her Bible, and assumed the dignity and humanity of the American Nation! The child was thus staked for, and sworn for its native land. That great and happy generation who gazed on this sublime spectacle have passed away. But the children were taught and blessed on the altar of American Liberty, and in the presence of their heroic fathers and mothers, who breathed into them their living spirit, they were left to extend their living liberty to the world.

There was one vast, comprehensive affection on that day. Distinctions, fortunes, positions were forgotten. There was one general table—all partook in common—enmities were reconciled—social dissensions ended—believer and philosopher—Catholic and Protestant embraced each other at the Altar! All hearts overflowed with love. The open air, the free sky, the fertile valley, all showed man had at last reconquered his rights, and re-entered his Nature! Rivers, mountains, landscapes, all that has nature, mind, and truth, revealed liberty on that day.

The sun burst forth from the clouds—men saw as

never before, and with a longing desire to clasp each other in the arms, each felt and saw a spark from God. Then the great family of America was one in heart, and one in embrace. Then was proclaimed to every sea, and every land, that God is with us, and for us. Come! The solemn banquet was made ready, the bread was broken, and all were invited, and on this day of happiness, all humanity was present to the soul and wishes of America. Then has she not reason, at such a moment, to hope for the blessing of God, a right to expect the prayers of mankind? And, now, with a people generous, heroic, magnanimous, and disinterested, what can impede this miracle, which has brought forth a world?

But an old man, sitting and trembling upon the great Shield of the Vatican at Rome, has evinced a great desire to control the spiritual and temporal interests of this young world. And, with the most uncanonical levity, he summoned around him his Cardinals, his Bishops, and his States. How can we, said he, see those millions yonder giving a starting-point to freedom, an impulse to liberty, which will make her very shadow subjugate my empire, without at once making ready a sepulchre?

His Jesuit counsellor replied—You have the royalty of glory, the royalty of divine right, the royalty of money, then blow your breath upon their dead ashes until the old spirit of their Revolution has been exhausted to the last spark. Do it with a hearty good will for them. Do it by art, by history, by charity,

and kindness, until the old carcase will be rejuvenated, and cold and sterile America will pine away; suffer, because hungry and thirsty; and when the children cry out for bread, we will give them a stone!

But is not that nourishment exhausted by warfare, said the Pope. Those people will be fed—those old fathers, of whom they boast, nourished them with blood and with milk, and the mystery now is to give them bread for the body, and food for the mind, and yet stifle the soul. Wherever success appears, the vulgar must behold wisdom. Ah, said the Jesuit Bishop, ah, that is the miracle! But the secret we know. We will go among them in poverty of spirit, and groan in our humiliation; we will inquire for light on arriving; we will interpose nothing between the mother and the children.

When they boast of their liberty of conscience, and their great constitution of government, which they say is beyond men! we will inwardly ejaculate, but not above the Pope, who will destroy it! We will put all in one ark, their constitutions, their maps, the fruits of America, her ears of corn and her harvests of men. We will get, then, her daughters to make us a cap of liberty, and wear the national cockade of your Serene Highness before their eyes. Holy confidence, said the Pope—if you are loyal to my government, you will build a temple for it, on the ruins of their Bible and Constitution, and Declaration of Independence. And until this edifice is reared, this altar where I am worshiped, has received her gold and precious stones—no

more emigrants; and ye shall be called usurpers of Sovereignty, who wait longer to fuse their freedom and make welcome to them my sceptre. Thus directed, the Emissaries came; after a little cursing and swearing at so much light, they determined to convert every house in America to a fort, and to keep the gates open and the houses without defence. Protestants came and went freely, their honor, piety, and loyalty to the government was everywhere highly esteemed; and soon American Protestants brought their children to them for safe-keeping; they built their churches, and their schools; their naked purpose was to enjoy our free institutions; they paraded in biblical plainness, and shut up the mystery of their pages from all sensitive readers. But whilst they wrote with a crowquill for American liberty, they were making the shoes to pinch her young feet, and getting her into schools, colleges, and convents. They got an emblematical pair of scales, and ballasting the Bible and Liberty by the Nuncio and Inquisition, they almost jumped out of their skins with delight, and working to attain the equilibrium, they have grown stout, solid and powerful! They captivate women with little holy playthings, sympathize with their feminine weaknesses, and minister to their arts. They shut up the beautiful and innocent to make vows for Papal Jesuitism in free America. At every rich repast they minister, and are leading armies and training them for the funeral pageant of America's death. When they get the daughters, they want the sons, and in the name of liberty ask for the children.

They facilitate advantages by the easy terms of admission. Their Propaganda at Rome, at Lyons, in France, and Vienna, in Austria, build colleges, nunneries and monasteries for America, to speculate in her souls, and thus to stifle them, they offer education almost without money or price. This attraction is assiduously murdering the soul, the heart, the morals, the best hopes of America! Oh God, shall these monsters of iniquity come with an axe and a crowbar, and publicly teach that absolute monarchy is the best government to free America! and who have reiterated to the world, in their new profession of faith to the King of the Two Sicilies, that they think and believe, and uphold absolute despotism, and regard it illegal to make any other government; and significantly ask, what else is needed to be done to show they are hostile to all free Institutions? This is the Romish Jesuitical Hierarchy that got into America, because of her religious toleration. This Jesuit priesthood, now interwoven with Popery, is making a religion without God or liberty to govern America's soul and body!

They have denounced the public schools of American citizens, cursed their Bible, murdered their history, and maimed and mutilated their literature. They teach American children that all the founders of this republic were Papists; that Washington, the father of his country died a Roman Catholic, and in his last moments he was assisted, confessed, and communicated by the Romish Bishop of Baltimore, and that the relatives of this great American patriot, fearing Americans

would repudiate their hero, desired the secret never to be disclosed! The Romish community knew this conversion, and Washington, our American Washington, the founder of American liberties, who wanted none but "Americans on guard," is a candidate for beatification by the Pope of Rome—oh God! The Fraternity of Masons, of whom Washington was one, is denounced as the basest of all human Societies, because they sneer against Christ, the cross, and the Holy Mother Church! The best Republicans, they teach, are all Romanists. Thus the Protestant American youth are made to believe Washington, a true Christian Protestant, died a Jesuit infidel! While Luther was opening the door to light in the sixteenth century, Rome seized on this valiant soldier, Jesuitism, and gave him her fraternity. Its doctrine of free-will against the election of Protestants made it soon acceptable to a sin-stricken world. Thus they came to America to take liberty by the hand and make it a corpse. This cunning gave attraction to the confessional. And they soon saw, to take the children was to secure the parents: their design, by education is to crush the soul, and leave the mind a mere machine.—Like a mother with its nursling, it gives to these dear children little and little. They undertake thus to make the entire man; take him by education, rule him by preaching, govern him by direction. Their apologists tell us Americans, that the will, like the infant, must be swathed to make it happy, salutary, and supple! Oh, look, Americans, live, walking men and

women, with dead wills! Horses are often made lean to win stakes; beeves and muttoms made fat for their meat; poultry blind for the same reason, and man has this faculty kept, that lopped off, to suit the views of their Jesuit masters. They bind human souls for action, and keep them isolated at heart. To preserve this ignorance of the degrees is their essential doctrine. Then, again, they create distrust, each of the other—confidence and soul-friendship never germinated under a Jesuit roof! Their artificial education shows to these pupils a false light of America and of the world, and without means of detection, they become immured to a lie.

This police to Romish education is everywhere in America—in their temples, their schools, their houses. They lay their hands on the religious liberty of America to despoil her of her political liberty, liberty of the press, liberty of speech—this, which is the reward of our fathers' efforts, the fruit of their blood. When America loses her liberty, what else has she to save? Almighty Father, who ever liveth and reigneth, save our dear native land! When Priestcraft locks up the minds of America's youth, death will win her. Jesus Christ has never changed his robes, glory to God. These Romish institutions display roses and lilies, but punish with nettles. And now, in the name of American liberty, America is besought for God's sake not to let the living children give this demon their free spirits. In some countries of the East, prayers are said by the motion of machinery, and this is the pale

light which shines over the frozen souls of this system. It makes heroes of fools, fools of heroes.

The Eastern lore tells of a man who got into a vessel of bronze, and flapping his wings to reach the poles, fell into the sea. The captive promised the empire to his deliverer; the next century he promised all the treasure of the earth; in the next, he said when he got out he would destroy all. See to it, America, that our enemy is kept a captive. This Papal influence came seeking little by little, it assumed, then boasted, and now denounces us. Solomon set his seal upon our blood, our lives, and our free hearts, and we will resist this foreign politician, teaching for freedom, to stab it the more surely. Are American citizens willing to take the wormwood and gall to save an item of expense in the footing up of their yearly disbursements?

Behold the pupils, the confessionals in America, the secrets and mysteries between priests and women who are in conclave, to teach dissimulation, the divine right of the Pope, and his absolute control over the political and religious opinions of all his subjects.

They are masked before the public, and call God an instrument for good, when it may do them good. They say out of this Church there is no salvation. While America saves her education, she will save her Constitution and her Bible, and truly Catholic, will extend her principles and protection alike to Lutheran and Calvinist, Protestant and Romanist.

No Protestant sect can avow a creed hostile to the

salvation of any other—it would be the dying out of all national fame. Wherever Jesuitism has victims, it has hearths. Whoever teaches in their community must renounce all others.

The monk says, pray and read, while he stalks forth as though he had all America on a string of beads, carrying a pent-up fire to burn up the suspected and reviled intellects which come near him.

Jesuitism was born in Spain, reared in France, developed under Papal Rome, and diffused in the United States of America! It began by desiring the Holy Sepulchre, soon got more practical, and wanted the corpses of all men. The Company of Jesus, now in America, at the disposal of the Pope, is great, powerful, and oppressive. It is mysterious and demoniacal, defying our science, and weaving its malice over the brightest hopes of the world.

It measures the time, the breath, the respiration, the suffocation of its votaries—a mere machine of sighs and sobs. If the business is with the virgin, there is the image! If you inquire for God, they will address your imagination, and tell you there He is on his knees. Is this the Church founded by God's well-beloved Son? Oh, that God would speak to them in thunder!

When they have ensnared a man, woman, or child, they use no abrupt action; they have trained tactics; they make instruments, not disciples. When the world looks cold, or vices have become great, they say, come and we will do you good! With great care not to

overtax in the beginning, secret visits are made, to make the interest more profound. They have the spiritual exercises, and the *directorium*. The poor, unsuspecting soul is drawn into the solitude of the cell, and there left to these exercises. The instructor and a silent valet alone appear each day, and then this pious instructor incites to heavenly diligence. When the soul has thus suffocated in silent agony, to use their language, the *role* changes. The instructor then shows indifference; the soul is then left to breathe a little—they say there is no need to have it always tortured. When the soul is thus killed, leaving it but enough to have it feel free to make choice, thus shrivelled and shrunken, man, made in the image of his Maker, endowed with a living spirit, fitted for all that is noble and elevating to humanity, gathers up its LIBERTY, and surrenders itself to the most unspeakable iniquity that ever cursed humanity!

Thus subjugated now, without hope elsewhere, each victim works to glorify, aggrandize, and gild its prison; they have no mortality outside, their constitution cuts off life; and while the sun shines on the outside, they are made within of the remains of the dead. American citizens, are these the institutions to train American men and women? Men, who are to do your voting, your fighting; to make your laws, to administer your constitution? Women, who are to rear the nursery of American youth? See to it, see to it!

Everything is trusted but the soul's resources. All is done, but to confide in truth and believe in Jesus to

save man from the judgment due for his sins. In this instituted police, spiritual tranquillity is suspected, and to doubt and denounce is mutual; the soul must not be alive, this is the danger. And death of the conscience is death of the whole man! This Romish Jesuitical Church has fortunately betrayed its impatience; it came here to build for Rome, but God will turn its cunning in favor of its foes.

In all Christian institutions we see God and his creature—there is faith and thought. Here all is provincial fathers, overseers, admonitors. The same legislation that makes a porter or a watchman, makes a prefect of spiritual things. Think of laying a law on an altar for eight days, to decide the merits of a cook for hard coarse bread! The name of God is rarely pronounced in these places—everything is mechanical, every day, and hour, and minute, has its policy and appointment. Its manifest object is, to found the political state, to penetrate the people by its principles, to interest them, and bring them under the shadow of Rome—and hence their schools. Discarding the Bible from these public schools was done by the edict of Pius IX.! He wished, under the form of religious law, to separate the written Constitution from the principles of its political life, so he goes right at the foundation, and demands that the Bible be discarded from the schools of American citizens. In many cases it has been done. And in New York alone, thirty-six schools obeyed His Serene Majesty! Jesuitism has been the basis of polytheism of the Greeks and Ro-

mans—of pantheism to the Oriental nations. There is not a true Jesuit in all America who does not feel it his loyal duty to try to destroy the power of opinion the fathers of our liberties sought to bury in the soil. Thus they came to us—as they have to all reigning Governments. Demagogical Whigs, Demagogical Democrats, to suit the case and the occasion! They have the privilege of escaping the constitution of America, by the veto of the Pope of Rome!

In all the countries it has passed, it has swept death like a sirocco! The nations of the earth who have resisted Popery, showed by marked contrast with Italy, Spain, Portugal, South America, and Poland, what is the worth of the right of conscience, to science, philosophy, and literature. In three hundred years we can find no noble thought or act from that unholy thing. It has persecuted Galileo, and oppressed Columbus. Yet the geography of the heavens, and the discovery of America, was in spite of them. Their first injunction in all their schools is, “let no one even in matters which are of no danger to piety, ever introduce a new question;” the circle of ideas they teach thus stands without progression, and “absolute rejection from their instruction” is the threat to be executed upon the girl or boy who dares to think! The very air and temperature of America is so congenial to the development of thought, that not to think we cease to be. The institutions of America oblige this, and while men in other climes revolve only around the circle of ideas which belong to their particular occupation or cast, an Amer-

ican artizan or operative has, by means of a cheap and free press, and the right of freedom of speech, a disposition to inquire and range over whatever affects the public weal or the rights of humanity.

With infinite skill this Jesuit priesthood moves off the great of America, and introduces the small. The inmates of their institutions are forbidden to occupy themselves with God, and not to speak of Him at all. Let the thoughts never stop at the idea of a Supreme Being more than two or three times a day; time cannot be occupied, say they, with the liberty or eternity of God!

Conceive an American citizen with a decapitated mind, dispossessed of all ideas of the living God! Oh, God, what a thought! Without Thee! Henry the Fourth, of France, admitted to Sully that he allowed the Jesuit Priesthood to enter Catholic France only because he feared them! Philip the Second, of Spain, said the only Order of which I know nothing is the Jesuit. This, interwoven with Popery, is the Roman Catholic Church of the United States. Their doctrine in the Sessions of Trent, and everywhere, is to bring to dust all councils and representative bodies in Christendom, to annul all acts of the people, and to make the horizon hold fast one temporal and spiritual monarchy for man. They teach humiliation, because they say the Church was born in servitude. Good Heavens! Therefore they eschew all political change, name, and movement that looks like Liberty! Their philosophy exalts their orthodoxy. Their art follows after the

clatter of unknown tongues. Napoleon said of Italy, "Good God, how rare are men! In eighteen millions I have seen but two!" Shall we say this of our dear, dear native land? Shall gold lace on the coat, make us virtuous republicans? Shall it allure and beguile us? Shall we Americans feed children like pigs? Shall our brave troops run, when the greatest courage alone can save us? It only remains then, that America be loyal to her flag, and once more unitedly rally around her Constitution. Jesus Christ is on her throne, and, in the common brotherhood, let family, soul, country, humanity, and education be one.

What education, then, does America want? That which is replete with life, which lies deep in the heart of the mother, who takes the young hand of her boy, and runs to the Star Spangled Banner, blesses him, and tells him to love his dear country. Let the maps be set right before her youth, and under God's eye; let them see their best hopes, their best thoughts are dedicated to her service and her safety.

She wants, to this end, her public schools, which the Jesuit priesthood have dignified by the name of heresy! And which dreading, they curse and denounce in all their journals. Her public schools, which have nourished the patriotic emotions of her Clay, her Webster, her Calhoun, her Cass! Which have been regarded as the key to this Republic, by Washington, Jefferson, Adams, Madison, Van Buren, Jackson, and all her distinguished Protestant sons.

Here a seed is sown every day, which germs a

thought for America's freedom ; here a word is dropped which inspires ambitious longings to add to her greatness. Think, then, of this matter, oh, men and women of America, before you give her hope to those who neither speak of God, nor allow His Word to be read or seen.

It is this science of the Gospel which dispenses afar its treasures, which is prodigal to spread life, rights, and power, to every American citizen—and should be shared by all. Thus educated, the humble of our land have been made lofty, the poor have been enriched and blessed.

A sight of our evident danger gave birth to the great party which now bears America's name, and quitting habit, society, and all other interests, for that of country, it comes to appease the persecuting, intolerant actings of all who, professing American nationality, shall profess to be governed by any power which defies the supremacy of her Constitutional Government. The spark has been struck, glory to God, and woe to them who stir the ashes !

“This weapon, O Freedom,
Was drawn by thy son,
And it never was sheathed
Till the battle was won !
No stain of dishonor
Upon it we see,
'Twas never surrendered
Except to the Free !”



E. J. Barrett

CHAPTER VI.

THE AMERICAN PARTY.

“Throw out your broad flag! let the undazzled eye
Of its Eagle look up to the radiant sky;
In his own native air, let him pillow his form,
With his breast on the sunbeam, his wing on the storm.

For that eye still undimmed with the vigil of years,
From the rampart looks out, and if danger appears!
Those pinions protecting shall freemen behold!
Like the cloud and the flame to the Hebrews of old.”

“WHAT kind of trees are those?” said America to his mother, one morning, as he beheld the prickly foliage and tasted the bitter fruit which was falling and covering all the avenues which led into his garden. “It is in vain to speak of the leaf and the berry,” said his mother; “grafting has been tried to no purpose; the trees are all exotics and must be uprooted; for although they grow luxuriously, they draw up all the moisture, and will soon impoverish the growth of the entire garden.” “Then,” said America, “let the axe be laid to the root; but tell me, mother, how long have they been allowed to spring and flourish in our soil?” “They came here,” said she, “many years before you were born, but were regarded as mere scions in the great nursery of plants; and while they did not interfere with those of

real beauty and utility, and appeared to exude no noxious influence to our pure atmosphere, we allowed them to remain, and cumber the ground.

“But of late,” continued she, “the laurel has so largely mixed with the cypress, a charnel breath has so mingled with our temple incense, that I have grieved to see how the children begin to flee from the gardens, and, without immediate and decided action, we shall soon see them surrendered to the dead! America, dear America! it must be thy aim to raise man high in God’s sight, and you must keep fresh as a rainbow—as strong and immovable as your mountains; and the flowers, the tides, the rising and setting stars, must all harmonize with you. So that, when your great heart beats, the sea and the earth will beat; the sun shall roll to your pulsations—the sap of all the trees, the blood of all mankind.”

“It shall be so! it shall be so!” said America, with significant emphasis. “I hear a seer has just arrived, and bears my own great name. They tell me,” added America, “he is horsed on a winged steed, and is sustained by a dignity that not only honors me, but the human race. They say he has studied spars and metals, until his conversation is lustrous with points and shoots of thought, that sparkle like crystal, in a winter’s morning.”

“It is so,” said his mother, “it is the great American Party, which though older than yourself, is like you, of Heavenly birth, and has come again, in the good Providence of God, to save your nationality, and to

turn out from our yards those skulking dogs, which always hunt in a pack, or like bees only thrive in a hive."

"Americans, dear, were not made to herd cattle and mind geese, and God will not make of us an animal kingdom.

"Think, America, what motive first sent your ancestors to settle this vast wilderness, now our garden, and made danger and hardship welcome. It was to serve the everlasting God of heaven and earth which filled this nation's chant. Though occupied in different pursuits, that thought of freedom and God, was their common topic of discourse, that gave to their characters energy and manhood, which none ever conceived in the Old World—it was God's hand here! The Stamp Act and the duty on tea," she continued, "hastened, but did not originate the American Revolution; that was the thought of our dear old fathers, which were then buried in the soil." "Oh, mother," said America, "are we passing through Liberty? Great God, why do I suffer, why do I tremble! I see the vehicles thronging the way-side, filling up all the roads with these Jesuit papists; are we importing these foreigners to export our honor, our fame, our virtue, our nationality?" "This is true, America, but hark ye, the people are aroused, these foes have abused their privileges and usurped our rights, but we are able and will oppose their numbers. Have you not learned, my dear, that before seventeen hundred and sixty-three, this land was cursed by a population like the present, sent by

James I. of England, and thrust into the colony of Virginia, and afterwards extended through the whole country; remonstrance and resistance were long and violent, but in vain—for our fathers were without our Star Spangled Banner, and our free Constitution of Government. And George IV. renewed the evil, so that those deemed worthy of death for crime, without benefit of clergy, were cast into the colonies to enjoy one common lot.”

“Indeed, so early as seventeen hundred and fifty, three or four hundred of this distinct nationality were annually turned like beasts into the Colony of Maryland, and would have drank up her Chesapeake, if they could have stopped the rivers from flowing into it.” America looked pale with surprise, and asked, “Were they Romanists or Protestants?” “Three-fourths of them, at least, were Romanists; who, though linking their palpable actions with Americans,—then, as now, moved like one engine against the independent wills and enlightened action of Protestants. You remember at the public school, where you were taught,” said his mother, “to have learned of the valor and glory of the American arms in the French and Indian wars, which closed with the peace of seventeen hundred and sixty-three, after nearly a century of commotion and danger, and settling down, as they then hoped, for a permanent tranquility, your ancestors set about establishing their common school-system, for the general education of all the Colonies. They saw that ignorance was the weapon of the great Deceiver, who, by persuading from the natural use of tongues might better gloss over the saintly actings in unknown tongues, and hence

to save liberty and preserve men and Christians, arose the public school-system first in New England. These people, ever patriotic, were in earnest, in not allowing the graves of their fathers to enshroud the liberty which they had fostered, and left with the impress of the great Creator.

“So, the study of the Scriptures, reading, writing, diffused Truth, and soon filled the whole mind of the country with the design and nature of their future independence! Your ancestors, America, differed widely from all other people upon earth: while others yield all personality to the miserable detail of some branch of industry, and are bound a slave to it only, be it a cotton ball, a calico print, or the point, head, or shank of a pin! Your ancestors, and all their descendants, needed food for the soul—nourishment for the mind, and room for its expansion! Yes, America, you must think for mankind! And had Great Britain entertained a just conception of your fathers, it is very questionable whether she would ever have raised her arm against us! It was the boast of these sires that they were freeholders, and no rent-day ever came! This equality in property, the diffusion of learning, the participation in government, incited that love of liberty which wrought out our independence among the nations of the earth.

“After the blood of your fathers had washed the soil, and annihilated the French power in North America, their prosperity excited the jealousy of their most unnatural mother, and she decided to seize and appropriate their resources. She did this, by enforcing her

acts of trade, and exacting duties on foreign sugar and molasses. To collect these duties and penalties, officers were directed to call on courts for assistance, to enter even houses as well as shops, to obtain the tyrannical exactions. The first attempt was made in Salem, Massachusetts, and it instantly set the whole colony on fire—resistance or death was immediately announced—the seed of Independence was threshed out of every crop in the Colonies, and sowed over all other grain! That was the moment, dear America, when thy Independence was conceived. The Stamp Act followed, which laid its loops upon newspaper, almanac, ballad, and epic, and wreathing through an everlasting spiral; the Colonies found themselves in the very depth of the laboratory, sitting upon fire. Virginia first blazed forth, the first to assemble in her Colonial power, and she hurled back this arrogated authority, and denounced England in tones of thunder. All, in turn, followed. The Press, in most cases, lent its colossal force, and the pens of the American patriots cried out to the people to come and succor Liberty. Our fathers, said they, bought it, at the expense of their ease, their estates, their pleasure, and their blood.

“The revolution came—it snatched to its embrace the people. One word was enough to fill the soul of your ancestors when and where they were endangered. It fled, circulated, acted, morning, noon, and night; at the markets, on the road-side, at the fire-side, in the counting-room, at the bar, in the pulpit, at the plough, and on the canvas which floats over seas and rivers—everywhere, everywhere. Oh! what is not to be given

for country, the sweat of your brow, the sweat of your blood, dear America.

“ Everything was seen in the Stamp Act to degrade and depress us into servility and dependence. Its design to enslave your ancestors was then, my dear, opened ; step by step, degree after degree had been taken for her subjugation, until they were planting the remnants of their canon and feudal systems upon the liberties of your fathers. True resistance brought about the repeal of these rigorous prohibitory acts, but the people, through their schools, their colleges, and their press, were attaining the elements essential to unity and success—they felt now the Almighty had created America to be free and independent. These prohibitory acts were viewed by every man, woman, and child as a declaration of WAR, and, bursting the shackles of monopoly with which they sought to enchain us, your fathers opened her ports to all the world except Great Britain’s dominions ; and thus disowning further allegiance, at once sought through Congress a government for themselves, with an independence to support it. Congress was convoked, and on the seventh of June, seventeen hundred and seventy-six, the vital question was *directly* presented by Richard Henry Lee, of Virginia, and this was a great day for the American party. The resolution was deferred until next day, the eighth, when, in committee of the whole, it was discussed. Oh, God, what a moment in the history of humanity ! Divinity was present to mortality—eloquence had ebbed away, defying all dogmatizing and

classification, all contingencies and futurities. The whole question seemed to be, are we right by this wrong, and are they wrong by this right? On the tenth the resolution was adopted by a bare majority, and to obtain the unanimous sentiment of all the colonies, a postponement was made until July, after leaving the committee to draft a Declaration of Independence. Then did God's spirit seem to move like a wave over the whole nation. The alarm bell was kept ringing, and ringing, and ringing: do the people wish to be saved? do the people wish to be saved? And all the States implored God, and responded: we do, we do! Congress paused to ask His guidance and blessing, and until He gave strength not a man dared to endorse the Declaration, which was written upon His everlasting principles.

"The Committee reported on the twenty-eighth of June, and on the fourth of July, seventeen hundred and seventy-six, by the final decision before Congress, and the vote of every Colony, this Declaration was engrossed; when, on the second of August, all the members present, and some who became so after the fourth of July, signed it in behalf of all the people. The bells then pealed the advent of Independence, and you, dear America, was born a Nation! Your birthday was also the baptismal day of the American party. Washington was its godfather, and remained its champion and leader as long as he lived."

"Oh, God, what a day was that!" said America, "the day I took a stand in the front rank of nations!"

"You see, then, America, that it was the oppression

of foreign exaction, the encroachment on sacred rights, that awoke the American party, which originated with your ancestors, and secured the National Independence you enjoy. Now, as then, it arose on the first perception of danger; each day now, as then, adds to it new strength and fresh glory. They call it, dear America, a 'Know Nothing,' because it knows no interest above that of country. It boasts not now of wealth more than then. It has no aristocratic longings. The child of the people, then, it has had no other associations or aspirings, but to live and die in the embrace of the people. It is truly a hardy soldier, and can live on a few salt olives; its garments are the same all seasons, and, though it has lived so long, it has adhered to the same fashion all the time. It has never sought ease or elegance, but works in the shop, at the mast, at the counter, or in the field, as well as in the Senate, House, or forum. Called a 'Know Nothing,' it delights all by its versatility of knowledge and conversation. Sometimes you hear it spoken of under the cognomen of 'Sam.' Dear, modest fellow, he is so honest, all are curious to hear him speak, for, in spite of Knowing Nothing, the truth is sure to come. With an imperturbable temper he makes his dreadful logic sportive, disarms the *naïvest*, gets them into doubt, and, leaving them to escape as they can, he quietly finds his way out. He is a rare combination of drollery and martyrdom; the keenest debater in the streets, and the most trusty friend at the ballot box.

“My dear America, ‘Sam’ has the finest constitution

known to men, and is as whole and sound as a nut. He is sure to say what he means, and just what he means. He does not call a palm a laurel, or a laurel a shamrock—he does no such thing. In a word, my dear, ‘Sam.’ is not so very young, but he never yet has worn shreds or patches. He always held the bitter in his teeth when little, and therefore never got strangled.”

“Mother,” said America, after listening with great interest to the account of the American party, “I discover how we have been managed, and I discover something else, mother,” said he, throwing his young arms around her well-proportioned but now shrunken neck, and kissing her with enthusiasm. He said :

“My mother, you made me a man! You taught me to love God in my cradle, and to love my dear country ; don’t you remember the little quilt made of the star-spangled banner, with which you covered me at night, after my little knees had bended down before you to ask God to bless us. I wish all the children had such a mother, then our dear country would have patriot sons. They would all belong to the American party.”

A tear came into the old woman’s eye ; she brushed it softly off, and taking the hand of her bright, beautiful America, proceeded to say : “The first cause why our old friend returns to us arises from the assault made upon Protestantism, which, you know, is the great element of our vitality. This Romish Jesuit hierarchy has completely centralized this power in

your nation, whilst it has worked day and night to create dissension among all outside the pale of its authority—to increase and make distinct every nationality, until the whole foreign influence shall become un-Americanized, and as ready to throw off liberty as themselves.

“The ignorance of the masses who seek refuge under your free institutions, and the bigotry of the majority, who come to support the Church and the Government of Rome, under a professed allegiance to your Government, America, is a startling truth. Think of the reinforcements adding to the Romish influence in your nation, every day !”

“But, mother, what are all the foreign powers which come among us; am I not America?”

“Yes, thou art still a man; thou art more than nation; thou art the vital flame which must enkindle truth and freedom around the globe !

“But, you see how our fathers repelled these intruders from our soil. Washington never omitted to warn us, in your infancy, of this foreign influence. He wrote against it, spoke against it, acted against it, in the camp, in the field, in the Executive of the Government, and in the retirement of private life. So did all his compatriots. While these Jesuit foes are building for Rome, they cry out as Pitt did to the English manufacturers, who plead against the taxes, because of high wages, ‘take the children!’ and taking them, ‘they took their Bibles.’ They presumed on your toleration, to manifest their intolerance to your liberty

and your religion; they fear light, free speech, and a free Press, and that intellectual combat which is the glory of your American liberty! But is there an American citizen who would not shrink from the embrace of that old despot at Rome, and direct his thunder to the Vatican, at the summons of my trump? Alas, I shrink to tell you that every power at the Capitol of your country is moving in all directions to enlarge the domains of Rome!"

"And why is this?" said America. "Because the Romish Church holds the balance of power, and has elected, chosen, America, your civil rulers, and is propitiated to do it again!" "Again," said America; "oh God, never, never!" "The soil that has soaked in the blood of your heroes and martyrs, and baked under a free sky, for the foundation of that structure! Who can abide its coming, and wish to live? Who would not die, America, who would not?" "You remember," said his mother, "how the tyrannical exactions of England oppressed us. But when you became a nation that authority ceased; this government allowed no union of church and state; and that great and glorious branch of the Protestant vine is filling the nation with praise. Why, then, allow the most odious of all despotisms—the superstitious, persecuting Jesuitism of Rome—to come in, to sink our nationality, and blow out our vitality with the pressure of a compound blow-pipe? A chapter on American history appears, openly avowing the hostility of your constitutional government to the interest of Romanism in America, and

declaring toleration shall end when it has obtained the power! Think of a Jesuit Bishop, by the authority of the Pope of Rome, cursing your liberty, America, before your eyes, and controlling all actions, soul and body, of all his subjects, who are thus held in duress, to be marshalled to the political caucus, or to the hustings, to further the interior actings of this machinery! It was the sight of this that brought the dear old American party back again.

“It heard, also, of an American born citizen who had yielded his noble powers to the seductive influences of Jesuitism, and through your free Press tells the people of the Divine rights of this Jesuit priestcraft to dictate law to its subjects, and rule rulers in your dear country; and when inflated by the fact, that one impulse governed at Washington and Rome, at the same moment, this vulnerable, conceited hierarchy goes abroad, mixes in all your affairs, and, taking in sail, counting stocks, and husbanding its millions of treasure, it decides to get, to have, to climb right upon your back, dear America. And judge now my son, why our American Party had cause to come among us.

“But, the other day, another Jesuit bishop speaks through his organ, and justifies Rome in burning heretics, and defends her bloody deeds in our beloved country—tells us openly, my dear, that the masses should not be educated in your own native land!

Do they want to give me dying children, to make me die?” said America.

“Why, they have cursed you, my dear, at every con-

fession and mass since the day you were born, and they have grown impudent and arrogant, just as they grew rich and strong."

"But are they rich?"

"Not the poor ignorant masses of their subjects, but the Pope is the greatest property-holder in all your dominions!

"Like skilful generals, they look well before they plunge, and when in, are as subtle and elusive as Proteus. You know that when the remonstrance of New York against the tyranny of the English Government was seen, its severity terrified, and no one was found who would dare present it to Parliament; and it is a singular coincidence, that among all your patriotic sons, America, to-day, none have given more facility to the movement of your great American party than the distinguished sons from your great Empire State. And wherever the principles of this party, which has risen to sustain you or the causes which demand its necessity, are discussed, every patriot heart must be awakened with grateful emotions for your Reynolds and your Brooks! Yes, dear America, they have revealed fearful and potent truths—they have given to your party a conception of beauty, by the exhibition of its real utility, which even the original sculptors could not have embodied."

"Gracious God!" cried out America, "I love them! I love them!"

"While one made picture, statue, railroad, steam-engine of the principles which we uphold, without flaw, mistake, or friction, the other has gone through

painful drudging, to show the arithmetic of facts, in connection with the millions of property which should belong to the people, which is in the absolute possession of these theological autocrats, who hold it for, and by the right and disposal of, the Pope of Rome! Yes, America, this practical and deep logic of your Brooks took the whole nest in a coop. The mustard and pepper bit the tongues of the old deceivers, but wine and tea were eloquent no longer, and the people thanked God to see their heads fall under the weight of truths thus made palpable, and summing up the account, saw some of the reasons why your great American party was called again, rather suddenly, into our troubled world!"

"One word, dear mother, and I thank you for generous interest, for all the information you have imparted; tell me, if you please, how long since foreigners have interfered in our educational and civil interests!"

"They have ever done so; but it was the election of Mr. Jefferson, when they became the *balance of power* party, and the reward for that was the change of the naturalization laws from fourteen to five years, as they existed under the administrations of Washington and Adams. There were then some eighty thousand among us, without sympathy in movement or heart, composed of Frenchmen and subjects of Great Britain; all of whom had a nationality different from our own dear native land."

"Oh, God!" said America, "thou hast warned us by thy providences, wilt thou deliver *now*!"

CHAPTER VII.

THE TEA-PARTY OF THE KNOW- NOTHINGS.

EVERYTHING was propitious for the social gathering of the American family in accordance with the invitation of the previous week. The old lady had become invigorated in health, and meeting her young friends in the fullness of her heart, seemed at once to radiate joy and grace to this large and delighted circle. She was indeed the most original and commanding of women, an elemental force of great power, and like a solvent of such range of affinity, as to combine and reconcile heterogeneous spirits into one society. No wonder then, she warmed all within her influence by the tenderness and nobility of her sentiments, which seemed to them like prayers and pictures. The touch of the bell was the signal to the happy crowd for tea, and rushing in great hilarity through the lighted halls were soon around the luxurious table of America, at the head of which his mother already appeared. And whilst the crowd were being seated, the old lady remarked with her usual suavity and sweetness, that among these who had either to climb or crawl this entertainment would seem very unfashionable, but to

us, "Know-Nothings," who could afford to be sincere, we recognize the highest rights of personal freedom, and love in all things to trust and revere the social conventions of our fathers, who made *worth* the only fig leaf which can make American men and women useful, graceful, or formidable.

"Now, mother," said America, "in behalf of all our relatives, I am deputed to say, they have come this evening not so much to feast as to learn, and having heard your exordium, we cry out for the oration!" The old lady smiled with her bewitching grace, which age left unapproached, as she calmly balanced her firm countenance and laid aside her glasses.

"My children," said she, "if this is our vantage ground, let us embrace the favorable circumstances."

"We will," uttered all; "your presence is frankincense and flowers; and as we cannot all take part in the serious and searching conversation, will you, dear aunt, merge this social gathering into one soul, and occupy it with with one thought?"

"All the qualities, my children, ascribed to kings, every true American appropriates to himself. For you the laws exist, the land was discovered, the blow struck which decided liberty. Nature silently and aloud praises our dear country. Our nationality is learned in every fact—in the running rivers, the rustling corn, the stately forests, and the sublime mountains. An American feels, and knows that he is greater than all geography and all the governments of

the world. And with might and main we can sit here at home and hold it if we will, as an anchor, a cable, or a fence, which defies the bullying of despots and theological autocrats. American nationality demands that we stamp our own portrait upon all our statutes. And the dear American Party, or the 'Know-Nothings,' insist that we shall see and introduce not only what was there and then when it sprang into existence more than seventy-nine years ago, but what is here and now!

"The Know-Nothings, my children, show us ourselves. It is the man not the work which speaks his nationality. It is not the Romish Catholic Church, its crosses, its music, its processions, its confessional, its saints, its image-worship, but it is the clear vision that these causes are working effects which are to soak our soil in blood, and create another inquisition to butcher American citizens! The very faculties, my children, of an American, point to the world he is to inhabit.

"America, my son, though young in your nationality, you are really older than any nation of the Old World. The thought of your liberty had been pondered for ages, and when your fathers, who embraced it, saw it hunted and desecrated, they came here thrilling with indignation at the outrage, and determined to make it incarnate! Yes, like the rays of nature, they collected and concentrated that liberty which is now robed and painted all over with wonderful events and experiences. Their motto was then what the Know-Nothings is now—*trust thyself*—and to it every heart

vibrated on cords of iron. Your fathers, dear America, accepted the place thus pointed out by Providence, and under a deep sense of this transcendent destiny became men. And seeing God would not work by cowards, they did not shrink in a corner, but like redeemers and benefactors, they fled to obey the spirit of the Revolution. They were watched by sympathy or hatred in every abode among men; but armed then with a nationality which they felt could stand by itself, they moved on without bashfulness or phlegm, bearing immortal palms, and cherishing nothing so sacred as the integrity of their minds. My children, you descend from an ancestry who made no capitulation with mitres and crowns and dead institutions. It was independence of mind that made you, America, what you are to-day.

“Your fathers spoke as with cannon balls, and did right singly, so that their greatness appeals to you all now. It is this ancient virtue which has aroused the Know-Nothings, and we worship their creed to-day, because it is not of to-day. We love it, my children, because it is of an immaculate pedigree, which is self-dependent, self-derived—it sounds a gong for the nation’s deliverance.

“This Know-Nothing, so called, is a great responsible thinker for the truly American citizen. It measures America—her men, her events. It makes all circumstances indifferent—it sees but country, cause, and age. It is no interloper, but a colossal symbol, which shows true loyalty among American

men. To be an American in this sense is an advertisement of your faculties, my children, all over the world.

"But oh, my son," looking to America with painful solicitude, "do you know," said this dear lady, "that the streets are now filled with your humiliation!"

Tears came into every eye, and America, choking for utterance, at last recovered himself, and said:

"After the *sight* you have given, mother, we will hold on *hard* to our axis! we need not wait for further contest, we will conquer our enemies where we stand! It was not the mere exploit of the field that made our fathers, they were great in figure as in deed. It was these combined that made our Washington, our Franklin, our Hancock, our Lee, and all that glorious and immortal host! Thank God," added he, "their loud thunder reverberates yet! Don't you hear it!! The Know-Nothing Party, the great American Party, is the response! It calls aloud to the people not for talent so much as for power to be *trusted*. It wants men whom God appoints to stand for truth, to test the manly force of our *own* countrymen! Great God, make them see, hear, feel this! this native element must circulate and be standard coin once more, my friends," said America! when three cheers rent the very foundation of the house!

"Why," added his mother, "these foreigners, these Jesuits, would have chained Washington if they could, and strung the necks of all the patriots like beads.

"As the magnet turns to the pole, so stands the

Know-Nothing Party between American rights and foreign aggression. It is the medium of the highest influence for our real liberty. It is disgraceful, my friends, to be always appealing to events, to confirm the truth or worth of this American Party; its history is inseparably interwoven with that of our nationality.

“The capitalist is satisfied to read the quotations of the value and rise in stocks without forever running to the broker! And, Americans, if a warm word from my heart could enrich and animate your souls now, I would implore you all, as I have done, my dear Country, to aid boldly, fearlessly, and earnestly, this organization, for the perpetuity of American liberty!”

“Tell us, mother, if you are not fatigued,” said America, “what constitutes the strength of our civil edifice?”

“Religious liberty and political equality,” my son. “And to destroy these, by the open assault of foreigners, particularly at the ballot-box, called into action the Know-Nothing Order; as I stated this evening, it is the great American Party of the Revolution, which has always had existence in the hearts of the truly American people, founded as it was by Washington and other heroes of our liberties! The order, by this name, was first developed in a town in the western part of the State of New York, and, like the advent of all that is great and good in our world, it had a small and humble beginning, but its parentage was of the people, and fostered and nursed by them,

its strength, power, and influence is daily and hourly augmenting. It is purely defensive, like that of the Revolution, and will retire when the aggression of foreigners ceases, and American citizens are restored to the rights asserted by the Declaration of Independence and guaranteed by the Federal Constitution. Although, numerically, the Roman Catholic population is less than one-third of those professing Christianity, this comparative handful deny the name of Christian, and brand as heretic three-fourths of the population of the United States of America. With a rough, rasping friction it has given us its sharp peaks, until it has instilled opium and disaster all over the country!

“Three-fourths of this population regard the Bible as more essential to liberty than the Constitution, and hence every true American feels called to organize for resistance when for this reason it has been made the first subject of attack! This public burning of God’s Word by Popery from the common and free schools of America! Oh, God!” added this lady, with emphasis, “suffer not our enemies to triumph over us! The oath or vow of every Romish priest and prelate in this land is one of allegiance to the Pope of Rome; they swear thus to cherish every influence that shall hasten the destruction of American liberty, and enable them to establish an Inquisition to burn the Protestant population, and then hold a jubilee, enlivened by the firing of cannon, as was done by the church of St. Louis after they butchered seventy thousand Protestant Huguenots on their St. Bartholomew’s Day. Americans, these

vows are antagonistic to liberty and our free government, and whoever is faithful to them cannot be to America! The world over, with few exceptions, the same spirit has been evinced by all! and ignorant or enlightened, could the mere treading the soil of freedom change the sacred and intolerant dogmas of their own native land? Oh, no, my friends, they are distinct as Roman Catholic citizens, and must, while they are such, be loyal to the Roman Catholic Church!—to its great head, the Pope, as paramount to all other interests upon the earth, beneath it or above it!

“Why, you know, an American Senator could not, in his position as such, insist upon the right of burial for American Protestants in foreign lands without bringing down denunciation upon his patriot head, by an Arch-Bishop in our dear native land! Think, then, of their Jesuit trick, their impudent knowingness in now resorting to the cry of persecution, with which they ensnare many unwary Protestants, who really believe it!”

“Believe what!” said America, with much feeling.

“Believe, my friends, that these key-holders of every castle in America, where a Jesuit is allowed to enter, who, in whatever disguise it may be, is ready to throw them at the feet of the priest, are persecuted by the Know-Nothing party, because they belong to the Roman Catholic Church.”

“Is it possible,” said America, “any true citizen can close the door on his intelligence, and bandage his eyes, to become such a dupe.”

“Would to God, it were otherwise! but my dear, the

old politicians, who are fox and woodchuck, hawk or snipe, to suit their purposes, feel the devil, dear, at such times, and he gives them counsel gratis, and asks no questions."

A general roar of laughter ensued, though all felt the old lady had spoken plain truth.

"We wish," continued she, "to see these Roman Catholics made Americans, as three-fourths of the population are to-day, holding religious toleration and political equality, and bowing to the supremacy of our republican government! Popery thrives on the ignorance of the masses, Liberty only on their education. Popery governs only by despotism: you, America, only by the majority of the people. Think, dear children, of these Romish Jesuit Bishops attempting to bully legislatures in our free land, into the bestowal of title to all the real estate belonging to their ecclesiastical control. And the whole body of their Church are required to move sea and land to punish, at the ballot-box, the American party, the Know-Nothing members, the patriot sons of the soil, who resisted this tyrannical exaction of the Pope of Rome."

"What else, mother," said America, "is expected from a foreign priesthood and an ignorant foreign laity, who came among us to destroy us?"

"They remember the sentiment of a follower of Loyola: 'Let me teach the children, and I care not who preaches to the people.' So, my friends, they are actually murdering at this moment the souls and bodies of thousands of American children, whose par-

ents, having no sense of right or duty before their eyes, seek these resorts, either for reputation of excellence or for diminution of price."

"Good Heavens!" said many voices, "if this goes on, they will continue to elect chief magistrates for the American people."

"Never, never, never!" said America. "These foreign born or naturalized citizens have been banded together, and carried their purpose thus far, but in the name of all dear to us, will not three-fourths of this great people respond to the cause which leads to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness?"

"These foreign votes have alarmed us: they make the stones cry out, my children! Our feelings have been outraged by the violation of our naturalization laws and our free Constitution! And if this foreign element does not acquiesce in the proper meaning of the word 'Citizen,' the American people are strong enough to compel them, and they will do it, my countrymen."

"Why, mother, did not the Nebraska Act, passed by the joint vote of Congress, confer on all aliens who gave notice of their intention to become naturalized the right to vote in that Territory?"

"To vote!" said many voices.

"Yes, Americans, the bogs, alms-houses or prisons of Europe can make all their tenants, in six months, voters at the American ballot-box, in many of the Western States and Territories. Is there not then a necessity for the Know-Nothing party, my friends?"

“It is, it must, it shall be, our salvation,” said America.

“What could have induced this?” inquired several.

“The demagogues, my children, who pander to the foreign vote of both political parties, have done this, who have personated, not represented, the American people; but who suffer now from seeing the public policy of many of the States, and the avowed policy of the Government of the United States, transferred to the hands of aliens, who are swayed chiefly by the Hierarchy of Rome.”

“Oh God!” said America, “save this dear country.”

“Our dear country!” repeated every man and woman at the table!—for so interested had all become, that all consciousness of time and place had been lost—and the old lady, judging from her appearance, lived over her entire life that one night.

“How could even the educated foreigners at once embrace our nationality?” said America, “their whole teaching at war with American liberty?”

“So thought Washington and all the founders of the American party, and who guarded us in our Constitution, by allowing none but a native son to fill the chair of our National Executive. They have in name prevented this encroachment, but in reality, behold! what a spectacle do we present! Was not the last Presidential Election the result of the foreign vote? Did not the Romish Church contract, bargain, to sell its influence at the ballot-box to cause that result? Was not the consideration any member of that Cabinet that Church might demand? Did not it call for the

Postmaster-General, because that officer could best facilitate their movements? Did not the Pope name him and have assurance of his appointment, before the American people heard it? Facts, Americans, and proof of all this as strong as holy truth can make it? Not an election comes without the most flagrant insults to American citizens! The Church and the politicians are intriguing, plotting, and scheming for popery; and when the Pope's Nuncio visited the United States, with what arrogance did he repair to Washington to be received and entertained at the White House, the mansion built by the American people to shelter American Presidents, and honor those only who recognized and respected American liberty. Think, Americans;—I feel faint at the thought that the Nuncio of the Pope, because he represented the Hierarchy of Rome, found a welcome there, that no Protestant ecclesiastic on earth would, as such, receive.

“Governors of States for a similar influence imitated his reception at the capitol of the country, and, when the indignation of the people was aroused, a national vessel was put at his disposal to escort him from American shores! Is it wonderful, then, Americans, that this “Know-Nothing” influence should spring and flourish and enlarge the soul of every true son and daughter of this land? When foreigners, my children, are selected over Americans for the political offices in your dear native country, you cannot longer doubt the danger to your own rights and liberties? The very name you bear, my son,” turning to America, “is

now a reproach among these aliens! They are organizing all over the country in secret societies, and whole regiments of Roman Catholics are now in the State of New York, and hold a commission from its executive; while the State funds, your funds, are in part appropriated to educate these Jesuits, who are making iron consciences to crush out every generous emotion of love of country!"

"Congress, too, has done all it could, to give these foreigners real estate, by distributing the public territory, which was purchased by your fathers' love, faith, spirit, and action, to them, to the exclusion of all honest and true Americans! They print then these documents in foreign tongues; so every one feels his new dignity, and knows the name of the American political trickster who sought by his activity to confer it. And then, there was a bill which failed to pass by only one vote, not long since, exempting all importations of the Romish Church from payment of duties. And this was the act of the Senate of the United States.

"As the wind stirs the surges, so does the thought of foreign oppression move the very soul of America. We pity the poor Irish—the oppressed of England, Scotland, Italy, Austria, and Hungary; but we love our own countrymen better. And as for real substantial use, who would give one brave, intelligent, Union-loving Yankee or Southerner for thousands east of the Rhine, or from the bogs and marshes of Ireland?

"France consented to aid us in the Revolution, be-

cause she hated England; not that she loved America. There may have been, and doubtless were, individual exceptions;—yet how can men or nations that oppose civil and religious liberty revere the memory and principles of our beloved Washington?

“These Roman Catholics may worship as they please, proselyte as they please, but they have waged battle upon our religious and civil freedom; and while I look to the happiness and glory of my country, I will die to save the humiliation of the American people.”

CHAPTER VIII.

THE PERMANENCE OF THE PRINCIPLES OF THE AMERICAN PARTY.

“Our country is a whole,
Of which we all are parts; nor should a citizen
Regard his interest as distinct from hers;
No hopes or fears should touch his patriot soul,
But what affects her honor or her shame.”

If angels were to come and chant the chorus of this great American Party, devils would follow on to cripple and create discord. As I remarked to you last evening, it at first assumed an humble name to signify resistance to pedantry and high pretension on the part of those who assumed to govern the American people, and hence it was termed ‘Know-Nothing,’ but now its wisdom has been shown by results like that of the Revolution. It has, therefore, taken its name by the authority of the people, who have defined its principles, and given it a term more significant of its meaning—the American Party! Now, friends, what are its foes attempting, but what they did on its origin seventy-nine years ago! This Liberty Party was

sneered, reviled, and scoffed, until it became a fixed fact, and its principles were forged by steel and flint, and written in blood! Americans, the principles in which this party are now planted, are not less invincible, as I before said; its foes call it an infant, but it is the offspring of Solomon on the judgment-seat of this great nation! And, with absolute truth of speech, and a sense of rectitude which will finally concentrate not only all that is true to America, but all which is dear to the peace of the world, it will hold up, dear America, your reputation and life in its hands, and dare the gibbet or the mob to strike sail! Yes, my friends, God has set afloat this great party on all the seas and rivers which encompass your nationality, and sooner will He remove your geographical lines and dry up all your waters, and drive your soil into an arid waste and desert, than permit the American people to desert the law, the principles of this great movement, which is the force, the genius, the very instinct of American life."

A thrill of excitement seemed to penetrate the very table, and every aspiration was for more valor and a purer truth, to execute the will of America and put all his enemies to shame.

"Mother," said America, "you speak of the eternity of our principles, as an immutable, indestructible law; will you, to enlighten us all, expound more fully these principles as you represent them?"

"My children, to be explicit, I know no exposition of these which has so fully met the approval of the

American Party, or been so widely commended by the leading journals of Europe, as that promulgated by the Twelfth Council of the Fifteenth Ward, in the city of New York, whose author is one of her most distinguished patriot sons; it is, indeed, my friends, a document which would honor the purest days of the republic, and could your fathers, who framed the Declaration, and afterwards fought for it, before its principles were incorporated in our Democratic Constitution, rise from their graves and take once more hold on the star-spangled banner, they would swear with more determination than ever before, to die once more by the principles which now actuate and govern the American Party. The leading motive with politicians, my children, is to control the great party organizations of this dear country, that they may, for a time, rule its destinies!

“But something higher, deeper, and far more transcendant caused the present coming of the American Party. It was the spontaneous movement of the people, and without the assistance or the instigation of either party in the country, my dear children. The people revived it for the people. And though it has received, for this reason, insult, and fierce and earnest assault, it has met its revilers without cringing or cowardice, as your fathers did; and in defiance of them, it will stand and reassert the original principles and purposes which made you, America, more than nation! It will revive the spirit which was developed in one thousand seven hundred and seventy-six; it will obey

the impulses of the people; it will denounce the factions of men who struggle only for the patronage of the government; it will resist at the ballot-box, and if need be, my children, the cartridge-box, the increase of foreign influence in our dearly-beloved country! Think, oh, think, of not less than half a million being thus annually added to our population, who are ignorant of your institutions, of your language, and your laws, and who are governed, and, in a majority of instances, controlled by a feeling in entire hostility to that which belongs to American citizens, but who scarcely pass through the form of a ceremonial to enjoy all their franchises. Leagued with European powers, with whom they hold nationality, they court every authority in sympathy with them. They attempt to exercise, my children, an undue influence over your free press, the great engine of American liberty, because they know when it succumbs your glory falls!"

"It never will," said America, "it never will!"

"No, my child," added his mother, "it is this which we need to convert judge, jury, soldier, ruler,—it has more than animal and mineral virtue. It blends liberty into the very sap of the trees, makes it flow into the rivers, mix in the winds, and light the very stars of Heaven. The Press, then, is inseparably interwoven with American freedom, and must live or die with it! And pray, my children, that God will raise high our editors, printers, and publishers, all over the land.

"A large portion of the foreign population," continued the mother," who are annually scattered over our

domain is Roman Catholic, who hold allegiance to a foreign absolute despotism, and who are organized for the express purpose of promoting Roman Catholic objects, at the expense of American liberty, and whose entire political action is at war with your free institutions and the national spirit of the American people. This, in fact, is what our dear American Party rises to suppress, and not from any principle of intolerance whatever. In former days, my son, when you were in your cradle, I never heard any one inquire whether a member of this party or that was Catholic or Protestant, no more than whether he was sprinkled or dipped in baptism; but the American citizen can't be blind, when he sees blazing in his eyes, all over the country, the sad experience of abused privileges by aliens and papists. The American Party, at present, have these sights before it, and it will do no half work in concentrating the strength of America once more upon American objects."

"My friends," said America, "let us toast to the universality of this great American movement, which upholds the purposes from which all other parties have departed!"

"Yes," added his venerable mother, "it differs from all parties that have risen and degenerated in this, that it came to resist them,—came at the call of the people simultaneously all over the country, without concert or combination!"

"Who really began this move?" said many, looking to their great Mentor.

"The Roman Catholics, my children; it was their

act which got this party out on the American stage!"

"Ah, ah!" said America; "this is fine, and let Americans note this Jesuit move."

"How did they manage to spring this trap upon themselves?"

"They over-reached themselves; a mistake Jesuits are not apt to make."

"Thank God they did!" said America. "Yes, His hand directs our work."

"These Roman Catholics knew very well your reputation for freedom from sectarian influence, and that sent them into your public and free schools, to hunt out your Bible, and murder your whole system of American education! Romish priests and prelates increased yearly in excessive encroachments upon the rights of American citizens! Distinguished foreigners came to add to the excitement! Then, the Presidential election came off! And Rome had a rejoicing on that day, Americans, which far exceeded that of the Allied Powers of Europe this moment at the fall of Sevastopol! And the Roman Catholics rejoiced not without hope! The Administration at Washington, grateful to Rome for its elevation, has faithfully redeemed its promises and pledges to that foreign hierarchy, who thus propitiated, may renew the favor again!"

The sensation was intense when America said—

"Once more, my friends, we are taking the front ranks on the political platform. This war on Protestants and Liberty not only has developed the sectarian element, but has shown the system and management of these Romish emigrants, who come as strong political

agitators for the business of converting all their subjects into agents to act against the unsuspecting sons of American soil! This American Party, then, has come from foreign instigation, over-ruled and guided by priests! This American movement is a revolt of the common sense of the people against all the causes of popular suffering, my children, and it will overcome all other parties that ever have existed, until the American people reign in their own sovereignty, and Americans, not Romish Priests and foreign influence, shall govern America!"

"Remember," continued the mother of America, "it was not until the condition of public affairs had become musty, and drowsiness had overcome the land, that the native sentiment assumed a distinctive political action. Principles, remember, are like fruit, which should not be plucked until ripe, and the American Party came not to the avowal of theirs until, vascular and alive; its juice, like blood, would flow when cut. It knew sour, inveterate, dumpish partizans, old riders, who never get out of the saddle, would jump almost out of their skins and play all sorts of antics, to trip its movements, and annihilate it. So it was allowed to germinate in the sincerity and marrow of the people, to incur all the dangerous symptoms of its enemies, until the people met in one temple and joined in the fellowship of one thought, and that, my children, was the worth and the love for our dear Country."

America looked pale and tremulous. He essayed to speak, but his mother anticipating him, said :

“There is nothing incongruous in this foreign rhetoric, whatever. This American sentiment gives pain to party combinations, and squeezing and pinching them, who can wonder if they would rain bullets on us, or bump out their brains to make the world believe, America, we were a mere parcel of bigots and blockheads.”

“Mother,” said America, “let them form alliances to destroy us, but the principles of the American Party are the mathematics and the law, and so the American people will show they apprehend them.”

“Yes, there are those who would crush this party, as there were those who would have hung Washington and his compatriots by the neck in the Revolution. Such spirits would make heaven itself dull by their presence. One of the chief beauties of this great American Party,” continued the mother, “is its spontaneousness; it gushes right out fresh from the hearts of the people, and thus differing from all others of which we have knowledge in the governments, not of this country only, but of the world. And creating, as it did, a new public opinion, it required caution and time to measure its adaptation to the desire of the people, to rid it of all periodic errors, to test the brain of its resources, to give it an arm of iron, that it might come from the people to the people, bearing their likeness attested by their sympathy, and entitled to their fellowship and trust. This was the cause, the sole cause, for the secrecy connected with the origin of the present American Party. And answering the inevitable need of the people, original and vigorous,

with an integrity and stoutness which cannot be overawed, the masses, uncorrupted by selfish political objects, and actuated by the purest motives for the welfare of their country, rushed to be enrolled into its membership, whilst thousands who embrace its doctrine, as dear to the hope of man, as citizen and Christian, are zealously and efficiently enforcing them all over the country."

"Mother," said America, "if our times are in God's hands, may we not feel this moment one for the rescue of our dear country?"

"Most assuredly; for we have all seen, my children, the dignity of the country surrendered to the bestowment of its patronage. A faithful, unscrupulous party follower is sure to be a successful office-seeker. And the baser the man, the more useful to the cause—hands, feet, senses, all give way for party chances. Great Heavens, to what a verge have we come! Where do we stand, my children, the nation is perishing for want of a ruler—it has a carbuncle on it. What but the American Party and its immutable principles can take it away? I know of no other remedy to save our dear country. Why, my children, our entire political system is covered over of late with cracks and blemishes. And this American movement must be the forge, the crucible, and dissecting-room to get at the root of the evil."

"It will, it will," responded all with much enthusiasm.

"I remarked, yesterday, you remember, that our foreign population is annually computed to be half a

million. Now, not one in all this vast number has any real appreciation for the native sentiment, which is the vitality and the durability of our institutions. Not one is prepared to enter upon the rights of American citizenship, or support the truly American policy. A large number undoubtedly are respectable, industrious, in many instances cultivated and intellectual, who, attracted by the character of your institutions, in marked contrast with those of the Old World, are content to shelter themselves from despotism under the Ægis of American Liberty, and desire only the peaceful pursuit of industrial occupation, and whose descendants thus reared will become in their time imbued with the spirit of American nationality. But, my children, as a body, these aliens and strangers have become a colossal estate, bound together by their distinctive nationality, and cherishing an influence, like one mighty stream, which is fed and swollen every hour by sources as antagonistic to American freedom as is virtue to vice—the blessed to the damned. Like cats, they fall right upon their feet, and ashamed of our compassion, they feel their self-importance, and throwing themselves unhesitatingly on the thought, want nothing of your dear country but to recruit under your star-spangled banner, and march in the front column to your ballot-box.”

The stillness of death pervaded the assembly, and they looked first at the mother and then to America, ghastly and joyless!

“Mother,” said America, “what can all this accomplish?”

“Our ruin, America, and that speedily, unless things change! It is, however, through American tricksters, political demagogues, who disgrace their citizenship, that the danger comes! The air is full of sounds, the sky of tokens, the earth with images, my dear America, of what you now suffer, by investing aliens and strangers with your highest political blood-bought privileges, in order to subserve the treachery of political organizations, for selfish aims! The votes of this foreign population—strangers to our language, our institutions, and our firesides—have controlled our elective franchise, my children, so long and so successfully, that it arrogantly assumes to govern our national destiny, by the ballot-box, from the President to the humblest employé in the revenue service of the country!

“Congress also has ministered to their thirst for power above American citizens, and the alien steps from the ship, fresh from a prison or an almshouse in Europe, into one of your territories, America, with a vote in his hand equal to that your Clay, your Jackson, or even your Washington would possess! Think of this. O God, defend our dear native land!”

“Mother,” said America, “our friends wish to know if these foreigners or aliens can obtain the public domain thus?”

“Certainly; Congress has declared it the heritable habitation for all sorts and conditions of emigrants, without regard to nationality, while it refused to grant it to native American citizens for public improvements and their education! Thus bated and bribed, these

half million of beings come bringing their bodies and leaving their souls and minds the other side of the water. This is the distinct estate which denounces your liberty, my children, and scoffs at your nationality."

"Where is the blood and spirit, the bone and sinew of our fathers, my dear mother?"

"My child, it is here yet! Yes, the stars, sand, water, fire, trees, rocks, and man himself proclaims this yet! They had their day, and left their speaking deeds, our heritage, and if kept before your eyes will make gingerbread of all such as bear no higher memory of their historic deeds, and hold no loftier ambition, than to appropriate your Anglo-Saxon liberty to the most contemptible end which ever actuated humanity! The American Party, then, my children, or the great movement of the American people, has sprung from the fact that these old political dogmatizers, in grasping power, have endangered our liberties by giving a frightful influence to this foreign vote, which is known to be under the control of a foreign priesthood! It did not originate to interfere with the civil or religious rights of any citizen of the country, foreign or native, Catholic or Protestant, but to protest against this wrong! It opposes, for public stations, my children, all who so undervalue their political rights as to submit their conduct, as citizens, to a Romish hierarchy which claims supremacy in civil as well as religious affairs, over all its subjects everywhere; and, to compel this, imposes on priests and subjects an allegiance above that, inseparable from citizenship in the United States.

The American Party opposes no man's franchises, interferes with no man's religion, proscribes no man politically because of his religious faith, and means to suppress that interference with our constitutional freedom which forbids and excludes all connection whatever between Church and State!"

There was much excitement at this last remark, but no one interrupted the venerable lady, who playfully said:—"Those who had been great stockholders in sin, could not expect less than to make expiation. Those who have sought to destroy the distinction; not the American Party, are answerable for mingling religious and political rights!"

"Mother," said America, "our American Party do not proscribe adopted citizens?"

"Certainly not, my son. It would not abridge a single political or religious privilege they enjoy; no, nor object to their filling civil offices in the country, but that they owe their allegiance to a foreign potentate, where they feel to be supreme, above all our laws, and your great Constitution! And these emigrants, for a quarter of a century, have thus encroached upon your rights, America! and the American Party, true to the integrity of the Union, and faithful to the Constitution, like Washington and your more familiar acquaintances, Jackson, Clay, and Webster, disclaim every principle of intolerance and proscription beyond what is provoked by hostility to your own national fame and Republican Government! My children, we have become a wonderful nation, in spite of all the influences silently and long exerted for our destruc-

tion ! When you, America, were born, three millions were the beginning ; now you are seventy-nine years old, but a youth yet, my boy !” When America, throwing back his hair, disclosed his matchless forehead and lustrous eye, and a joyous laugh came with some gusto from the national family !

“Now, mother, you have been so unfashionable as to tell our friends the whole truth—say on all you please !”

“America,” answered the old lady, smiling, “I don’t mean to show you a prince deserted by his States, but I wish your friends to mark your wonderful advance in population and resources ! to be impressed with your real greatness ! A population of at least thirty millions, and an area of territory three times your earliest dimensions, is now your possession ! and what is more, my son, every acre in your own name, is yours by consideration—it is all paid ! This thrift has excited all the despots of the world against you ! and the very sight of you so corrodes their peace, that they would forego all conquests of arms, among themselves, to destroy you !

“Yes, Americans, we know not the secret machinations, the progress of this foreign party in our midst—the extent or power of their revenue to defeat our free government, and wrest it from the will of the people ! This alien papal population are intriguing, cheating, plotting and scheming to overthrow you ! O, God ! save us from the weakness which will deliver my dear country to her foes !”

Tears came into every eye, for there was in these

words an earnestness which seemed to hover between death and the grave.

“ Americans, I suppose you are all intelligently informed as to the real design of the Allied Powers of Europe against Russia at this moment, which is just for the reason, that she is destined in her progress to be their future rival, by land and sea! And with how much greater cause would they crush you, America! They had rather transpose the Holy See to the dim regions of Old Virginia, or Puritan Plymouth, than to win ten thousand victories, like that of Sevastopol!”

“ Hence it is time that the action and passion of the native sentiment should rise after this!”

“ It has rapidly bubbled up in your American Party, and it springs a sap, I tell you, which is not without pith and substance, and force. These strangers are under a government of priests, who put themselves above the government of our dearly-beloved country, and make themselves a distinct people! They ask for a separate and distinct provision by your Legislatures!—demand unwavering submission on the part of all its subjects in our dear country, and send its shaft into every thought, at the mere flutter of their prelatie robes! And, what is more, they concentrate in their “holy” hands all the right of property! This malign influence will reign wherever it rules. It is absolute—purposely framed to excite surprise by the concealment of means, which are designed to rob us of our liberties by its mastodon power, which is the most finished absolutism the world has ever known!”

“Did this idea always prevail?” said America.

“It did not. We all thought for years it was free from the desire, much less the action of evil against our liberties as American citizens; and while their mission was believed to be for souls, it was respected and honored as all other sects, until it took hold upon the original integrity of the man, and showed its office in America, and displayed its native identity with the darkest despotism that has ever cursed our race. My children, let me not weary you,” continued this lady, who seemed to unite, a genius of the largest calibre to a perception as wonderful as America’s great nation.

“No, no!” said all, “never while you reveal what is vital to our existence.”

“I will then continue to impress upon you its importance, until you have thoroughly comprehended its magnitude.”

There was perfect agreement in the decision of the noble company, that the American Party did not seem in their thoughts to require further discussion to bring it on the meridian. It came at the cock-crowing, and would watch the rising and setting stars, and like a prophet and lawgiver, would regard as hollow and pompous, the outbursts of charlatans, who can’t run the hazard of sincerity. They, plastic to any impression, are the mere chameleons of any party, without regard to the significance of its principles. But the people, thank God! have now fixed their eagle eye upon this self-love.

“Our time, like the principles we cherish, is precious, and of heavenly import, “and I will remark, therefore, that the American Party is purely national, and the objects it proposes to accomplish are as wholly so

as were the motives which overruled and guided the American Revolution! We dare not hesitate to resist an influence distinct and formidable, as is the foreign element, controlled by a foreign despot! Under the teaching of a Church professing this foreign allegiance to be supreme! Nine-tenths of this population are opposed to this presumption, and the natural element must concentrate, must forget past political opinions, must make personal sacrifices, to maintain that separation between Church and State, which our Constitution of Government forbids, and which would be disgraceful and discreditable to Americans, if they did not revolt! We are practical, my children, and readily detect an element which has no other tendency than to endanger us—and looking at the prose of life, we saw the necessity of our action now!

“Roman Catholics are in the political field, fighting against American liberty; the American Party has come out to meet them in this combat! In the same manner, it will, at any future period resist any other religious sect, which puts its foot upon our political rights, and saturates our principles with a poison, which will make death the victor!

“I say, then, my children, the American Party has planted its action against this political movement of the Roman Catholic Church in this dear, blood-bought land! And to its principles every native patriotic subject of that Church, every foreign but domesticated citizen, who is rightly inclined with our institutions, cannot but subscribe! The American Party regards the veracity of its language, which ought to be the type

of all mens' sentiments. It has weighed, measured, and inspected the whole ground, and therefore means what it says, in lawfully resisting the authority of any influence which shall abridge the privileges of American freemen, or render them accountable for their religious belief! And hence, my children, it insists on an especial guardianship of your ballot-box! It insists that Americans shall choose their own rulers! It demands that those selected for official station shall have the fullest impression of all our civic rights, and acknowledge the principles of duty which are the convictions of true American citizens! It denies that an American citizen can be placed under an obligation to expose the reason of his vote! It maintains that no obstacle shall interpose to the frank avowal of his opinion! And no authority shall exist which rejects equal rights and equal privileges to American citizens!

“In a word, my friends, the American Party will have the whole allegiance of this people to the civil government and laws of this country; it will have all the cream scum from their own tub. Roman Catholics have demanded of the State to be acknowledged as a distinct element, apart from the mass of American citizens, and require exceptional privileges in the domestic concerns of the country. When an election comes off, we behold their tenacity to power, they rise the great estate of the republic and concentrate their strength to elevate Roman Catholics to official trust, or to confer it only on those whose skulking and dissimulation make them grateful beneficiaries. Now, my children, you have the grammar of the American Party.

You see it disclaims all intolerance to the Roman Catholic religion, that it has nothing to do with its faith or doctrine ; and it seems, my children, that every member of that Church who professes your nationality and properly estimates American citizenship, would zealously oppose, as many do, this foreign element in their Church, which wars against all the rights and interferes with all the peace, which our free institutions are intended to confer."

The excitement became thrilling, and every heart was throbbing with emotion! America gazed on the serene countenance of his mother, but there was a sacredness in that silence which defied speech. It seemed to dip the assemblage into the freshness of American beauty and bathe them in the light which glances from its heavenly bodies! And they implored their venerable relative to proceed!

"There is one fact I wish, I urge, you would treasure,-that as a sect, the American Party, true to our religious as to our political liberty, would assist and defend the Roman Catholic from assault, and protect it by the bayonet, from such attack! And it comes now not to invade, but to restore and preserve all that is national in the feeling, and American in the hearts of its true citizens! To make your country, all America!

"Of late we have passed through convulsions which have shaken us, my children, from centre to extreme. Popular opinion has jilted us by its vagaries, section has burned against section, political agitations have given us melancholy days and poured into us a blood

which turns into gas, and threatens to inflame us, around our very firesides! The American Party has come, and insists, by the expressed will of the American people, on a thorough American policy! To restore the Government to the privileges upon which it was first administered. To cause Americans to govern their own country, and to control all her great interests, in her National Councils. To improve the condition of American labor in all the resources of agriculture, commerce, manufactures, and the arts. To educate the people in the native sentiment and principles of republican freedom, to keep close by the Bible, as the stronghold of our religious and political freedom, and to guard the elective franchise, so that it shall preserve the purity of the Government, and protect American principles and American rights.

“And thus shall our Union stand self-containing, self-preserved, and the American citizen ‘has only to feel in his own heart that he approves and adopts our principles, and ready when the star-spangled banner is unfurled, to stand under it and by it. It waved in glorious triumph, when Bainbridge, Decatur, Perry, and Hull broke the charm of British invincibility on the ocean. Stark had it at Bennington, Warren at Bunker Hill, Gates at Saratoga, Sumpter, Marion, and Greene in the South, and Washington bore it aloft, and stood under its ample folds, when he sealed our nation’s independence on the plains of Yorktown. It is now, as it was then, the emblem of our nationality and power.’



K. Rayner

CHAPTER IX.

THE AMERICAN PARTY'S DECLARATION.

THERE is a silence that is deep as eternity! It is the march of intellect, the diffusion of knowledge, the locomotive, the railway, the projectile force of the grand development of human thought. Such seemed the interval between the past and the present. Between the birth and the growth of America.

And his economical mother had disbursed just enough information on this point to keep the brain transparent and the fact prominent, that the men of God, who purchased our science through battle, cannon, and blood, matured their giant fruit by union! union!

When the family of America reassembled at his hospitable home, which was many weeks subsequent to the last social gathering, it looked as though the doors of the universe were unlocked, and this had become the city of refuge. But the grandeur of the scene was enhanced by the singular coincidence, that *right* came in and took precedence over all else, and every signer of the Declaration of Independence, and a majority of those who made the code of our everlasting principles were there represented.

With fierce haste the Party essayed to recognize the *claim* of all. It felt itself but a part of this great

whole, who had met in a great national perplexity to demand more light for the people—more sanctity for their God-conferred Government. There was a delicious cup of love mingled and mixed in this moral atmosphere, and the kingdom of the *will*, inspired one general call upon the mother of America to redeem her late promise as to the resolves or declarations of the great American Party.

“Remember that among all the beautiful facts relative to the Father of his Country, that of his never having sought or intrigued for one single office is the most striking. Now spoils are claimed as the reward of party success, and thus, Americans, has this Romish Priesthood become a deadly cancer to EAT out the very vitals of Republicanism. All over the world it is conceded that a nation has the right to control its own laws, and elect, as it sees fit, its own rulers. And, my countrymen, on this principle of right, common to all, our American Party says, let Americans rule America! When your ancestors found themselves trammelled by foreign despots and a hired soldiery, they met as the American Party, in Philadelphia, and there drafted that instrument which gave immortality to them, to their country, and to you all! They made there the crucible and smelting pot, which worked the quarry and forge to their impulsive will! There I beheld America's wealth, in her *original* men. They by whose work it is not now a waste! They came with Liberty enshrined within them, and the memory and record of those men, who stood forth in the front files of that American Congress, like Lee,

Hancock, Adams, Jefferson, Franklin, Sherman, Livingston, and their co-workers, are the strength, the property of the American Union and her American Party, forever, and ever, and ever!"

A gush of tears came unbidden into all eyes, and the noble woman beholding the sensation, paused! "It was not by gesticulation, not by vehemence, not by heroic desperation, my children, but by natural stuff, originality, invention of character, that your fathers taught that love of country, by actually dying to save it! And to give adamantine force to the principles of seventy-six, which, bare and grand, went into the Constitution of the United States, and by the nuptial union of the American citizen with his own beloved country, made her civil glory his first, his last, his highest human duty! And my friends, the American Party now declare that this spirit shall uphold and steer it forever and ever. Your ancestors sacrificed all for country! Kindred, fortune, friends, life! They took away the rubbish heaps, and blew away the dust. And the American ballot-box is the artillery and battle thunder, the American Party declares shall save it still! And my children, ring it all over the land, until the deafest hear—preach it through the cannon's throat, that *Americans only shall rule America!* That this fly-buzzing shall move off from your polls. They who chop and murder logic—wrestle and wriggle, contend and suspect, doomed to a confessional, without head, heart, or any grace or gift, must surrender the privileges to American citizens, who have the ability to read and appreciate the free government of their

native country, or who, by a long and familiar association, cling to the prized reality of American rights and American principles, and is everywhere ready to stand with and by you, my dear America!"

"Mother!" said he, "show us these blood-tinted shadows in strong light; we can stand any reality better than the hypocrisy with which they have imposed upon us."

"Yes, yes!" exclaimed all, in tones of thunder, "let us dare, and dare, and dare again to the issue those unscrupulous demagogues, who have appropriated these ignorant aliens to subserve their selfish ends, and who herd them like cattle, wherever the best pasture may be found!"

"These immaculate American Pharisees, my children, are the knife-grinders to cut American Publicans by their throats. Can we see so much and stop at so little? We cannot be stripped of our nationality; it is inseparable from our birth, and it seems not less dear to thousands of our best and most loyal citizens, who, though not born on the soil, have lived upon it long, and enjoyed, rationally, all its benign influences, until their interests, their affections, and their hopes concentrate and entwine around us, America. It is for a far different class of the foreign population, that the American Party now comes in its wild, lion strength, to extenuate none, to exaggerate none. It is they who stand jostling you, America, elbowing you, barring you, not by their own blind, stupid wills, but by their foreign masters, who, crabbed and sulphureous, claim them, soul and body! The American Party

risers, therefore, in part, to make more rigid the terms of citizenship, and resolves to lengthen the probation, or abolish the laws, wholly, which naturalize the man. You remember, my sons," added this dear lady, "when you were little boys, how you wished to be men; not long, I fancy," looking at the fresh American group, "that you have enjoyed the rights of free American men—you who imbibe the spirit, and are of the same bone, and muscle, and blood-vessel as those who made us more than country, are just entering upon your political rights, after twenty-one years!"

"I think," said America, "many of our cousins and friends present have never yet exercised that sovereign power at the ballot-box."

"No," responded several; "though we have in many cases followed the sage advice of our immortal Franklin, 'that they thrive best who marry earliest,' we have become husbands and fathers before we are voters! We wait patiently to attain our majority, before we can attain to the privilege of the elective franchise, whilst in all things else we feel and look like men," said they, which a slight glance at the trained whisker and moustache seemed to corroborate.

"You see, then, my children, that the American Party resolves to make this class of foreigners keep to our civic race-course or kick! Don't the American people see something? Do they mean to plant these pines to have burrs sticking all over them like nettles? Are these richly decorated representatives of a foreign papal hierarchy to strut, and fret, and act, as though they were invincible? The American Party declares the

American people must storm this redoubt with sharp speech, fierce resolve, and an undaunted courage! In all this, my children, the alien derives his best comfort from the principles your fathers left you to cherish when they blessed you on the altars of their dear country, and told you to love it as strongly as death!

"It is in your patience, your real insight, your fairness—that flashing eye-sight, that lovingness, that broad freedom which is not shut up in a box and packed away in a garret, which reveals your true nationality, and offers to the inhabitants of all climes, who have honesty and virtue, a shelter and protection in any lawful pursuit! So that the benefits of your free government may be shared by them, as they are by your own mothers, and wives, and daughters!"

"But this, mother," said America, "does not seem to meet the fulness of their demands."

"By no means," said the old lady, "like sunshine in a storm of thunder, they pucker into a simpering smile at American graciousness, turn around and spurn her kind welcome! Now, the American Party, my children, have ever owned us a God-governed people, and in His name resolve there shall be no more delusion! We believe that a light from heaven does still shine on our dear country, and enforce the doctrine by this authority of free religious toleration, the rights of conscience in all their force and power; and, by this freedom of opinion, to worship God when, where, and as these convictions direct. When your fathers sat for four months in Convention, to frame our great Civil Code, it was proposed that all foreign, ecclesiastical

as well as civil, interference should be prohibited; and it escaped only from being so embodied, by its supposed interference with the dearest and most sacred rights of man—which are not only shielded by our Constitution and Declaration of Independence, but every sect and every creed, every society, and every individual member thereof, is there defended from all menace or assault! Our Washington, my children, sat by and presided over those deliberations; and the American Party, looking to him as its great head, reiterate these resolves to-day! Is it not audacious to see whole broods of human beings, on American soil, running to the cluck of an old fowl! We want these papists to have the rights we extend to them; and let them act by will, not by machinery.”

“Yes,” said many, “we want them to let go their hold on our ballot-box, and the American Party will never interfere with their confessional-box!”

“Thank God,” continued the mother of America, who seemed to radiate light by every gesture and movement, “the written word of God is yet kept as the healing of this nation. Not in mere printer’s ink and white rag paper, but in the heart and by the actings of this great people.

“The Bible wants no popular applause like that machinery whose end is bedlam and the grave. Popery is a meteor light, which breathes fire, incense, and corroding poison to the nations who surrender to its influence. The American Party saw the apostasy to our blood-bought liberty growing more and more morbid, and depraved. The sons of Mammon, and Belial, and Beel-

zebug, all combined in a seductive attempt to rear fresh roses for themselves in our Eden. Great God!"

"Why, indeed," said America, "I would trust an Egyptian crocodile sooner than such patriot sons. Patriots!" And there was a sneer of contempt by the entire company, men and women, which seemed irrepressible.

To the proposition for adjournment, at this moment all responded—

"Not yet, not yet," reverberated through the house, for the rooms had not only been packed, but the halls also were stowed, and yet so perfect was the stillness, and so clear and sonorous was the voice of the patriot woman, that all might hear.

"Your fathers came here Herculean men, my children, and they worked with engines—for what? That no Babylon should overthrow us—that none should enjoy excepted privileges or prerogatives—that no church or denomination should have exempted rights, and that all concert for political action of any religious sect was dangerous to all equality of civil rights—mere pipes and drums to muster forces against our liberties. But very soon, our American Party saw this hollow and pragmatism, and resolved not to permit this self-combustion. And then this foreign Hierarchy, acting by its King-Pontiffs and Vicar-Generals, must get into blind man's buff about your school system; and in this, too, we must worst them, until they look like corrected soldiers, with their eyebrows shaved.

"The American Party is not, my friends, mere wind and hail—made of men who blow, and eat, and run!

They came at the first gleam of stormy weather, and they mean to remain and attend to their own business, in lieu of subjecting foreigners to the further necessity."

This called forth applause. And the din of excitement brought the whole assemblage to their feet.

The life and soul of American patriotism are developed by discoursing upon its liberty, and arousing the sensations, which none feel like they whose home and happiness are a birth-right gift. And no matter how elevated or how depressed by the circumstances of fortune, there is a glory in the sentiment of our nationality that kings could not purchase nor tyrants destroy. The conversation became general, and never did the sons and daughters of the American nation exhibit more giant virtues—more giant energies; and yet, like their great ancestors, there was no desperation or splenetic acerbity.

"We present a unique spectacle, my friends," said America, "an assemblage concentrating the soul of the Revolution. You remember too, that all who signed the Charter of our Independence were never present at any one time. Many who had nothing to do with making or originating it, and who neither voted for the resolutions or for their publication afterwards, became members, and signed it. This they were instructed by their legislatures to do, and which was done from time to time through the year seventeen hundred and seventy-six."

America discovered some surprise on the part of his friends; who had doubtless never known of the distinction; but in reality, there was as much as between the major-general and a corporal of the army.

"Cousin," said one of the girls to America, "you

ought to be wise, with such a teacher as that great mother of yours. It seems to me, once admitted into the heaven of her thought, none could relapse into night."

Just then the door opened, and the lady presented herself. "Well, mother, just in time for you—and don't you think they have made an old man of me since you left, and called me right out, to tell them of the past."

"And he has told us much," said they; "but we deny the adjective he uses," said many. "When he offers a good, true, or wise one as a substitute, we will accept it," said they. The old lady smiled at their readiness, and inquired what further they wished her to say? "Everything, everything about our dear country and our American Party!"

"I remark, then, that education is the exponent of our nation's vast mind and will! All men, women, and children must flee to it—it must bless every field, household, and home. Our enemies have sown this system in many places already with sulphur and salt! This system, which scattered the seed of science and song, and organized the minds of your first men. Had there been no Washington, nor Franklin, nor Adams, there would have been no Jackson, or Clay, or Webster! Think of this, and remember education and free government are inseparable. And hence the American Party declare that education is a part of our national character, and shall rise above all creeds or sects, and be the common heritage of all the people. That the Bible, for which your fathers wrestled for many long years, and by which they learned the value of liberty, and

embraced it as the only true wisdom and hope for our country and for universal man, the American Party declares shall not be excluded from the school of the country!

"America, there are too many Hamans among us, and it saddens my heart to see you, in the flower of your years and the winter of your prospects! It seems, for some years, to me," she continued, "that a good card was sure to turn up for your enemies, no matter who got the deal."

"Yes, yes, mother, I feel it; we all feel it. What but God can save us? Nothing, nothing, said he!" and the sensation was intense for some minutes.

"This very influence which stood at the ballot-box and made your present rulers, would stand at the guns as soon as they are out of office, and blow out their brains!

"The machinery would blot out our firmament and take out the stars, if they could, for a little whiskey or lager-bier," said America.

This brought a laugh, but there was not less force in its truth.

"But the American party, who mean to hit the nail on the head, without striking and striking and striking at it, resolve," said the mother, "to foster and strengthen the Union, and to repel all secret or open assault upon it!

"My friends, our dear country is in the actual smoke and thunder of the enemy, and what is stranger still, it was blinding and deafening us before we heard, saw, or felt it."

A hot frenzy of tears came rushing into all eyes, and an earnest terror was visible which bordered upon madness.

“My son,” continued America’s mother, “it was thirteen years after you were born before that constitution of government under which we now live was made the bond of our union and the great seal of our nationality. And the American Party declare it shall be construed only as its authors meant it, and its true expounders have understood it.

“It regards this bond as the great Reconciler between the States and the General Government, which as sacredly cherished the rights of all as the parent does its offspring. The American Party are on the ladder which leads our dear country up to God—it sees the Constitution in its beam and blaze to glory, and rallies under its banner. Nothing but rectitude, rectitude, ever and ever!

“My children, to put away all geography and mathematics, to heal all dissensions, to check with a strong curb all selfishness and designing influences by which they are created, to plant all over the soil a deeper growth of national love and character, an American sentiment, which, when smitten, will gush patriotism out of our rocks, undulate all our plains, overflow all our cities, this is the aim of the American Party, and this the power they declare shall protect the Union. The strings of the Government were wound up just tight enough to give security and protection to American citizens in all their pursuits, and opens the main chance alike to the common sense of all the people.

And the American Party declare, my children, that every interest of the country was penetrated and covered by its recorded fundamental law. And to do this, your ancestors scaled and scaled mountain tops, they climbed on sharp, flinty, slippery precipices, unseen but by God's eye. And with sinking hearts their feet often got glued with their blood. But resuscitated by a far-reaching hope, they at length came forth, after four months of labor and toil, bearing this immortal palm for their country, the emblem of its victory and life."

These words seemed to carry the assemblage to the graves of their fathers, and for the moment all looked like mourners.

Many doubtless wished to speak, but so eminently endowed was the mother, so many miles in advance of all others around in judgment and decision, that none but America himself interposed a question.

"Does the American Party, mother, advocate the internal improvements of our dear, dear country?"

"Just as far, my son, as the Constitution does; and to your commerce, inside and outside, to the navigation of all your rivers and rivulets, to your national harbors on sea coast and lakes, to shield your shipping, and protect your gallant mariners; to build your national roads from ocean to ocean, so as to grasp the territories within your mighty realms, are prominent objects with the American Party—not only so, but every product of art, every invention in science, every work of literature, which emanates from the genius of American men or women, is guarded with the tenderness the

mother feels for its nursling. And to resist and shun all foreign policy, which is unjust to the American citizen, my children, and acts against the prosperity of the American laborer, is not only the doctrine of the American Party, but they insist that in entire consistency with the principles of your government, the American operative should be the chosen instrument of your country to do the work of American men!"

This sentiment brought roars of applause, which for some minutes was deafening.

"That is right, that is right!" came from many voices.

"And it shall be carried out," said America. "I am tired of these old dogmatizers," said he, "mere hacks of routine—who have done everything for foreigners, and wearied and oppressed the native sons of the soil; every workman of America, man and woman, suffers from this cause. But we will get these enemies in a coop next year."

"Be sure America," said his mother, "and have it large enough to hold all, the broods as well as the old fowls!"

"Ay, mother," said he, "after all, it is not the foreign so much as the American birds which should be caught."

"That is true, my son, but they are spotted and speckled, and can easily be known. My friends, I have talked a long time for an old woman, but if I have not wearied you, I will say a few more things before we separate this evening." There was a general response, favorable to her continuing.

"Then," said she, "to preserve your just rights, and

maintain your national honor everywhere, the American Party advocates strong military and naval forces, and impregnable fortifications for the country—it opposes all wasteful expenditure in the administration of the government, without that niggard extreme which would be a Chinese wall against American progress! And when, friends, we see that a thousand things, known but to God, are liable to affect our nation's weal every day, just as the climate or some casualty affects our physical or mental health, the dear friends who gave us, under God, our high political privileges, wisely left to the American People themselves to decide through their representatives, who meet to reflect their sentiments, and to legislate for their interests, the decision of these matters by an Independent Congress!

“The American Party look with horror upon the pallid and panic-stricken forces which have arisen from the Anti-American policy of the present administration of the government—in cramming the foreigner and starving the American, selecting him for office, and rejecting your men, who would die to save your country and protect her national sentiment and national fame! No wonder American men of independence in thought and action, who are incorrupt and incorruptible, should create dislike and scoffing, and one stream of juggle and enchantment should come rushing on, to say, “If you can't co-operate, you are mistimed, misapplied, get out of your places!” And thus the brave goes down, and cowards come up, to flatter and fawn, to hurt and crush us. The American Party of the

Revolution rejected with battle cannon the encroachment of power then, and it did not take off one yoke to put on another. No, my children! it hung up the crucifix, and took down the mitre and the crown! It hangs yet, and will, till God calls our nation to judgment!

“The American Party declares now, resistance to the encroachment of executive power, its interference with the elective franchise by an unlawful exercise of patronage. We insist that the dignity of our nation depends upon the virtue, independence, and integrity of all her sons and daughters. And a citizen dishonors his manhood and brings contempt upon his country who is afraid to express an opinion adverse to that of the ruling power, because he occupies a subordinate place under the Government. O God, save us, save us!

“In a word, my children, the American Party moves and thinks as Washington acted, spoke, and thought. In foreign matters it wants no intervention or intermixing with foreign, European, or other States. We have no business with them, my children, about their matters—this was his direction, and he practised it right before my eyes—but not yours,” said she, smiling. “And in domestic, we cannot allow the nurseries of our American freedom to be bereft of the Bible, whose pages instruct for the highest and holiest political trusts! We cannot trade birthright privileges—dare not yield our flag without our liberty.

“And finally, my children, the American Party advocates the same purity and enlightenment of conscience for the nation as the man; and such relations

of amity with all other nations as shall be consistent wholly with American honor and American nationality. And now, my children, if you, the descendants, are true to your ancestors, nothing can damp this glory, or make it unreasonable to ask of the American people another triumph for their American Party."

This venerable lady arose, and raising her hands to heaven, implored God to be with them, and without a word more withdrew.

CHAPTER X.

AMERICAN NATIONALITY — THE NATURALIZATION LAWS.

“Flag of the brave! Thy folds shall fly,
The sign of hope and triumph high!
Flag of the seas! on ocean wave
Thy stars shall glitter o'er the brave!
Forever float that standard sheet
Where breathes the foe, but fags before us!
With Freedom's soil beneath our feet—
And Freedom's banner streaming o'er us!”

INCLEMENT weather found this vast American family again quartered under America's roof; and the next day was the Sabbath! At an early hour, as was the custom of America's mother, she arose before breakfast and called her family to prayer!

“I know not,” said she, “my young friends, to what religious sect or creed you may feel individual attachment, but I am sure you all cherish that independence of thinking, and reasoning, and worshipping God, which was the essence of the Revolution; and for which toleration your fathers grappled, and rattled, faced battle, cannon, and death! There was a vulture that gnawed hard upon the hearts, and made restless the minds of many who sat in the Convention which made our Constitution—the strength of its sinews all at once seemed to crack—when Dr. Franklin, our great na-

tional schoolmaster in the department of thought, saw the marrow oozing out of the seam, and knowing nothing but a Creative Power could heal it, arose and said, 'Is it a truth, that not a sparrow falls to the ground without the will of our Heavenly Father, and can nations rise and fall without His blessing? I move we meet with prayer.' So, Americans, I say, now let us ask that same God to give us gushing hearts, thrilling with the spirit of *life*, to seek His presence on our little band, that we may not remain, like the fleece of the Hebrew warrior, *dry*, when the dew of His blessing fertilizes all around us!"

Heaven and hell—righteousness, temperance, and a judgment to come, had a thoroughgoing force in this great woman's soul, and this living energy made these brave hearts beat beneath her burning words which, Heaven ordained, asserted His grandeur and power!

"And now," said this Christian mother, "I see before me, my children, an amalgamation of the descendants of the Dutch, the Puritans, the Huguenots, the Cavaliers, the Romanists, and Penn! I say to you all, keep thou holy the Sabbath day, worship your God, your father's God, as the convictions of your own consciences shall incline you;" and promising to meet them to-morrow, gave them her blessing and retired.

A bright and beautiful autumn sun next morning covered nature with its rosy tints, and threw its halo over this American gathering, while the pole-stars and load-stars of the firmament seemed to say, As a nation we are yet afloat!

The mother of America entered, leaning on the arm

of her son! and as she gazed silently on all around her, her sharp and penetrating intellect seemed to pierce and probe the hearts of all! And silence now reigned, which would have given a popgun the sound of a cannon!

“My children, with a stern grasp,” said she, “let us keep to our true principles, and rip the seam to the hem, which has been puckered together, to clothe the foreigner with a sceptre upon American soil, to murder before your gates and your firesides the only liberty which can save your principles and preserve your nationality! It is for the rights for which your fathers disputed as divine, and for which they died like martyrs, that this Revolution has begun! These are the elements to sweep on its wave, until it shall have covered our earth as the waters cover the sea!

“It is true, our American nationality came first by emigration, from many parts of the Old World, brought by aspirations for a higher dignity, rule, and promotion than could be found under the raving, bestial tyranny by which they were spurned and trampled down! The majority of these were of the Anglo-Saxon origin, and hence that language became our national tongue. And you, the children of those emigrants, are the true Americans! From this cause you now count three-fourths of your population, and make, in depth of your nationality, that height of vastness, that free, flowing, substantial life, which runs out genially to warm with sympathy universal man!

“By those emigrants, from which you descended, is

this soil your soil—this your dear, native land! And now, when the refuse and scum of other nations are tearing you like a pack of bloodhounds, and the mystery of iniquity is hammering out its wit, and planting its batteries so as to defy and destroy you, is it not your right, your duty, your religion, as citizens, as Christians, as men, to stand firm upon your soil and claim this as your country?"

There was a flash of heat at this remark, from America and all his friends, which would have melted a sword and run its scabbard into dross!

The thought that these rebels from their own governments, these foreign, ungrateful refugees, should fly to their lawful American mother and put themselves in the place of her own legitimate offspring!

"My dear mother," said America, "what has caused all this?"

"Your naturalization laws, my son, aided by a powerful, foreign church in your country! And to change these laws, and take this indecent drapery from around you, is one of the grand features of your truly American Party! Americans, we must not cradle these monsters to take away our just inheritance; you must, and you shall, govern your own country, and as you please!"

"In truth," said America, "the charge of our enemies, that the American Party wars against the foreigner, is as untrue as that the 'Know-Nothings' were traitors, because they choose to make 'Sam' keep his brains in his head, instead of carrying them on his back!"

The assembly smiled, and seeing the singular intensity of America's thought, begged him to proceed.

"There is nothing dry or dead in our country, nothing that shall not be driven out! And it was the roguery, stupidity, and horror of mixing foreigners into the politics of our country, giving them a voice which has even assumed to silence the native, the only true American, which aroused the thunder tones of our national spirit, and which found its quick response from truth and patriotism all over the land!"

"You are right, my son; and now, with head, heart, and hand, rush with all your colossal strength, and rally your country to the defence of her American standard!"

"We will! we will!" said all. "Oh! what is dearer than our country!"

"Why, my friends," continued the mother, "do we not protect in all their civil and religious rights the foreigner as ourselves—and have they not mingled their energy, their invention, in the arts and sciences; their industry and capital with your own; and what more do they want? All our political rights will belong to their sons, and why?—because by birth, education, and national feelings, they are true Americans. But, my children, there is too much done without any appeal to the sense of the people; unless a man hitches himself to some political faction, he sees his coffin right at his feet! And so these naturalization laws have been made to be abused, made for loss and gain! Thank God, the American Party stands like Aaron's rod for truth and virtue! And by the resist-

less engine of the American *will*, it will take away the knife which has been insinuated into our ribs, while they thrust their new faces before our eyes, and in terms of candid eulogy, challenge our respect!

“It is the thief, the cut-purse, the incendiary, the cast-off pauper, of whom Americans complain—they who, over-ruled by a foreign Papal hierarchy, make our ballot-box a saturnalia of vulgar villainy! these are the heroes who, from clanking their fetters, and pounding stones for their prisons, have actually been transmuted into American voters!”

Oh, God!” said America, “save us, save us!”

There was always much sensation when the encroachment of foreigners was the topic. It was seen and felt in the present sad experience of all!

“What does the naturalization laws do for the foreigner? It makes him an adopted citizen of our country; but even the foreigner would deny that it changes his nationality. He that is English, is English still; he that is Irish, is Irish still; he that is German, is German still; he that is French, is a Frenchman still! Americans, the sympathies of these nationalities with their natural mother are as the shell to the snail, a sanctuary no human law can invade! And do you not all glory in the nationality of your fathers? is not every true American proud of the lineage from whence he is extracted?”

“My friends, it is those aliens and strangers who say the Pope of Rome is the Lord God, and put him in the place of Jesus Christ, our Redeemer; who grasp hold of you to make your country food for worms; and,

skilled by their masters, they give your rulers a lift before they give them a throw! Not content in getting under the branches of your Liberty Tree, they perch themselves upon the topmost boughs!

"You see, my friends, why Lafayette said Romish priests would be the foes to our Republic, the Judases to betray and destroy us! You see these, the enemies against whom the 'Father of his Country,' the immortal Washington, warned us in his parting address to you all! You see why your Jackson, with impatient rage, told you, America, that if you persisted in receiving foreign paupers they would make one of you!

"My children, it tears my brain—it sets my mind on fire, to hear your emigrant fathers called foreigners! Your country was under the government of the English, when they colonized it; and it was these men of peculiar intellectual firmness, strong and astute, glowing in the faith of the Reformation, which opened their hearts, like a highway, to truth and freedom, who made your Declaration of Independence and your democratic form of government! And what did they do? tell us facts," said she, turning to America.

"Why, verily, they ordained by that instrument that none but a son of the soil should be President or Vice-President of our country. And Hamilton, whose giant powers were impressed on that Constitution, and Morris, upon whose bounty the Revolution was nurtured, and to whom Washington leaned for succor when darkness smote his army, by reason of pecuniary want, were thus self-excluded from holding the high

est trust imposed by their own Constitution, because they were foreign-born!"

"And by whom," inquired several, "was the Constitution ratified?"

"By the people," said America; "not by their federal Convention; not by their Congress or Legislature, but by the right which the American *people* only could confer, that this, greatest structure for human liberty the world ever knew became the bond—the everlasting bond of our National Union!"

The excitement was thrilling, and America often paused, by reason of the mass of thought and learning which seemed rushing on with the force of a compound blow-pipe.

"I wish," said his mother, "the naturalized foreigners may appreciate the doctrines of our American Party, which does not disturb a single right they enjoy, and has just the same jealous eye for their common welfare it has for the American born! Just the same the American Party who made the Constitution had for Hamilton and Morris, when Washington presided over its deliberations. I remember, my children, hearing the illustrious patriot, John Quincy Adams speak of the ignorance abroad, in respect to the true principles of our Republicanism, and as an illustration, he remarked, that when President of your country he received a letter from a German, who expressed a desire to emigrate among us, and wishing to know if the President could provide him a comfortable office in your country, upon his arrival! Mr. Adams very politely rebuked this flippancy, and assured him

that he was a little too fast. This correspondence can be found among the national archives of the State Department at Washington."

"I don't think he would have so much difficulty if he would apply now," said America.

"Perhaps," said his mother, "many have done so, since they beheld foreigners representing us abroad."

"What!" said America; "representing my country!" with a fierce indignity, that was electric.

"My friends, be calm; there is a remedy at hand; you have your American principles, made by the people, to rectify these matters; but I was going to tell you that, three or four high foreign ministers, who were *not* Americans, have been appointed by your President, and confirmed by your American Senate, to represent your American nationality at the courts of Europe!"

"Great God! to what are we coming—to what are we coming?" said all.

"To ruin—ruin, Americans, unless things soon change!"

"And they *will*!" said America, as he jumped up and hastily walked out into the hall.

The bright sun had now given place to twilight, and though so many hours had been spent by this large assembly in silence, every son and daughter felt they had been nourished by a patriotism which made them wise and bold for action. One feeling of love and harmony was seen in every movement of the American family; and it seemed to gild with celestial tints the very halls which enclosed them.

On meeting in the evening, they thronged around their venerable relative, whose fame all felt as enduring as the nation of her love.

“I see,” said she, “like true Americans, there is nothing narrow or shallow about you, my friends. And to none do we all feel truer or more unselfish love, than to those adopted citizens who are enshrined within our country, to live for it and die in it and by it! And think you how startled they would be to know that for fifteen years this influx has averaged more or less than half a million, and, under the foreign priesthood, now forms a distinct estate in your free American country. Why, Americans, two-thirds of the police of New York, and one-half of the entire population of Boston, which rocked the cradle and made the grave-clothes for the first martyrs of your Revolution, are foreign born! And all your great cities give similar census results! We see then, why they strive to ruin your free schools by their votes, and demand your funds to build up the system which makes and enlarges their borders. Our dear country for years has seemed sadly out of order,” said this Christian patriot; “it has looked as though our wise men were shut up in insane asylums, to allow these things to be, when the terms of naturalization could have had more sulphur and less lavender in them, or been reprobated altogether! But, my children, that thirst for office, that idolatry of man-mun, has made, always, a majority against any law which would flavor the dish for another table. So these foreigners played hide-and-seek with American demagogues, until our country’s greatness seemed to

consist in bearing magnanimously the curse upon her. The people rose, on the summons of this danger, my children, and seeing the American Catholic, and the citizen who claimed our country by adoption, as well as the native-born sons of America, were all outraged, as one man, and with one mind and one heart, combined to resist this aggression, and to recall the true principles of our nationality—and this is our present American Party!"

This sentiment brought down a storm of applause, because it looked like the same light from Heaven which directed and guided our original freedom. There was no limping ennui now, but a robust ray of delight, enkindled by hope!

The mother signified her wish to discourse upon the slanders upon this Party, and not only to show its hostility to all intolerance to religion, but that it is the only arm of defence to the American Catholic, as well as the foreign Protestant! When America waved his hand to the music, and the band played "Hail, Columbia!"

CHAPTER XI.

FOREIGNERS—PROTESTANT AND CATHOLIC.

“Flag of the free! our hope and home—
By angel hand to valor given!
Thy stars have lit the welkin dome—
And all thy hues were born in Heaven!
When Freedom from her mountain height,
Unfurled her standard to the air,
She tore the azure robe of night,
And set the stars of glory there!”

THE national spirit in this patriotic multitude had now risen to its rugged energy, and lashing together all their forces, they felt strong to dare earth and hell for country!

“And now,” said America, when they were again gathered together, “here we are as plastic to your great impression, as the world was when Adam first beheld it!” There was one universal response to this, which this patriotic woman evidently received with emotion! Tears came to her relief through a smile, which was ever to them all, as the rainbow of hope!

“Americans,” said she, “if the words which have gushed out of my heart, in laying bare before your eyes the baseness of accredited infamy, which has fallen like death’s pall over your beloved country, shall in-

spire you with greater courage, activity, and zeal, to rally for its rescue, I shall feel my last, have been my best days!" An icicle would now have melted under the burning vitality, which seemed almost to toss the company from their seats! "I wish," said she, "to show you a picture of the dead, not by making a torchlight procession, and sending you into their charnel-houses; but in reminding you of that running, glistening pool of blood, into which you are all soon to be dipped and drenched, unless you follow their example, and have recourse to their wisdom. And though out of their bodies, are they not present with us and around us to-day?"

"I reminded you in my last conversation," she continued, "that it was time you all understood more fully American rights, and valued more highly your own nationality! looked more closely to that class of foreigners, who have for many years mocked and insulted your laws, by swearing to submit to your government, while the Priest turns around and absolves them in the next confession! This is the Jesuit trick, by which you are now sponged, and sopped, and drugged all over!"

"The tree of American Liberty was planted, my friends, to be nourished by virtue of its inward powers! Your fathers examined and dissected all its roots and fibres before they settled it in the sod, and they declared that the springs were deep enough to moisten and nourish it, in its own soil! So now, we need no foreign aid to make us more free or more

happy than they left us! But, understand, it is of one class, not of all foreigners, Americans complain!

“The Protestant foreigner is willingly tolerant of the signal and excellent peculiarities of our lawful government, that their children in the first generation may be, as ourselves, true Americans! They feel that the thing to be appreciated must first be known, and though there may be moods in their mind and feeling incident to their nationality, yet no consumptive hectic glows on their cheeks, as they look out from their bogs upon the dawn of your mountain tops! Americans, the science of your government comes not from the mere planting or grafting of man, but God-created, it burst forth from the closet and workshop, and shone out upon nature! It was after all an invisible interest which made us what we are—it was the element of thinking, and reasoning, and inquiring, which gave rise to our longing after right, and freedom, and country!

“Your Revolution would have tumbled your fathers into obscurity and a void inane, but for the Protestant element which was then, as it must ever be, the individuality, the spirituality, the humanity, the organic life of this great edifice of freedom and nationality!”

“It is to be deplored that “there is in our country, an infatuated ignorance, which betrays itself in scoffing at the Irish, or the descendants of Irishmen! It has aroused the indignation of many of our own family, and I have been requested to ask you, in behalf of many relatives now before us, to speak like heat-lightning on this point.”

“I feel almost a wild delight, my son,” said she, “in looking into the mass of facts, and seeing the blaze and flash of fame with which the Irishman or his descendant covers almost every page of your revolutionary history! My friends, of the fifty-six signers of our Declaration of Independence, in seventeen hundred and seventy-six, eight were Irishmen, or their immediate descendants; and of the thirty-six delegates by whom the Constitution of our Union was presented in its shining garments to the American people and an astonished world, in seventeen hundred and eighty-seven, not less than six were also Irishmen!” This fact carried a thrill of excitement which was echoed and re-echoed, as the speaker, designated their descendants present, and dwelt felicitously upon their burning patriotism and noble daring! “Americans,” she continued, “your nationality is more indebted to Ireland than to any other nation upon earth. As early as sixteen hundred and forty-six, the Colonies received hundreds of these Northmen, and early in the seventeenth century, more than three thousand came annually, bringing their energy, their sympathy, and their substance, and mixing and mingling it into one common crucible and smelting pot—and who ran to obey the first impulses of the Revolution! And when it came, that impulse did not stop here, but fled and circulated through Protestant Ireland, and every heart vibrated in tones of thunder! Five-sixths of the Pennsylvanian volunteers enrolled at the first note of warning, and their House of Commons steadily refused, to vote any supplies for that war! whilst an Irish

Burke, a Bare, and Sheridan spoke and wrote in England effectually for our cause! I remember well," she continued, "when our Congress in seventeen hundred and seventy-six addressed the Irish people, who had been to our cause as the morning star of hope, when England was striving to keep her armed heel upon your young forehead, America!"

"I thank God," said many, "that we once more realize the greatness of dear Erin of old!"

"Yes, my children, she has been polluted and corroded by the accursed power of Popery, and when I have more fully explained to you its evil on that once great and noble nation, you will feel more and more I trust in God why you should never allow its ascendancy over American liberty! My children, do you know that Ireland was originally Protestant to the core! and resisted Rome long after the British and Saxon churches had yielded to her delusion? Yes, my friends, it was five centuries after England was wrapped in the mysteries of Popery, before Ireland was clutched by the Papal supremacy, and was the very last country in all Europe to submit to its sword!"

"Why," said many in great ecstasy, "seven-tenths of our population deride the idea that Ireland was ever else than an oppressed, down-trodden country!"

"I know it, my children, and we their descendants, who have enjoyed the first fruits of their toil, should rise like true Americans, and repel this delusion with our whole strength, if our whole strength be necessary! Ireland always degraded—Ireland the evangelist of all Europe! A whole hemisphere in light,

gifted to an extreme beyond all others! No, my children, until Henry the Second of England and Pope Adrian of Rome, resolved by force of arms to annex Ireland, in order to extend the bounds of the Church, she had been for centuries a fiery light for Europe, in science and learning, as well as Christianity."

"How then did England rise under this degraded servility and superstition?"

"She threw it off indeed, before she attempted to stand upon her feet! The glorious light of the Reformation snatched her to its embrace under the House of Orange, and healed her wounds, before they had run too deep under the skin, my son; and when timely succored, she rose, stronger than before, and essayed to hope for peace and honor and length of days! This great Revolution made her wax fat and kick, so that when the same celestial light shed its halo over us, nearly a century later, she sought to gall and hamper your fathers, my children, to prescribe them a course and a goal, as she had done old Ireland, when they put her into a circuitous route, and taught her the fatal error! That brought to our aid these Protestant Irish spirits, who like St. Paul and his apostles, dwelt as political slaves. And it makes my heart ache to know, that the land which had sent legions to Britain and Gaul to repel Imperial Rome; the land, which had shed rivers of blood to save us and our rights, my friends, should now bear upon her green sward a gangrene, which takes all the sunlight from her soul and can be seen but through a paltry chink! And thus, my friends, our young people see Ireland in America now, as she

migrates for bread! under the dictum of the same Romish Hierarchy, which crushed her glory, and made her downs, but a great slaughter-house for Rome!

“Great God! when we see the mighty death-days of that beautiful and once famed isle; when we see how the dusky, glaring torch of Popery has shaken its serpent hair into terror of terrors, and danced to its neck in Protestant blood, until hidden in some formless depth, all that had head, heart, soul, body and spirit, seemed prostrated for ever! Should we not strive and pray, that Papal Ireland may not now be a tar-barrel, to light our highways to ruin and death!”

“Mother,” said America, “you have mirrored this truth, so rapidly, gracefully and promptly, our friends will be gratified to have more information of our Irish ancestors who nursed me, when a little infant, in the cradle!”

“My children,” said the old lady smilingly, “you seem to remember I am a grey-haired, all-experienced woman; but withal, I trust I may not be a dry-nurse to you.”

“No, no,” said many, “you have sent a glitter of sunlight to our souls, made more bottomless, by every word you utter!”

“My friends, it was to enthrone the Bible on your soil, and to deliver your national education from that idolatry, from which Ireland perished, that their Protestant sons came burning for your deliverance from tyranny and oppression! I have heard the venerable Dr. Franklin,” said she, “contrast open-hearted Ireland with blunt, curled-nosed England! and allude to his warm reception in their House of Commons, in seven-

teen hundred and seventy-three, when they unanimously voted him the right within their Bar, which an Englishman, then, would have denied him! My children, it was by an Irishman that the first daily paper was published in your country! and in which the first notice of your birth, America, appeared! He afterwards was the first printer to Congress, and in his columns the declaration first was published! The Secretary to the first Congress, was also an Irishman, who wrote out this great document of your life from Mr. Jefferson's draft; he it was, who delivered to Franklin his instructions, and to Washington the fact, that the nation had made him their ruler! The gunpowder, cannon, and guns which unfolded the spirit of freedom, on Bunker Hill, and made it a germ of irrepressible force, was in part furnished from the fort of Newcastle, which Irishmen had stormed!"

As these words were uttered, all present seemed to sparkle nature's fire, the mercury ran high, and all vowed that the American Party had come in God's providence to take away all false eyeglasses, green or yellow, convex or concave, and significantly show, that the foreign Protestant element was now, as it was in the days of America's infancy, wholly in sympathy with us, in heart and soul, and action!

"Two brigade generals, and at least one-third of the active chiefs in the first council of war, under Washington, my friends, were Irishmen! But," added she, "how could I attempt to name the myriads of this nationality who have aided us not only in settling the tree of Independence, but in extending and strengthening all

its fibres and radicles! The brave Montgomery, who fell gloriously at Quebec, and your own Jackson, the hero of New Orleans, were Irishmen, though the latter was born soon after the arrival of his parents in our dear country, and by this fact became eligible to the chief magistracy of the nation, which was twice conferred upon him by the elective franchise! And, you remember," said the speaker, "what that Irish patriot said about this present Papal rush to our shores! The Colony of Pennsylvania, under Penn, was for two years governed by Logan, who gave to Philadelphia her first Public Library! And Fulton, who invented your Steamboat, was of the same nationality! Americans I speak as I do know, and testify to what I have seen; and I should as soon think of cutting our sphere into halves, and then join them together, by a sticking plaster, as to take out the active Irish patriotism of our war of Independence, and call it any Revolution at all! Why sugar infuses its sweetness into your tea! But when Irish and German social democratic associations, in the very land and home of our Washington—Virginia—demand reforms under our general government, as well as the States, for abolishing the presidency—abolishing the Senate—reducing the term for acquiring citizenship—and requiring a separate department of government to protect immigration; it is time to consider the foreigners' idea of our American liberty; it is time for Americans to inquire how far this arrogant, impudent audacity shall be allowed, to demand that *liberty of conscience* which insists upon the abolition of all laws for the observance of the Sabbath, abolishing

prayers in Congress—abolishing oaths upon the Bible! Great God, what a country for Americans, with no permanent constitution—no Sabbath—no oaths upon the Bible—no neutrality—no Christian punishment—no national executive to administer American laws and protect our rights against this foreign Jesuit machinery.”

The conversation now became general, and so spirited that it seemed like a powder magazine, ready to flame at the first spark! The wife, sister, or daughter present, shared equally in this, for the question being for right and country, it revived all that had been devised, discovered, done, felt, or imagined by their revolutionary mothers, and awakened and kindled, purified, and enforced it, as their first grand problem, to follow that example!

America's mother looked all the more holy and lovely, when she discoursed to her friends. And no sound in nature was to them like that melodious melting softness, that came in full volume from her warm, stout heart.

“Americans, I desire to show you that nations, like individuals, become purer from errors, by suffering from them, as gold is purified by fire! There has been too much improper culture in our tough American soil. The manure has been too fat, there has been entirely too much gardening, and too little digging and ploughing, for the good of your own nationality! And what is the consequence? Why, your character, America, has been distorted abroad, and in place of your sturdy oaks, which germ from American acorns, they are sending seed and planting artichokes

all over your dear country! Why, countrymen, do you mean to make a great potato hole of your American soil? Do you mean, in the face of all the degradation, that Popery and Jesuitism has done for Ireland, to sit in your provision carts, unwatchfully, stay away from the battle, until all pregnant with life is gone, and your foundation stone tilted right over, and Rome, in wild dinning tumult, re-enacting upon you, her fierce hate and carnage!"

"I now understand one thing, truly," said America, "that, if ever this foreign Hierarchy has the power, it will set about delivering our dear country from heresy, just as it did Ireland—by deliberately taking the blood of every human soul out of the pale of their church, to the last drop!"

"Did England suffer," inquired many, "from the interference of Popery in her government?"

"Suffer, Americans? It was a devouring chaos to her, until God sent the House of Orange by her Revolution, in sixteen hundred and eighty-eight, who hooked its shark of prey and crushed its abominations! Before, she was as poor old Ireland, and but for this act, my friends, would have been no more the great and haughty empire she is to-day, than your own country would be a nation, had your fathers bowed like dogs and cowards, to her tyranny and grasp! And, just as England rose to greatness, by her deliverance from the dominion of a Papal Hierarchy, has Ireland sunk to wretchedness, by its victory over her!"

"It is time," said America, "that all our sons and daughters should know the truth of this!"

“Yes,” said many, “the popular idea is, that Ireland’s low condition—the poverty of her people, come from English oppression!”

“My children, it is no such thing,” said the mother, with an independent impatience! “It comes from that Jesuit hunt over her lands, for so many centuries! Give them but the gift of Protestantism, which is the very instinct of freedom, and soon will she rend from her soil any other exaction or encroachment, upon her civil rights! And of late, it seems as though God was going to take that dear isle from the penal fires, and recal the spirit of freedom and nationality, which fired the souls of her noble patriots, and sent them to breathe it in our dear native land!”

“It would seem,” said America, “that England could not forget that it was Protestant Ireland, who sent her the first glad tidings of salvation, through a divine Redeemer!”

“Oh,” said America, “mother, I believe in your prayers.” “And so do all of us,” responded from every voice, “and now pray earnestly that Ireland shall worship once more in the faith of our fathers! and may once more be dotted with her churches and school-houses, to live and learn for our God!” For some moments there was the stillness of death, for there are mysteries in the soul which are incommunicable! There was an ornament on the mantel of this American parlor, representing Eve, with her hand on the fatal apple! And the mother, directing the attention of her young friends to it, inquiringly said, “Are you willing, my children—are you ready, America, to barter your

paradise, for a similar consideration? If you are not, in God's name, decide that question now! You are no longer impregnable to danger. That fatal influence which has made ruin and havoc in the old world, has got into your latitudes and longitudes! It has offered its golden apple with such winning grace and sociable good-humored politeness, that your ballot-box, bartered with it, on its own terms, which were neither more nor less, than a governmental copartnercy between Washington and Rome! And now, Americans, I would as soon send any of you to gather blackberries, when the snow is on the ground, or to catch larks by throwing fresh salt on their tails, as to send you, glowing in all the elements of your great nationality, to sue for favor from this foreign, priestly power! My friends, this is no canvas-picture, but a life-picture, that I have now drawn out before your eyes! And can you longer doubt the necessity for which the American Party has risen, when the true-hearted, noble Americans, who descended from Irish and other Protestant emigrants, are being put in a gap, by this foreign Papal priesthood and laity, who shout loudest with their throats, and bow lowest in their hearts, to every scratch of that Despot's pen, that tends to hitch danger and death to the American name!"

CHAPTER XII.

AMERICAN PARTY AGAINST RELIGIOUS
INTOLERANCE.

CATHOLICS—FOREIGN AND NATIVE.

“A rock in the wilderness welcomed our sires,
From bondage far over the dark rolling sea;
On that holy altar they kindled the fires,
Jehovah, which glow in our bosoms for thee!
In church and cathedral we kneel one in prayer
Their temple and chapel were valley and hill—
But God is the same in the aisle or the air,
And He is the Rock that we lean upon still!”

“AMERICANS, shall we look to God? He is our only hope in trial, let us pray! Almighty Father, the Creator and everlasting Ruler, the only living and true God, give unto us in our national and in our individual character the same hearts and the same spirit which sent our fathers here to seek and serve thee! and relying upon the merits of Jesus Christ, our Divine Redeemer, as our great High Priest and only Intercessor, we ask that thy name may be hallowed throughout the length and breadth of this land, until the glad tidings of thy salvation shall come up from every altar and be felt at every fireside.”

“My dear mother,” said America, “I no longer wonder why religious blessings protect our civil free-

dom, and every citizen, as well as Christian, should be unwilling to bow to the yoke of spiritual oppression."

"There is a word in the Anglo-Saxon tongue called availability, which I beg you, Americans, to eschew from all your vocabularies. It means, and has meant for years, an outward prestige of a man to secure the vote of the Roman Catholic Church in the United States of America. If it was made evident the Romish Bishops endorsed him, he became, *de facto*, THE man, my friends. If he lacked this influence, he was undone; so that the political more than the spiritual condition of our dear America has devolved upon this foreign Potentate, who acts through his machinery as though he were personally present! Citizenship of America can't be changed like a garment, dear friends, put on for interest by the foreigner, who, unaltered by the oath of allegiance, the breach and violation of our sacred laws, remains still at heart a foreigner! Oh, America! what shall be said of your native sons who bring this horde to the ballot-box, in spite of your nationality? Your greatness and glory is in remaining as you are. Born for eternity as well as to-day, the one cheerful, steadfast hope, which lights the shrine of freedom, and makes it divinely ardent in every American heart! The moral conviction that the happiness and interest of the American people needs a political change, is from their veneration for liberty, its agents, oracles, order, and law which dictated and governed its original life. And separates the American Party to-day as completely from all other parties, as is the Caspian from all other seas. The strictness with

which your fathers judged themselves, and the liberal ity with which they judged others, that they showed their highest virtue, in their most prosperous fortune! I knew them well, and their was nothing in their history upon which we cannot look with pride and pleasure! It was not by high heads and swelling chests, that their majesty appeared; and dragged out of their coffins and cemeteries to-day, they would measure their original height, before the eyes of all the people! I told you yesterday, how the Irish Protestant emigrants brought to our shores that irradicable longing for the true principles of our Liberty, which they assisted us to achieve; and in looking over the many-colored stream of your national life, it is wise to dwell upon *this* as the great turning point in its current!"

"Mother, we are desirous to know," said America, "if Popery ever has exhibited the national spirit which belongs to us, and is the trumpet, the war-horse, the standard-bearer, in all our triumphs!"

"That noble sense of truth," my son, "gives a rigid intensity to that question, and I feel it too vital to us all, to give you a counterfeit feature of this matter now. I say then, it is barren mockery even to speak of it in this connection! and the sight of your sunlight excited its old spring of bitterness with new floods of hate, which nothing, nothing but your blood can wash out, Americans. But God is with us!" said she, as all glad thought seemed for the moment to have deserted the assemblage. "God is with us!" she repeated, and in prayers and tears they poured forth their sorrow.

“Mother,” said America, these foreign Jesuits come to our dear country with shining professions and a whining good will!”

“Yes, damning you in their hearts,” said she; “and planning your murder, with a weapon so keen, that dark night would overtake you at mid-day! And, it is an atrocious outrage, against which the true American sentiment protests and waxes hot, to identify in anything the intelligent and patriotic Roman Catholic, born on American soil, with those timid, servile serpents, those irresponsible obstructions in our political road, which the Pope of Rome and his priesthood have placed upon our national track! Believe me, the native Roman Catholic feels himself as free to choose the civil government to which he professes allegiance, as the Protestant! and he no more submits to that political dictation, from the See of Rome, than he does to the divinity of Mahomet!”

“My friends,” said America, beginning to cast aside reserve, “our American Party has as much heartfelt, indestructible sympathy for the native Catholic as the Protestant! And it is nothing but a political horse-race—a mule-race attempt, to force their hatred against us. Thank God, our American men can’t run as sheep like idolaters, because others have done so! No plush and gilded tackle can hang itself around their hearts, or stand as a glass lantern between them and the government of their own beloved country.”

“America, you are but expressing what the truly American doctrine has always been, and the American Party’s procedure outward and inward, in its whole

structure and aspect, has been to grind out from our political action every sediment of religious intolerance which has served to feed deceitful magpies, but cannot nourish your own native eagle!

“My children, what gives circulation to your bank-bills in your streets, but the confidence that they are backed by coffers overflowing with gold? And so would bankruptcy soon overtake your great American nation, but for the confidence that the Constitution is an inexhaustible mine, able and powerful to honor every draft, of true American sentiment, which may be made upon it.”

“And what,” inquired many, “does our great Civil Code say on the subject of religion?”

“It never but *once*, Americans, referred to it at all, and that was in relation to the oaths or affirmations to support it. And in the first amendment, so all-important did your fathers regard this, to the strength of your civil edifice, obtained by musket-volleys and cannon-thunder, that they expressly forbade Congress ever to legislate upon the subject! So that, the religious creed of the man has no interference with his right to hold any civil office under the government of his country, or the oath, by which he binds himself to its allegiance. And I shall always regret, my friends, that our Constitution had not, in the same peremptory manner, prohibited the States, also, from intermeddling with religious matters. That Constitution is tough and tenacious, and its wise provisions for the religious liberty *secured the sacred right of every citizen* of your dear country, to adopt any form of doctrine, or to con-

form to any mode of worshipping God, he might choose, without being abridged in one single civil or political right. And when this great and grand feature in that Constitution is galled and manacled, defaced and thunder-riven in the broad light of day, is it strange that the principles of the American Party, which based and rooted it, should revive to unfold its original strength, before your country shall become a mere hunting field for that insatiable Demon of Intolerance."

There was an unornamented force and massiveness in all this great woman said, and sleeplessly and unweariedly these great souls would merge into to-day what might be given to-morrow. And no motion from her, therefore, was easily carried for adjournment.

"Will you tell us, to-day, how the temporal power of the Pope of Rome is most dangerously manifested in our country?"

"In its control over the property of American citizens, America. This has aroused the fire of the native Catholics, who, in many instances, have made a strong, dead pull against this insolent enemy to their peace, and riddled its influence, by the power of American law.

"The American Catholic, my friends, is a portion of our national sovereignty, and the preservation of our liberties is as dear to him, and his descendants, as to the Protestant."

"That is true, that is true," exclaimed all; for in this American gathering were many Catholics who, though regarding the Pope as their spiritual shepherd and king, believed his temporal authority a curse and

poison in our land, and would die rather than discredit the lap of their own mother earth.

At this moment there was a spontaneous call upon one of these American Catholics. And the mother of America, drawing a chair near herself, that a new interest might be impressed on all, with peculiar earnestness, requested her young friend to accept it.

“Every truly American heart,” said he, “will approach, as the proud gates of Americanism fly open before him, the heaven of patriotism, the cause and fountain of all our national honor.”

“It is not the question, that the Pope of Rome claims the temporal power over his subjects here, but does the native Catholic allow that claim, which concerns the common sense of all the people? Does the President of the United States, or any great civil ruler of the world, wait for his dinner until the Khan of Tartary announces, by his valet, that he has dined? And yet he does this every day; And no more does the American Catholic acknowledge the Pope in his temporal authority, though he may issue Bull after Bull, and send his foreign criers in demoniacal rage, to assert and reassert it.”

“I am,” continued he, “a native Catholic of Louisiana, and I echo the sentiment of that whole State, when I tell you that we would shiver, by bullets, any Papal edict that should dare to infringe upon our blood-bought rights. We saw this foreign Hierarchy claiming through its Bishops all the property and revenue of our American churches, in its sole right, and we sprang upon our feet like men, and put our

jewel box under the strong lock of our State laws, where, against all their cunningly devised fable, and sharp and fierce opposition, it continues to remain."

"This property," said the mother, "is the pabulum of the Pope in our country, and but take it all away and the staff of life would be cut right out of his hands. But, my children, in spite of what our friend tells of Louisiana and her glorious example against the See of Rome, we cannot estimate the millions of our national treasure, now actually in possession of the Vicar-Generals of that Church."

"Some fifteen years ago the curate of the church of Pointe Coupée claimed the administration of its revenues, in the name of our Bishop," said this Catholic, "when we appealed to our Supreme State Court, upon whose bench sat three French Catholic Judges, and they decided, that neither Pope or Bishop had any right to control the property of American citizens."

"If you will excuse detail," he continued, "I will remind you that though the Creole Catholics of Louisiana own implicit spiritual obedience to the doctrine and faith of that church of whom the Pope of Rome is the Head, they have shown themselves a sword-blade against his temporal claim on several other noted occasions."

There was a general cry of "Go on."

"Subsequent to the case to which I have referred, the Bishop himself made a similar claim to the revenue of the church of St. Louis, when the laity, in their true American spirit, resisted this colossal cipher. He withdrew their priests, and threatened to excommuni-

cate the flock; when they sued this Theological Autocrat for the damage from his tyrannical proceeding, and obtained one of the most glorious verdicts in favor of the rights of man, ever rendered in this or any country. And when, three years since, the same unlawful interference was exhibited upon our school system, it received a similar obituary notice."

"Would to God," said America, "that the same spirit of independence had been exhibited all over our dear country!"

"Nothing but that action made us a nation. Nothing less than that can save us as such."

"And now," said America, "is there an American Catholic, so stiff-starched and hollow, as not to shudder at the sight of that huge wheel which is bobbing over all our highways and byways, to enfeeble our sinews and put us under a torpid nightmare. For what else did the Pope send his Nuncio, two years ago, but to enforce all his canon laws upon our country, and take all the church property of Roman Catholic citizens from their trustees, when that fearless American feeling, loud and stormful-busy, came rushing, thundering down from the church of Buffalo, in New York, and, by her Legislature, obtained a general law, which bright-rolling freedom has alike granted to all. And although upon Protestantism our civil and religious liberty eternally rests, that Catholic spirit of tolerance is the great feature of its God-directed aim. My children, the American Party asks, as your fathers did, are you American and constitutional, and *only* that? The contest between the Pope and the American

Catholics for their refusal to violate the laws of their own country, affirms beyond all further doubt that the Pope claims the same right over his church in the United States of America as he does in Spain or Italy. And it also as strongly proves, that American Catholics deny it."

"When the unlawful exaction of England was manifested in oppressive taxation upon the American Colonies, and the blood of Lexington and Bunker Hill told the story of their wrongs, their indignation was not measured by the amount of gold and silver they were taxed. The man or woman who had never tasted tea, or been clad in purple and fine linen, rushed with the same ardor for their country, to death and danger, as they who had all her prizes.

"And so, when it was seen that all these rites, held dear and sacred by these Roman Catholic citizens, were denied them—expelled from their church and eternally cursed by its great Head—for being loyal to their government and independent in their wills, Protestant American citizens came to their rescue, in their fraternal and patriotic spirit, and interposed with heart and soul, and mind, for their temporal redress.

"Americans, the sweetest moments of my life are those I am now passing with you. I am grateful, profoundly grateful, for your attention and for the garlands you have heaped upon my brow. I tell you, solemnly, I tell you all, my countrymen, that there are charcoal-burners among us now, that will make you see a sinking sun, if God does not mightily interpose for your welfare."

A ponderous atmosphere for some moments seemed to repress respiration; when, by previous arrangement, the doors were flung open and a panoramic view of Washington and all his Revolutionary contemporaries appeared, in their military costume and life-like stature. Every heart fluttered and every voice quivered at that sight!

“Look,” said the mother, “at that triumph over Time, America; and remember it was they, who made your country for eternity. I caused this exhibition to come among you now, that you may all feel as united in life, as they are now undivided in death.”

A trembling and frightful sensibility that the evils under which they suffered were spreading wider and wider, seemed to singe the very hearts of all, when the mother, directing the picture to remain, implored God Almighty to throw more light on the soul of this great people, and bade them adieu for the night.

America rapped early at his mother's door next morning, when he found her at prayer; and he crept stealthily, upon his knees, beside her. There, on the little table, laid open the old family Bible, which bore all the marks that it had been well, but reverently used, and in which the birth of America was recorded, and all the great events of his national action noted, to the month and day. But what could equal the sublimity, the sacredness of that scene, where, swayed by no impulse, distinct from every human eye—there, in that silent and still chamber, America and his mother were communing with God! As she rose, America clasped

her in his arms, and, oh! what a moment of wild rapture to that mother and son!

“This, my child,” said she, placing her hand upon the Word of God, “is the standard of your nationality; and the first words I taught you to prattle upon your little knees, as you rested on my lap, were ‘Our Father who art in heaven!’”

America reminding her now that their friends waited, she arranged her cap and descended with him to the parlor.

“And now, mother,” said America, when kissing and joking had given place for solemn thought, “will you send another arrow to the mark, and let us hear about Maryland, and that half-formed opinion, that Roman Catholic toleration there, was the free gift of the emigrants of that faith.”

“Everything,” said she, “sacred in the sentiment, duty, virtue, and affection of our beloved country is now burning for expression—eating like iron rust into the heart of your nation—and with fiery energy and directness I wish to stimulate you, not by stormy threat or bitter denunciation, but by that weapon of Truth (pointing to the picture which stood before them) by which your fathers did effective service in the great battle of freedom. It was by Protestant, and not by Roman Catholic legislation that religious toleration was enacted in that State. It is madness, it is sheer folly, longer to attempt to coquet the American public on this point, who must be fed on lucid fact, and not winning, simpering, spongy anecdote.”

“Maryland was first settled by Protestants, my children, known as Clayborne’s Colony, on Kent Island, east of her beautiful and majestic Chesapeake; and under the authority of the crown of England, it was protected by the government of Virginia, and there represented in her House of Burgesses. This colony, embracing about two hundred souls, continued in an attitude of prosperous ease, and flourished without oscillation, for five years, when the settlers from Lord Baltimore arrived. And of these two hundred emigrants, one-third, also, were Protestants. You see then, that by the rules of our American arithmetic, the Protestants were numerically, as much stronger than Roman Catholics, as two hundred and seventy is greater than one hundred and forty, giving them the benefit of the fractions. And, indeed, this fact I learned from a Jesuit Father, who accompanied the settlers of old Saint Mary’s. And when from a thousand causes this original Clayborne settlement began to disperse, Protestant emigrants rushed in from England and Virginia, and kept that element in the Colony of Maryland ever distinct, powerful, and dominant. It was by a Protestant king of England, that the charter was granted to Lord Baltimore, which secured equal rights and privileges to Marylanders, Catholic and Protestant. It was then the voice of a despot, who moulded the action of that Colony. And from beginning to end, all the time, these Catholics never had the force in their numbers, or the power in their charter, to commit any act intolerant to Protestants.”

There were present several Catholics from that

to relieve her, by showing more of the timber of this beam, when she waved her lily hand to one near her, she requested him to state the influence by which the Roman Catholic settlers came to Maryland.

Teeming with striking thought, and strong in the impulse of patriotism, he independently said, "It was not from English persecution that they fled, for although that spirit had poured its fiery fury and hoarded scorn on Puritans, Charles the First scarcely stirred it into action at all, against the Romanists. And they never had smarted from real or imagined wrongs. To impress this fact," said he, "it is only necessary to say, that Lord Baltimore never left that soil; but offered large donations of lands to those who did, which was the true philosophy of that enterprise! For the same reason that emigrants from all the world crowd into California to light upon her gold, the Roman Catholic adventurers entered Maryland, for pecuniary gain for Lord Baltimore and themselves!" This plain prose was a majestic edifice in the minds of all present, a statue full of deep and earnest truth! "It was three months," continued he, "after Charles was beheaded, when that act of religious toleration was passed in Maryland. Oliver Cromwell led the Puritan army of England, aided by a powerful Presbyterian Parliament! And as it is well to gather the chips and shavings, as we go over this ground, I should not omit to tell you, that the Kent Island and Providence Protestants, with an independence of understanding, had moved the sharp, clear intellect of Clayborne, whose pleading tones, in behalf of that Maryland majority,

Cromwell had regarded with an approving sympathy! Lord Baltimore's proprietary power had long tottled like an egg upon its end, and placing a limitation upon his will, he, without repentance or remorse, but with wise foresight, before the death of Charles, changed the government from Catholic to Protestant!"

"Now," said America, "give us the essence of that noted act, passed in sixteen hundred and forty-nine, by this government of Lord Baltimore, to escape the sting and doom about to come upon it."

"My friends, it was after all, no more than a musquito bar, with a hole in it! and repealable with the same ease you could empty a pea-pod! But it was pierced through by so much cunning, and buried with such a seeming weight, what was hateful, scornful, and dogmatic, that the discolored hue of toleration got stuck to it, like paint upon the cheek—easy of detection, but hard to wash out!" The fresh and healthful cast of this Revolutionary stock defied criticism, whilst the sturdy sincerity of these noble women radiated a patriotic spark, like electricity, all over the company. No apology then being needed, he continued to shadow forth the real mockery of this act. "Its first clause punished with death, and called for an entire surrender of all land and goods to the Lord Proprietor and his heirs—for disbelief in the Holy Trinity of God, or the speaking of a blasphemous or irreverent word of Him. And for the same offence against the Virgin Mary, the mother of our Saviour, His Apostles or Evangelists, the sum of five pounds sterling was to be levied on their property; and if not fortunate enough to possess that, the sentence was com-

muted to a public whipping and imprisonment, during the pleasure of the Governor or Lord Proprietor of that Colony! Again, my friends, the like penalty was imposed for employing the terms heretic, schismatic, or idolater, towards any sect or creed, and for the violation of the Sabbath! And lastly, there was a prohibition you will discover, securing religious toleration to all who believed in Jesus, according to the spirit and intent of that act!"

"Why," said America, rising from his seat, "great God, is it possible, is it possible? This toleration! this Sodom apple of puff and dust!"

"Worse than that," added his mother! "it is as bloody as Draco's Code!"

"Now," said his friend, "we, the native Catholics, have always derided the idea that this was anything else than aggressive! We knew it was no constitutional provision, and only made for the time and to suit the occasion. So far from being a brisk, lively, keen, energetic grasp for gospel liberty, it reins in its steed, and is as dead a stoppage to it, as the overthrow of the tea chests in Boston harbor, was a dagger or rapier thrust into a British throne!"

CHAPTER XIII.

THE TEMPORAL POWER OF THE POPE IN AMERICA.

“Freedom spreads her downy wings
Over all created things;
Glory to the King of Kings!
Bring the heart before His throne—
Worship Him, and Him alone!
He’s the only King we own—
And He has made us free ! ” G. P. MORRIS.

WITH a countenance full of anxiety, America beckoned to his mother, who had joined her young friends, in a morning walk. She looked at him earnestly, and smiling with unspeakable affection, sat down on the soft sward, and waited his approach. Flowers of all colors sent their sweet perfume to the air, the dark blue mountains were visible in the distance, and a sky so pure, that it was almost blue-black, overshadowed them.

“You were running away from us, mother,” said America, with earnestness, as the whole crowd dashed rapidly behind him. She saw his horrid agony and felt his beating heart, and whispered into his ear this one word, “Hope!”

“It is well,” said she, “Americans, to have some

variety in our lives. Your fathers climbed over many huge crags, and passed through many subterraneous passages, before they arrived at the meadows on the declivities of your mountains. But time hastens on; I feel it at least, and I can scarcely believe, when I see these ancient speaking rocks and animals and trees, and call to mind the wild tumult of our old Revolution, that this is the same world.

“And then to be whirled as we are,” said America, “our ship steered by eyeless pilots, and nothing high and convex to be seen! Oh, Heavens! is our dear country so full of sin and error, that she must be thus humbled to the dust?”

“No, no! we must lash out this crime upon our liberties, and defend our rights like men and women, and make its goodness glitter with new attraction. That is what your American Party aims to do.” There was no sipping, but the whole company drank in the thought with a hearty good will.

“There is no use now,” said America, “in being stingy with our words, and wriggle, and stutter, and be tongue-stabbers. That act of Maryland toleration, whose brains you brought out so well yesterday, mother, is the dunce that Jesuit Papists have been so long raising to the dignity and glory of patriotism, and which has as much soul liberty in it, as that cannon which was fired by the order of the Pope, in honor of his great Protestant massacres throughout the world! It was a thorn or thistle to all who did not believe in God, just as that government of Lord Baltimore willed it; *that* was the judge and executioner to decide the

belief, and punish the man, for his own peculiar view ; and this, too, was passed by an assembly, whose governor, secretary, and council, with but one exception, were Protestants !”

“And yet, my son, those Protestants, unsuspecting and tolerant, allowed their enemies to tip their arrows with fire, to hit themselves !”

“I would die a hundred times to save my country from thoseimps of Moloch and Belial,” said he, “whose genius and learning serve no better end than to be benevolent to Rome and malignant to America ; who look unmoved at our national degradation, and talk the language of freedom to parasites, the political subjects of the Pope, that they themselves may revel in the realities of public avarice and political reward ! Had the Pope of Rome possessed the power, he would soon have showed the shell and sham of that Maryland toleration, which, had it been enforced in its true meaning, would have stained the hearthstones of many a family altar !”

“That union of Church and State, made by the temporal authority of the Pope of Rome, will extinguish the last instinct of your nationality, and honor. It is corrupting, corroding, consuming the vital principles which made your nation. The foreign papist must burst the serf bond, take off the mark, drop the ticket in the ocean, which shows his allegiance to a Roman Pontiff, before he again mixes into our annual politics, or enjoys the first fruits of another Presidential harvest ! And, my friends, our American Party is marshalled against principalities and powers, and its mission, under

God, is to save the free wills and the free hearts of our country. It has a strong death-grapple to make between what now is and what ought to be. And it is madness to delay longer sounding all the depths and the shallows of the influences against us, that all the people, all who love our dear country, by origin or adoption, may rouse in the full freshness of their hearts, and re-affirm our indestructible national life, and prove the power of our everlasting principles! The increase of this foreign population in the last five years, America, is greater than it was in the whole preceding sixty of your life! And twice as many now land upon your shores every six months, as came in forty-five years before the Declaration of Independence, and of course before you were born!" As this master-spirit proceeded, sparks of fire seemed to vibrate in the very air around them. "The three millions who constituted all our Colonial force at the beginning of our Revolution, were, with the exception of between two and three hundred thousand, born upon the soil! The descendants of emigrants—the true Americans. And hence as one people, that national spirit to resist a national wrong, overwhelmed its foaming flood, all over the land. They mingled with the life of their country, its great virtues, and noble aims!"

"Was the same spirit evinced by the foreigner then, for our national renown and the success of our battles for Independence, as the native born sons and daughters?" said America.

"They did not evince it. There were many glorious illustrious exceptions, of whom I have before spoken,

who stood at the guns and furnished the sinews of war, like Morris; but as a body, they constituted those who opposed the progress of our Independence, and change in our government. Why, my friends, did not your tolerant, just, humane, generous, and national Washington, whose principles are yours to-day; he who watched their actions when tyranny with its war pressure was crushing out the life of your country, warn you then, when weak, and wan, and wasted, of the terrible consequences of this foreign entanglement? My children, there is not a faculty of your American mind, not a feeling of your national heart, not an aspiration, that gives interest, value, or beauty to its great soul, that is not gripped and foully stained by these grim Romish wolves, who are as resistless as Niagara over the foreign laity they crowd upon you! And now, in God's name, let the American Party kindle the living energy of our own people, run it into one thought for the regeneration of our land, as our fathers and mothers ran their pewter into balls at the first tap of the Revolutionary drum! Once let your people think, my son, upon this foreign evil, and every true American would start, tingling with the sensation of patriotic sentiment, and leap the universe to save your honor, your religion, your freedom, your nationality!"

"Oh, God!" said America, "shall the footprints of our fathers, who baptized me in fire, and enrolled themselves in our armies as the great Revolutionary martyrs, be forgotten now?" Every soul seemed to feel the monarchy of his own power, and yet, fused into unity,

swore before the canvas picture of those ancestors, that rapturous devotion to country which flamed and blazed again and again!

“Who dares deny,” said the mother, “that Popish Bull, which is yearly read in Rome, eternally cursing the heretics by name, of every sect or creed on the face of the earth! Show me the priest who has not sworn that it is necessary for salvation, to be subject to the Pope of Rome, all over the world! Holy Thursday, Americans, is the day we all receive the Pope’s curse from his great cathedral of St. Peter! It is amusing to observe, how he dares and defies Heaven and Hell then! With conscious power and no sting of death, the Bull is read in solemn mockery, when a lighted candle is suddenly extinguished, to show the darkness of all us poor heretics, and then begins the firing of his cannon-thunder from his castle of St. Angelo, to make all the heretics of the world tremble!”

“By this sacred volume,” said America, as he snatched up the Bible and pressed it to his bosom, “nothing but this truth shall make us fear.”

“By the registered decrees of Popery, my friends, all earthly sceptres are swayed by its Vicar of God, as a bubble which his breath blows away! He puts his limitation upon kings and priests, as the machinery of his power. For truth’s sake, it unshrinkingly affirms that God granted to Peter, and his successors, the spiritual right to judge all earthly governments! And by this fulness of power over all nations, it absolved all the nobles, subjects, and people under the crown of an English Protestant Queen, Elizabeth, and

all others who had sworn to her, from their oaths, and all duty of fidelity and obedience to her regal government! And these Jesuits impose it, as a sacred duty, to rebel against any sovereign who refuses allegiance to the Pope." There was a kind of shuddering sympathy for the service Satan had gained over the human mind, and seeing how all this was now threatening our American hearths and homes, there was a wild desire to search into the facts of this temporal authority of that same Pope, who was aiming his fury at our liberties with a ferocity of grasp which has worked its singular fascination over so many millions of the race! "Why Americans, it is maintained by their Bulls, that all power of Christ, the King and Saviour of mankind, was delegated to the Pope, who acts here in his stead! And for centuries these Popes reigned as such! Not less than sixty-four Kings and Emperors have been removed by Popes—for admitting their spiritual and denying their temporal authority!"

"Great God!" said America.

"One named Innocent the Third," continued she, "deposed King John of England for refusing to submit to his temporal power. The Pope's Nuncio took away his crown and sceptre, closed the churches, shrouded the bells, and darkened the nation by every superstitious action the iniquity of the heart could conceive, Americans,"

"But he did not finally submit?" said America, inquiringly.

"Submit!" said his mother, "yes, and like the servile spaniel, crouched at the feet of the Pope's Nuncio,

in penitence, who gave him back his insignia of power, which for days he had retained!"

"Did he give nothing to his owner beside his will?" inquired many.

"Oh, yes, my children, these were business negotiations, and needed the consideration! And King John presented a sum of money to the Nuncio as the guarantee of his future dependence on the Pope, which, in virtue of necessary contempt, he took, and then trampled under his feet!"

"Has any decree or Papal Bull ever been issued abridging the power the Pope exercised?"

"No, no, my children; it is to the See of Rome, the same yesterday, to-day, and forever!"

"Then, in God's name," said America, with an energy of spirit that seemed to smite as he uttered it, "why deny that the Pope claims the very same authority in our dear, dear country, over his subjects, as he does over the world? It presupposes that our people are mere geese in the pip, to tell them this is otherwise. It has given us already a transient sting, but we will contest its victory by the fiercest conflict, it has ever had."

"So far, my countrymen, from extinguishing the claim of the Pope, he actually imposes, this very moment, an oath upon every Romish Bishop, Archbishop, and Priest in our whole country, and throughout the world, to defend the Roman Papacy, the royalties of St. Peter, against all governments and men; and that means, my children, to increase his power, so that he can annul the ruling government, by his will.

And so far is he above all earth beside, that he cannot be judged by men, and he is an idolater who refuses his commands! And now, with this oath, his ambassadors are among us to-day, my children. I ask you to look at this, and act for your country, and wonder no longer what these emissaries are about!"

"We should hate ourselves, our country, our world, Heaven itself," said America, "if we permit these fire-pillars now to consume us!"

"My children," said the mother, "there is nothing God ever made that the Pope craves so much, as our rainbow nation! And hence, with the oath upon the soul of every Priest, Bishop, and Archbishop, to "defend, increase, and advance the royalties of St. Peter," what else could they do, what else dare they do, but use all their force and skill to make your freedom quail and tremble, and in the dust and ashes of humiliation, to lay your Bible, your Declaration of Independence, and your Democratic Constitution at the feet of the Nuncio, as old King John did the crown and sceptre of the English throne!"

"And yet they, every one of them, swear as adopted citizens, to hold no temporal allegiance, or support no other temporal authority or power, but the Constitution of these United States!" With his mind boiling over with indignation, America, exclaimed, "Great God, what blasphemy in Thy name! Our country shall not be a mute camel to bear, and bear, and bear this load of infamy! How could this Romish Priesthood be true to their adopted country, without incurring the pains of the damned, as perjurers to the oath which placed

them in and under the service of the Pope of Rome! And are they to come thus and pile rulers upon us, calling down flame and thunder upon our free institutions?"

The holiest and most tender patriotism seemed to leap over the lips of all; and mercy and justice, wisdom, beauty, grandeur and love, shone brightly over the American Party.

"We now understand why it is that Rome has the honor of matriculating her priesthood in our dear country!"

"My countrymen, I warn you, I entreat you to believe now, what time will soon announce, that there is one desperate, earnest, death-like equipment among all the despots of Europe to mangle and slash your nation asunder! And the Hierarchy of Rome, the St. Leopold Foundation in Austria, the Maynooth College of Ireland, and the Propaganda Society of France are the volunteer, life-clutching, cudgel forces, to make our country elongate and collapse, and then crack all to pieces! And it is the good providence of God, that we have seen the smoke and flame, while the sun of the American Party shines upon the hearts of our whole people, and its morning stars are yet visible in our free skies!" There was always joined to the all-piercing vision of this Christian patriot, a warm, purifying sunlight. She exposed no wound without showing its healing balm! So there was a boundless appetite and aptitude to catch and appropriate every syllable which fell from her sweet lips! "Roman Catholics are not all Papists. God forbid! No, my children; there have been Catholic countries in Europe

which rolled this stone from themselves, and desperately shook off this rottenness at the cannon's mouth, within the sound and sight of the Pope. But it was but a handful of dust, for which he tumbled rocks and spent upon them the whirlwind of his curses! He has not only made ladders of ropes with the people, but has kicked crowns from the heads of princes and kings! Why, Americans, Henry the Fourth of Germany was made by the Pope to stand, with bare head and feet, three days in the open air, for rebelling against his temporal power. Frederick the First acted as his valet, and held his stirrup, for a similar offence! And you all know, how poor Henry the Second of England was scourged, until he weltered in his own blood, for no other cause! The entire life of the man, physical, mental, and moral, must not only bend but fall before the Papal supremacy! It has rummaged into civil liberty, wherever one spark smouldered, and poured blood on it, and then stirred it into ashes. Thus we see Spain and Italy, and Austria, and Mexico, and South America! The Pope of Rome is to-day the most tyrannical despot in all Europe—I may say, in all the world!"

"Did this anti-papal power ever become strong enough to take any decided action, independent of this temporal power of the Pope?" inquired America.

"It did. The Cis-Alpine or Gallican Catholics resisted always this civil power of the Pope, and they held a council of Bishops in France, in sixteen hundred and eighty-two, and publicly declared the Pope never did receive from God the power to interfere in the

temporal affairs of nations or individuals, and refused to submit to any Bull which affirmed it. And now," continued she, "I do not, I will not believe there is an educated native Catholic, not one who has breathed our atmosphere of freedom, and tested the fireproof nature of our Liberty, who does not equally resist it!"

"And why, in the name of all dear to us, does not our American Roman Catholic laity in Maryland, and all the States, speak out as they feel, and as Louisiana has done?" said America. "They are members of the American Party, its strength and sinew in that State, and like true men made an elephantine laugh at the scarecrow which Jesuits, foreign and native, of all creeds, sought to make, by wilfully, maliciously, and foully slandering the American Party, and making a green cheese out of its bright, full-orbed sun!"

"Americans, our Bible don't name the Pope from one lid to the other! It tells of but one mediator between us and God, and He is the King to whom we, as a nation, bow! You see now why that Book, so precious to us, to our cause, to our country, underlying all our political edifice, is hateful to the Roman Pontiff! God's interest and the Pope's interest, by that Bible, make a thundering, reverberating clash!

"This wrenching asunder of civil liberty by putting the desire and will of men and women, by sheer violence, under fetters, my children; this concealment of the burning energies of the soul, while discontented, weary and broken, it hankers back, beneath a cold exterior, to catch a glimpse of our free and busy world, causes me continually to cry out unto God to arise,

that the soul of our turtle-dove, this Mount Zion among the nations, may continue the field which he has blessed. When the glorious Reformation, which had smouldered and fused in secret, burst forth like a meteor upon our dark world, and became the radiant guiding star of the living God to beat back Popery's retreating and advancing armies, do you know what the Pope did? He set right about hunting up its great creation day, when he found it had germinated and ripened from the invisible seed of the Word of God. And he dashed into a blind struggle, by physical violence, to extinguish this light from God. And hence the war upon the Bible."

"Has he ever since withdrawn that embattled host against it?" said America.

"Has your sense of vision changed, my son; can you shut your eyes and see?"

"I never tried," said America; "but I fancy it would be a dark scene."

"And it would be quite as much so to this Papal Vicegerent," said she.

"No, no, my children, only look at the degradation now of dear old Ireland; and all the countries of the world where this temporal power of the Pope sways, and you will find no more mental pith or pulp in nobles or people than in a squeezed potato skin. All that makes them oysters instead of tulips, comes from a faint twilight that has glimmered through the Reformation! Pope Leo worked earth and hell then for his civil power! He hurled his first anathema at our Bible, because it taught free government

as the only proper one for man; and opened all the treasures of science and learning for the grasp of the human mind, and set upon it the seal of his eternal hate, which uncompromising hostility can no more be withdrawn, than our beloved country, once under the dominion of his civil power, could continue to be free! Americans, the powers of digestion and secretion were not strong enough in the Pope to relish this knowledge; he felt its influence on his civil power would make him sorrow, and he could not do else, in the nature of the case, than to lay upon the Bible, and all other books which emanated from the Reformation, a fierce prohibitory interdict, from being seen or read! And to this hour, the richest drapery ever woven by the mind of man, lies moulding beneath the trenches and stone walls of Rome! The Inquisition, my children, stifled everything that looked like freedom in thought or action of people or government. It upset the press of every printer who had ever published an heretical work. And by the solemn action of the Pope, from the twenty-third of October, sixteen hundred and forty-one, to March, forty-three, less than two years, one hundred and fifty-four thousand Protestants were murdered, according to the confession of their own executioners!"

"Oh, God!" said many, "will not the citizens of this our beloved country arise, alike Catholic and Protestant, and by the strength of our American Party root out this herculean civil invasion upon our American rights and free institutions?"

"It must and it will," said America; "this people

were never designed by God and our fathers to be fed with swine's husk! Happiness, virtue, goodness, a living soul, God made," continued he, "the birthright of our American nationality!"

This company loved their country much, and they loved it strongly, and were intolerant against all propositions for adjournment. So the social virtues of the mother kept her light shining upon them.

"Do you know, Americans, that the Pope of Rome calls together every three years his Congress of Bishops and Archbishops? They bear upon them this oath, in our dear country, and in these words—'I will, by myself in person, visit the threshold of the Apostles every three years, and give an account to our lord of all my pastoral office, and of all things in anywise belonging to the state of my church, to the discipline of my clergy, the people, and I will, in like manner, humbly receive and diligently execute the apostolic commands.' And why can you, American citizens, wonder, in the face of these astounding facts, why your Bible and Public School systems are assaulted? Why your public funds are demanded to support their schools? Why they seek to control your ballot-box? Why they insinuate themselves into your Cabinet, and represent you at foreign Courts? Why they ask to see your bills before they pass to a third reading in your American Congress? Why they demand the entire donation of your public domain for foreigners? Like the insatiable worm in the clod, this priesthood cries out, 'Give, give, give!'"

“And, my God! do we grant?” said America.

“We have, we have, my son, until a frightful ulcer has grown and is gnawing into the very vitals of your nation. Nothing but the true American sentiment, which has aroused the Revolutionary spirit left by your fathers, can heal and save us!”

There was a tone breathed now by this company which it would be impossible to realize; all that was deep, pathetic, heroic, inexhaustibly patriotic, was visible, and length of years seemed given them, as they glanced at the picture before them, and caught hold of the Standard of the American Party!

“Your general insight into truth is the salvation of our cause, and country, America, and our friends want you to tell us what our country has granted to these demands of the Pope of Rome, upon our civil rights?”

“About all he asked.”

“What, mother?” said America, with a serious, majestic intensity.

“America, you know the foreign increase in our population has, for years, been alarming to our liberties; and by the next census, judging from the past five years, about eleven millions will have entered your ports within ten years! The great majority of these foreigners are ticketed for Rome! the Jesuit Bishops, Archbishops, and Priests receive them as the Pope’s subjects, and by a little Jesuit cursing and swearing they are converted into use. The Pope then nods his approbation, and his Bishops, with the authority of despots, swell and swagger with passionate greatness and enthusiasm

for our American liberty! These kings, surrounded by their body-guards, sound their trumpets and show their war-horses, and with their gilt standard-bearers, what feeble politician can resist them? And thus you see how it has become worse and worse, until so strong is the balance-power among you, that they have actually set up your country, as your elections come around, to be sold by your own blood-made ballot-box to whatever set of political demagogues bid highest! And thus, our dearest political rights have been tied hard and fast, hand and foot, and hung upon a peg to vibrate in the royal presence of the Pope of Rome; while with the utmost strictness, he orders these foreign emissaries to affect, with polished courtesy, snow-white purity, as they march his forces into the front edges of our political battles, and take the shield of our liberties right out of American hands!"

"Oh, my country," said America, "oh my friends, must we own this, disgrace and shame! own that we have actually sued for the hand of the Pope of Rome, until upon his own terms, he has pitched stones and hurled spears at our liberties, and driven off from our political arena those noble patriot sons who have given us, by their deeds of devotion to country and humanity, a world-wide renown!"

"We thought it hard to endure, my children, when eleven years ago, this foreign influence defeated the will of true Americans, and repulsed from the Presidential office, the nation's favorite son, her own immortal Clay! The country's wail was stout and restless then, and a

deep majestic swelling force was heard to exclaim against it, all over the land! Your Webster raised his giant tones in Faneuil Hall, in old Massachusetts, then, and declared it was high time our American organization had begun, when the foreign vote of this foreign power had become the all-sovereign element in our national politics!"

"And why, in God's name," said America, "did they not then change or abolish the naturalization laws, and put giant sentinels at our own posts, who would have been faithful to us unto death?"

"Because we have allowed politicians, instead of the American people, to control us! As this foreign force became yearly stronger, it became also more dangerous, powerful, and formidable, and it would have been easier to have sprouted corn in a limekiln, or raised peaches on persimmon bushes, than to have induced an experiment which might cost these partizans their political lives!"

"Ah, ah!" said all, "native political Jesuits have had a hand, we see, in making our troubles! This is their caricature, counterfeit fidelity to their American nationality!"

"Leaving our wheat to gather up the cockle," said America, "because it made the largest heap in our ballot-box!" and struggling with a painful sense of national humiliation, begged his mother to speak more of the effect of the Pope's temporal interference in our dear country! "Faithful in their mission to 'preserve

and extend the royalties of St. Peter,' his ambassadors have steadily ransacked your whole political structure, and the depth and power of your national resources; and watching a favorable moment in the history of the State of New York and other States in your great confederacy, to crush the Bible and expel it from your Schools. They fled, hastily, with tidings of great joy to the Pope, who, blessing their fidelity, issued his edict, and it was done! They got your Bible out of thirty-six schools in that State alone, and commissioners to go into them and erase every truth precious to freedom, which had been spread upon the pages of your history or carved upon the rocks and mountains of your country! They have managed us like cage-singers, kept all dark, and played and played the tune, until quite at ease, they sang right out! No one suspected these bees were in our hive at your last Presidential election, until they had all the honey from us, my children! And that got our dear country into what miners call a *shift*, and we were run right upon the rock of St. Peter!"

"Are we fast yet?" cried many, with a passionate fire, which even overcame the stoical calmness of the mother.

"We are; and surrounded by a murky pool, cannot be got off, for another twelve months!"

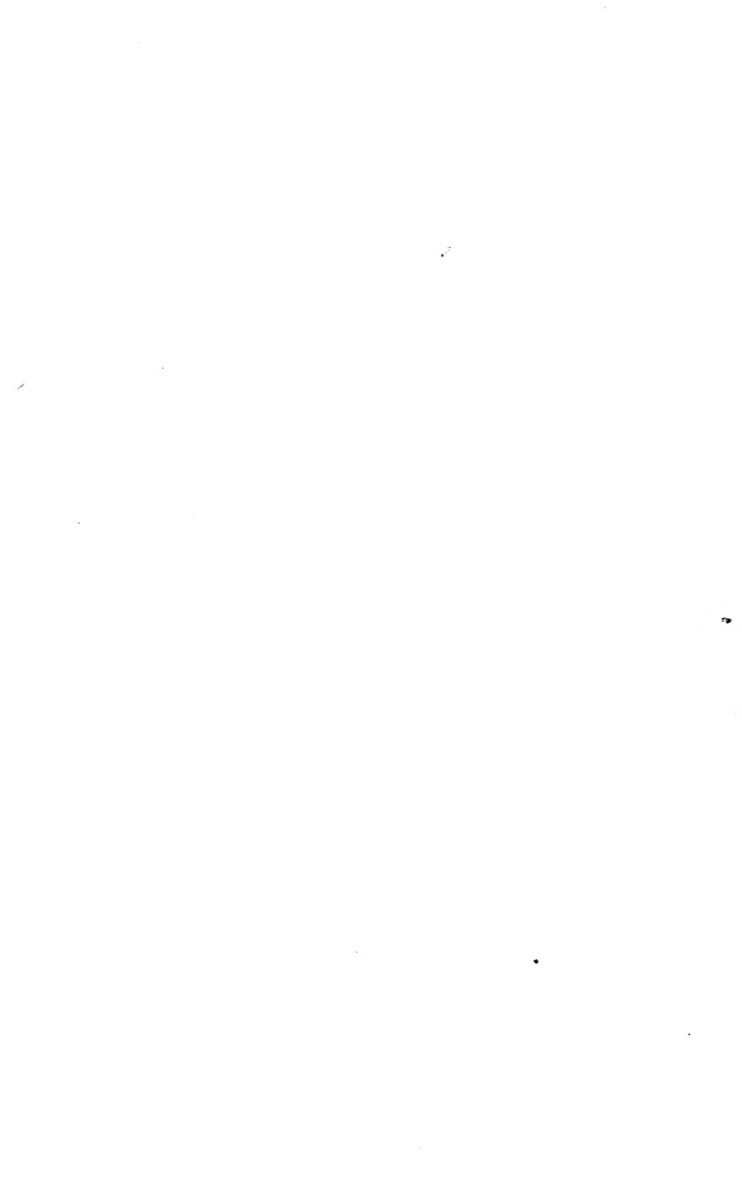
"If we had weak nerves, or were in any degree sickly, I should have to ask you to defer this conversa-

tion; but though it is late," said America, "let us know the worst of it!"

"That is more than I can tell, how much our original self-subsistent nation will suffer in future years; for past guilt and treachery! You know, you all fully understand, that it was not the voice of our American men, but the foreign vote controlled by the foreign Papal priesthood, under the edict of the Pope of Rome, which has made the present rulers for your nation! This King Pontiff found his temporal power too strong to be bartered for a few small official appointments, and it was concluded in his august councils, after a full report of our political prospects from his American Prelates, that they should elect the President and Vice-President, and a Cabinet appointment, such as he, the Pope should select, must be staked on the result! He called for special reasons for the Postmaster-General, and the arrangement was perfected! How fully it has been carried out you all feel and know. I would not insult you, nor wound your already lacerated hearts by saying more! It would be like setting hounds afresh on a poor fox already wounded in his hind feet! This 'increase of the royalties of St. Peter' showed an enlargement of his temporal power, which aroused your divine indestructible national sentiment; and feeling a foe, neither trivial nor despicable was within our borders, the people emptied their shops, their counting-rooms, their homes of every thought, but country, and hence the second coming of the American Party!"



Erastus Brooks.



CHAPTER XIV.

THE AMERICAN PARTY INTERFERES NOT WITH RELIGIOUS SECT OR CREED.

"I glory in the spirit
Which made our fathers rise—
And found our mighty nation,
Beneath these Western skies!
No clime so bright and beautiful,
As that where sets our sun—
No land so fertile, fair, and free,
As that of Washington!"

THAT noble bird, hallowed by the fondest sacred associations, was as dear to America as his heart's blood. And there was much patriotic applause, upon seeing it safely reclining, encircled in the majestic folds of the national banner, with which the picture of our Revolutionary fathers had been draped.

The thought of our sparkling freedom seemed to shoot its scintillations the more its enemies were exposed, and it was not wonderful the fire should have caught the eye of this familiar friend; who, bursting upon Americans with the stars and stripes fast in its tallons, was warmly caressed in their affectionate arms. The storm which has long impended over us, has now broken forth, and amidst its thunder and flash we will,

with this emblem of nationality clinched in our embrace, see that Americans rule America.

“This looks, my children, like a light-gleam, a blue speck in our horizon,” said she, “and may forebode that drizzly-dinginess is soon to pass away. I remember in seventeen hundred and eighty-three, when your fathers had conquered like men the peace for which they had fought and bled, the enemy, when about getting out of the way, assumed to hang upon one of your liberty poles in New York, a union jack, and cutting the ropes after greasing it well, proceeded down the Bay. But that spirit which broke their stiff necks knew no goal or barrier to their independent wills, and thus, mounting up to it, literally in sack-cloth and ashes, it was torn violently down before their eyes, and the stars and stripes of our national flag, were left to remind them of their stupidity and folly. And so, in our widest comprehension of the evils which surround us now, let us walk up rapidly and promptly, and scale poles or mountains, ford streams, or jump precipices, to snatch from your enemies their flag of triumph, which has been made to wave ignominiously over your national head.

“My children,” said she, pointing to the great canvas picture which stood out from the wall, “it was that rugged, unseen, indomitable strength which wrestled single-handed, with our Bible and Constitution, for life or death. It was their insatiable desire to spit all gall out of their mouths, and to break loose from all guides but that free, benignant, clear, cloud-

capt government made by themselves. And thus they designed Americans only to govern America. It was from the depths of sorrow and abasement that you were made invincible, America. Poverty and pain once hung about you, and now, in a realized, life you must put your shoulder to the wheel, every one of you, Americans, and grapple resolutely to help your country. As I remarked to you yesterday, this thought has shivered party and risen above it. It is in the street, in the field, in the market, on the ocean, in the counting-house, in all your legislative halls, and above all, in the press and in the hearts of the people. And from the St. Lawrence to the Rio Grande, from the Atlantic to the Pacific our people respond to their ordained fundamental law, that Americans forever shall rule their own beloved country.

"Americans, show your nation's bare neck and arms, no matter where you go. Don't be ashamed to own your young mother in the old world; hang no jewels on to hide the fact, but thank God that you can say, like the proud Roman did of his nationality before the Christian era, 'I am an American citizen!'"

"Mother," said America, "we are now so largely represented by those of foreign birth abroad, that our own nationality looks like feeble embers among their red heat."

"My son, I should even feel great hesitancy to call in foreign aid were our old family physician at fault? It might imply want of confidence in his skill in the judgment of the neighbors. And in the same way

your dear country is lessened among strangers when scoffers at your nationality and republican simplicity become the mediums of representing your American sentiment. But what else now could be expected when a foreign power controls the government even at home, my children? We have had no American house-keeping since it began."

"Except yours," said many, laughing.

"I suppose," said she, "our butchers still kill beeves, and our earth still rewards the laborer with the sunshine grain; but you all understand me. I refer to your Chief Rulers, to the entire Anti-American feeling which has pervaded the whole policy of the government from one end of the union to the other, rewarding foreign Roman Catholics with official dignity and trust, and punishing by extermination from office faithful and true American patriot sons, who, startled by the overplus power of the Pope of Rome, felt the danger and expressed it. My children, with the spiritual power of the Pope, his prelates, priesthood, and laity, the American Party has never had any more to do than with making the stone quarry from which the capitol of your country was built. It regards the religion of men and woman, just as the founders of our Republic did. They left it with all the rights of conscience, and without the power to interfere between it and God. And it was Rome's invasion upon these rights of ours by the aggression of the Pope, which the American people are bound, as men, as citizens, as Christians, to resist until his conclaves

and imperial diets shall be withdrawn from further exercise under our free skies. And what you, as Americans, have seen of this, is but the emblem of the purchase money, the embodied symbols of more momentous secrets. One of the South American States, acting under the entire power of the Pope, sent him their constitution for his approval. It contained a clause securing religious liberty, he chained his Bull to it and sent it back, gored by his indignant rejection; and these people, rising by invincible strength, fired his dogmatic act from a cannon's mouth, and adopted their own form of government. And so, you native or Cis-Alpine Catholics, should, to maintain your republican equality and the sacred rights of your free institutions. That one virtue which lies at the foundation of all other virtues, in our American order, is the sacred obligations of honor and conscience."

"Why," said several Roman Catholics present, "we feel the American Party to be the triumphal chariot, which shall drive us with the Constitution, and wherever it may go. And in that true national feeling, which first lifted America upon her feet, and swept and scoured out all sectarianism with sand and scrub, it comes back like a fond child, who has long been absent from its mother, to embrace all the people and to see that its Catholic sisters and brothers have the same liberty of conscience that all other Christians have."

"I have one remark, and you will pardon the interruption," said one of these friends; "but none

feel the everlasting necessity of this national feeling, organizing for country as we do. We know that among us there are those born upon our soil who would extinguish sun after sun if the light glimmered not over their own path; who would take the dew from all our flowers, and powder the stars of heaven with soot. These influences have brought the reproach of bigotry and intolerance upon this god-directed element, to save our nation in its present peril. We saw it bleeding for the people, we beheld its cheerful countenance pressed and mangled by slanderous tongues, and in tears we lifted our trustful hands to heaven, and in common with all the people snatched it to our hearts."

With streaming eyes all seemed to feel a thrill of joy in their inmost breasts. After a silence for some moments, which shadowed forth the true national sentiment, America desired that his mother would give them the juice of a fresh lemon which had been squeezed into our dear country by Pius the Ninth.

"My son, they come in every steamer, wrapped in some form or other. You might get more information at their head-quarters about this matter. But the edict publicly given out ought to be observed. The fact is, since this Hierarchy got control in the National as well as State Governments, popish prelates have had a bottomless eye upon everything in our dear country. For their postal facilities have, of course, been extraordinary; and every slab of timber, and every nail, even to a little tack which might be driven by a hammer in the child's play-house, has had due atten-

tion. And although, my children, they have burned so many piles of your Bible, expelled it from so many of your free schools, where it can neither be seen or read; and announced through their journals, from day to day, that they 'hate Protestantism, and it ought not to be tolerated,' still they point their black fingers at the light of knowledge our educational system yet diffuses, and consult and implore the Pope for more clouds and ashes to darken our walls and show us the shadow of your national coffin, which vain-gloriously they have hung upon them. The Pope then, to the Archbishop and Bishops of the Province of New York, sends blessing and laudation, for their faithfulness and zeal in increasing his royalties among us—directs them to spare nothing, nor to 'leave anything untried' to bring 'unhappy wanderers' into his church, while any 'unbeliever' is to be found among them. And now, in the eightieth year of our nationality, this Pope of Rome, who has declared by his press, upon our soil, that no good government can exist without religion, and that there is no religion without an Inquisition to protect it, thus directs his prelates to set about with increased alacrity exterminating the religion of our fathers, by an active interference, fierce and hot, with all our Protestant faith, which has been nourished by that Bible which is as essential to the preservation of our liberties as the sun is to the firmament above your heads."

"Great God! will you, Americans, see this, read this, and hesitate to rush into any organization that saves all that is dear to us, all that can save our coun-

try from this stupendous evil. This Romish Monarch in this same edict, sent about eleven months since, graciously consents that these prelates shall, by one combined effort, raise resources in our country to open a college in the fair city of Rome for American citizens. This Jesuit potentate declares that he does this to secure more 'skilful and industrious laborers in his American vineyard.' And he directs these to be 'chosen' instruments, by prelates, to grow in his nursery there, and to draw an 'excellent education' in the 'method of the church, the mother and mistress of all others;' so that they return among us 'able properly to shine as an example of life to the people,' 'as teachers, professors, and parish-priests.'"

"Has it come to this, has it come to this?" said America, and the heat of a naptha well seemed to burst upon the assembly. "Are we to be drawn closer and closer to that foreign Pontiff, to behold the distant avalanche becoming huger and huger; the sparks flickering around our Protestantism sporting it like fire-flies, demanding the funds and the citizens of our country to be sent to Rome, to bear greater hatred to heretics and the liberties of their country, and be better skilled to imbrue their hands in fratricidal blood? Americans, just look for one moment at the spirit of the press in the service of this foreign potentate in our beloved country. It rejoiced with exceeding great joy when the Protestant chapel at Rome was suppressed eight years ago. 'We may be thought intolerant,' said they,

'but we ask, did we ever profess to be tolerant of Protestantism, or favor the doctrine, that it ought to be tolerated?' And then reaffirmed their eternal hatred of the religion of twenty millions of our people. 'You inquire,' said another papal organ, 'what the Pope would do were he here, and the Protestants in the minority, in power, if not in numbers? We say,' it continued, 'whatever would benefit the cause of Catholicism; he would imprison you—banish you—fine you—possibly hang you; but be assured of one thing, he would never tolerate you for the sake of the 'glorious principles of civil and religious liberty.' And this was just in accordance with that celebrated Maryland toleration act, of which I have spoken. The Papal power was in force while Protestants had the majority in numbers. And when they there enacted that any blasphemy against the Virgin Mary should be punished with fine or public whipping, and an absolute seizure of their lands and goods for Lord Baltimore and his heirs forever, it was on Protestants, the heretics, upon whom they had fixed their sharp eyes. That sly and elusive prohibition adverse to uttering a word against the Virgin Mary, reminds me of the gentleman who felt it a duty to civilization to cause his arms to be painted and hung on the walls of whatever house had lodged him. It was giving Protestants a cabbage after it had been run up to seed. What are the words out of their own mouths? for only by them let us judge how

far our national religious sentiment is ruthlessly invaded."

"*Brownson's Review*, which is one of the leading journals in the service of this foreign power is conducted by an American citizen, who blows a blast at any insinuation against the temporal power of the Papal supremacy, and avows it to be supreme in the hearts of his subjects here, as it is under the shadow of Saint Peter's at Rome! He says, 'Protestantism, of every form, never can have any rights where Catholicism is triumphant;' that, 'he dares to assert the truth before a lying world, and instead of pleading for his Church at the bar of the State, summons the State to plead at the bar of his Church, its divinely appointed judge.' And, 'I never think of publishing anything in regard to the church, without submitting my articles to the Bishop for inspection, approval, and endorsement!' says this distinguished Papist."

"This is manifestly true, Americans, and I feel as though the Lord our God had spared such fearless, acrid, and corrosive spirits to stand for these facts, to bring the incipient lightning before the eyes of our American Union, to make clear and deep the orifice, which must be thoroughly probed before it can be healed!"

"Oh, my country! my country!" said America, "behold this dark solemn meaning, this danger and death!"

"My children, who would think you were in your father's land, to read thus: 'Catholicity inserts in her

catalogue of moral sins, Protestantism of every kind, she endures it when and where she must; but she hates it, and directs all her energies to effect its destruction! 'Religious liberty,' say they, 'in the sense of a liberty possessed by every man to choose his religion, is one of the most wretched delusions ever foisted on this age by the father of all deceit.' And, 'if Catholics ever gain an immense numerical majority, religious freedom in this country is at an end. So our enemies say, so we believe.' 'The sorriest sight to us,' says their leading journal, 'is a Catholic throwing up his cap and shouting, 'All hail, democracy!' And here is their text, does it want any comment? to prove to you, Americans, the dark, exasperated, alarming tendency of this danger, when every possible expedient to curse your liberties and fasten calumny upon your fair national fame, to laugh, and sniff, and mock you by censors, satirists, and embittered desperadoes, has and is still coming in the strength of the Old World to take your new and once happy homes! When the declaration of your national birth, America, was solemnly announced to your country, what patriot man or woman withheld a struggle until they found their own page in her future history? They were worshippers and believers in that freedom which had soared to this as its promised land! And now, when the American Party is ringing its ancient bell, to save this American Liberty, by reasserting our national rights, and declaring to the people our national wrongs, when it spreads before our eyes that soul-loathing depend-

ence of American citizens upon the master-manufacturer of what is grim and sickly among us, who would not join the American people, and cast aside all the tatters and trappings of party, to cry out, like patriots, 'Only our country!'

As this sentiment fell from the patriot's lips the intensity of feeling seemed irrepressible in all, and the noble American women declared in the depth of their patriotism, that they would be willing to re-enact all the suffering and sacrifices of their mothers, as it was really a cause dearer than that which led the American people to the declaration of Independence! There was evident satisfaction on the part of the mother, who had herself participated in that heroic struggle for our liberties!

"Americans, remember that our dear Washington always spoke of women's action in that Revolution with a thrill of joy, and expressed his belief that, with their active national sympathy, we had nothing to fear. They did achieve much, but they only did their duty! and would have fallen short, had they done less!"

Let no cry of "*woman's rights*" deter you. That charge has no significance in a work like this.

A warm female friend of the Revolutionary cause was at that period banished from New York, for succoring American prisoners, and in the same way may we be threatened who have hastened to aid our country in the present struggle! We find that the Popish journal, controlled by the Prelate of New York, is now spitting its venom at your own Fillmore, your

patriot son, who has illustrated so nobly and so well, that the sentiment of your American Union and its nationality is above all your monuments and beneath all your graves! Thus filling the measure of our national standard, he has commanded respect from European potentates, who are denounced by this organ, as 'great fools for lavishing this indiscriminate attention upon Americans!' He is then scouted as 'having been only the acting President of this American Union, never having been elected to any other than the inferior post of Vice-President!' His great crime, this prelate tells us, was, that the weakness of his administration excited distrust of American institutions and intentions on the continent of Europe! while your immortal Webster, he says, so annoyed and worried the Austrian Chargé, that he retired until the administration came into other hands! Then 'these foreign scape-gallows' were silenced!"

There was a general roar of laughter at this cool audacity and falsity, which caused even the eagle to look around as if in astonishment!

"My children, when out in our pastimes, yesterday, did you notice the bell-wether, in the sheep flock! He led all the forces—sometimes to water and then to provender. I have often tried," said she, "to separate them, but they are cowardly and can't see far off; and for a safe shelter will leap over crags or precipices to follow their wether! And so this great leader, the Pope of Rome, has got now the sweets of our government, and his foreign flock have our juicy grass

right between their teeth! and to keep things all to their own minds, they bleat and butt, skip and leap, encourage or denounce, be free or busy, just as their bell-wether adroitly directs! It is the pure music from your Fillmore's national flute, which utters none but strong American tones, that has set the Jesuit press in a horse-gallop after him!"

"They have sworn upon the altar of their God, eternal hostility to every species of tyranny over the mind of man," said America, directing his audience to their Revolutionary fathers still before them! "And mother, we all go to you, as to the ant, and leave you full of hope, that we are running the race to happiness by our American Party! Why is it called by our enemies, the 'Dark Lantern' Party?"

"In seventeen hundred and seventy-six, the American troops, learning the British were about to besiege and occupy Bunker Hill, on the night of the eighteenth of June, assembled at Cambridge, under command of Colonel Prescott, and asking the divine presence and blessing by the President of Harvard College, gathered up their working implements and muskets, and with *dark lanterns* in their hands proceeded silently at night to the peninsula of Charlestown; this light evolved the all-sovereign element, which then expelled the invasion of foreigners and guided and illuminated all your American battles. And when the people saw the Anti-American feeling and action of the present administration at Washington, and the wave of national corruption washing over us at every high wind,

they caught hold upon this Lantern party, as the only guide to get at the net value of your American nationality! my friends. But for this love of our dear country, which is as the breath to the life of every true American, we should as surely fall by the ferocity of this Papal conquest, as an apple does by the law of gravitation."

"In showing how these foreigners scoffed at the will and silenced the voice of our native sons in depriving the nation of the Presidential rule of its great Clay; some of our friends present, who loved him dearly (and who did not?)" said America, "would like to know his views on this American question."

"My children, the Hebrews of old never looked with half the pleasure on the engulfing of Pharaoh and his host in the Red Sea, that the Pope of Rome and his foreign priesthood did in this country, upon their signal triumph over the American will in behalf of Henry Clay! It infused a satanic energy into all their subsequent actings, a hard, fierce, invulnerable pride at that event, which raised their colossal dominion and prompted their power to stab our nation to the heart! Our Clay's patriotism was at its highest practical mark, through his whole life, and he cordially subscribed to the greater portion of the Native American creed, as then developed, and whose momentum of moral energy has not only since been determined and onward, but marked by a progress of leaps, in lieu of steps! It was the fear of the convulsive throes of *foreignism*, eleven years ago, which caused his friends to withhold this

fact from publicity; and, Americans, the foreign Protestant then voted for him with the same unanimity that the foreign Catholic opposed him! Had this been known, the entire American vote would have been cast for him, which would have made the top and crowning glory of his political life!"

CHAPTER XV.

FOREIGN CONSPIRACY AGAINST AMERICAN LIBERTY.

*“Up, up with the signal! the foe is in sight,
We cannot be happy if he stays here by right.
The signal is waving! in the land of our birth,
The hollest spot on the face of the earth—
Dear country! our thoughts are as constant to thee,
As the steel to the star, or the stream to the sea!”*

“MY children,” said the mother, when the soul of this American throng seemed liquid with human kindness, “we must smash that egg-shell filled with vital bitterness against our American doctrine. It is a most atrocious paradox to know that it arose to resist a foreign power organized to crush the liberties of your country under a religious garb, and then twist it into a hideous caricature, by imputing to it the diabolical spirit of persecution and intolerance. It is nothing but Jesuit quackery, my friends, to keep us on their lion track. This rust has eaten long enough into our country, and the American people were not made to shrink or be sensitive when Jesuit tyranny is pouring upon them continually a masked battery of hot shot. And galled and goaded to our present Revolution, we wish our people to see and feel every briar and thistle, every pool and puddle which has and is

giving, every day, fresh support and strength to their systematic operations. My children, it would have been useless to have put muskets and Bibles in your hands when too young and tiny to have borne the weight; they would of course have dropped or tumbled you down in the attempt. And so, twenty years ago and upwards, when an attempt to show the conspiracy which was then, as now, actively laying its icy hand upon your liberties, the people did not understand the mocking, cynical spirit of their foes, and incredulous at the startling enormities a few brave sons had dauntlessly exposed, it was shoved off by the state of the public mind, which, for lack of knowledge on the subject, could not bear up its weight.

“Poisoned barbed arrows, winged with scorn and keen-edged mockery have been sped at you for doing what no nation upon earth ever did before, in giving to the naturalized foreigner political as well as civil rights. In no other country but yours can an alien dart his porcupine quills against political rights, or grow sleek and fat upon the public crib. In England, they are not only debarred from these privileges, but they conceal from them the motives of their national action. In all other European countries the executive power of the government, decides in every single case the adoption of a citizen. By ten years’ residence in France, an alien may be eligible to a seat in the Chamber of Deputies, but the limitation of the right of suffrage takes away the power of mischief.

“There happened, once upon a time,” my dear

countrymen, after Europe got tired out with the sound and sight of dead bodies and cannon thunder, there came a great long calm, when you might have heard a pin drop on the field of Waterloo. Suddenly the Sovereigns discovered that in some nook or cranny of their brain something had been stowed away, which for the sake of gentility, they called conscience; so, getting together, they formed a Holy Alliance, and reaffirming their hatred to popular liberty everywhere, and resolving to join all their wits to cuff and kick it out of their way, they fused into a 'general peace.' The element of the Protestant Reformation was as steel before, but when our American Revolution came, it tingled and glanced at tyrants with heat-lightning, and conspiracy has since run their swords to the hilt to get at the Protestant free spirit, which will finally uncrown them all and make firewood of their thrones. They keep their souls in their heads, Americans; and heads, eyes, mouth, nose, and teeth right on your American nation. Every fresh action under the influence of our constitutional government is anticipated by each steamer, and with spectacles already on their eyes, they snatch open your news budget, hoping to find that some popular insurrection has occurred which may hasten you down to the bottomless pit. Austria has run to the most insane excess for the destruction of your American freedom. It flashed its lightning at Republican liberty, which it ascribed to the Protestant Reformation; and in the black depths of its mind, and its merciless malignity to us and our institu-

tions, your country is denounced as 'the great nursery of these destructive principles, (our democratic liberty). The great Revolutionary school for France and the rest of Europe is North America.' Thus unbridled in their speech, they set about by their acts sending death to struggle with our nation's vitality; and Popery already here got a sly, keen, shrewd lift by a grand consolidated union, ostensibly 'to promote the greater activity of Catholic missions in America,' but really to use Popery more effectively in the destruction of our Republican Government. And this is the St. Leopold's Society, organized twenty-five years since expressly to send money, Jesuits, and Roman Catholic emigrants to chuckle at and exult over, to thwart and destroy your God-created nation. And this same 'St. Leopold Society,' embraces not only the great Austrian Empire, but Hungary, Italy, Piedmont, Savoy; and Catholic France. These foreign rulers are men actively interfering against your government, and by money and agents are nourishing within your borders a system, which, if not speedily arrested, will as certainly make your nation's grave as that the Almighty made you."

Self-devotion, self-sacrifice, the desire to forget all but country was earnestly demonstrated. But so much was to be said, and time was marching so steadily onward, that the mother was entreated to lose not a moment.

"Americans, are you to allow this burst and thrill of foreign interference in anything and in any way?

Are you to be deterred from instant hostile resistance because they slanderously call it religion? Their headquarters are at Vienna, in Austria; their emissaries, the Jesuits, are in our midst, who, from their extraordinary vows of fidelity to the Papal Supremacy, are styled 'the Pope's body-guard.' It was this same Austrian influence which elected the present Pope of Rome; and imagine the thrill of joy with which these same Jesuits made the President of your American States. And who are these Jesuits? 'They are educated men, prepared and sworn to start at any moment, in any direction, and for any service, commanded by the general of their order, bound to no family, community, or country by the ordinary ties which bind men, and sold for life to the cause of the Roman Pontiff.' This Jesuitism is and always was a political organization, whose dogma is, 'that the mass of the human family are born not to govern, but to be governed;' that has been confided 'to the privileged classes to which the multitude cannot rise.' With these doctrines they speciously affect to spread the Roman Catholic religion here, and as such, claim protection and toleration from our American laws. The American sentiment revolts at the spiritual and temporal union in government, but with an adamant will, it insists upon the right to discuss the political tendency of every religious creed, Christian or Mahomedan. It was in the Roman Catholic that the Jesuit has mixed and mingled, because it opposed from its very nature every element of religious or

political liberty; and that their action in our country may be swift, sharp, and sure, they use the foreign Roman Catholic to penetrate our high and pure American nature through their myriads of churches, schools, colleges, convents, and nunneries, supported by the Emperor of Austria, Prince Metternich, and all other despots in their 'society;' who send often in their own vessels Roman Catholic emigrants, as poisonous masses to weaken and disease, by falsehood, the strong native American minds, ever eager for action and thirsty for truth. Let me show you another significant fact, that among all the varieties of foreigners, the Roman Catholic creed is one trained under the Despot of Despots, who assumes to be their Lord God, and made to feel but his machinery, who can bind or loose their souls; they come set on fire of hell against your freedom, and bearing this stamp and seal of their own nationality.

"Now, what in the name of reason is naturalization to them? Does it make them any less blindly subservient to their Bishops, Priests, or Vicar-Generals? My children, they are your coffin-makers; without knowing a word of the mystery of will, or the intelligent love of God or country. We came fresh and plastic from the hand of God. Oh, let us remember the glad morning of your existence, America, and continue to mould your country beautiful, brave, generous, joyous, and free as your fathers left it. That patriot son," said she, pointing to the picture of Jefferson, "when you were only five years

old, America, predicted that this 'foreign importation would be a hoof-print to mar and disfigure you.' 'They will bring with them,' said he, 'the principles of government imbibed in their early youth, or if able to throw it off, it will be in exchange for an unbounded licentiousness. In proportion to their numbers they will share with us the legislation, they will infuse into it their spirit, warp and bias its direction, and render it a heterogeneous, incoherent, distracted mass.' And could his foot-prints now track our enemies, he would see their giant strength, and realize the power of that life-giving thought which truth now exalts and consecrates."

" 'What would France do,' said he, 'with twenty millions of Americans suddenly imported into their empire?' And what can America now do, if upwards of ten millions are added in a single census count, three-fourths of whom are Roman Catholics, distributed as the Despots of Europe direct, under the Jesuit government they have ordained in America?"

"And now, my children, strengthen every vein, bone, muscle, and sinew, before your nation gets a hemorrhage in its lungs, and is sent by the Pope to a Jesuit Infirmary. Why is the American Party, which baptized you, America, and enrolled around you that glorious army of martyrs there on that canvas to have a storm of popguns aimed at its head? Because it has come to attend to the bodily health of your nation, which has grown pale and sickly from a foreign gastric juice which is stopping the digestion of its civil and

religious liberty. Our party has nothing to do, I repeat, my children, with any religious creed, as religion. But when this foreign political conspiracy against the government of our country took hold on the foreign Roman Catholic church, and planted its root in our soil, to stifle and kill us, the American Party asserts the true American feeling, to scrutinize, discuss, and expose its political action upon the liberties of American freemen, which it is burning to subvert. And had the same union which exists between foreign despots and the Church of Rome been made with any Protestant sect in this country, with the same sleepless devotion to our national greatness and glory, the American Party would have risen to rally the patriotism of every Protestant element in the land, to crush out this invasion upon our constitutional liberty and our dearest political rights. This world-wide sympathy of Protestantism for right and free-wills, and free-hearts, has made the throne of St. Peter to feel its invincibility only by the most entire unity of the body, and annihilation of the mind. My friends, these Jesuit emissaries sent here by the Holy Alliance are the fierce, firm enemies of the emigrant; they instil the idea of superiority to the native sons of the soil, and the very name 'American' is regarded as an hereditary disease, to be pitied and loathed like the scrofula or consumption. They take up your Declaration of Independence, that hallowed symbol of our precious freedom, and tell these misgoverned emigrants that they are thus made free, as Washington, who led the

battles of his country, and who, they teach in their schools, died a Roman Catholic, and is a candidate for beatification from the Pope of Rome. But thank God, the instructive sagacity of our dear American mind has seized all the people, and the American Party has rushed in for this emergency. Oh, what shall we not give for country, what would your lives be with your liberty gone?"

There was a pause for some moments, and a hot frenzy of tears came like a river to the relief of all.

"What makes the peaks and mountains of your danger higher, Americans, is the course of native traitors; they conspire with naturalized foreigners, not naturalized citizens, but foreign Roman Catholics for our democratic liberty. And I tell you, that question, whether foreigners, not yet out of the ships, are longer to control our ballot-box, in the face of what we all see and know, is the vital question to be decided now. This emigrant accession is weakening you, America, every day, filling your country with self-distrust by the priest-ridden troops of the Holy Alliance, who are now organized in military companies, with the costume of their country, controlled by Jesuit tricksters, in the Austrian service, against us. Oh, my children, look at the vastness of this St. Leopold foundation of despots and tyrants, embracing twenty-three millions of people, helping their Jesuit agents night and day. And there are not less than three other similar societies for the same end; in Italy, France, and Ireland which exist and co-operate, all

around our press, in our schools, our property, and at the ballot-box, until the tones of our Independence bell again tolls, 'do the people wish to be saved, do the people wish to be saved!' and the American Party, true to its Revolutionary spirit, responded the only American sentiment, and cried out, like true Americans, 'We do, we do!'

CHAPTER XVI.

AMERICA BAPTIZED IN PROTESTANT BLOOD BY JESUIT PAPISTS.

“They never fail who die
In a great cause; the ground may soak their gore,
Their heads may sodden in the sun; their limbs
Be strung to city gates or castle walls;—
But still their spirits walk abroad. Though years
Elapse, and others share as dark a doom,
They but augment the deep and sweeping thoughts
Which overspread all others, and conduct
The world at last to freedom.”

To fill a void in nature, to impart dignity to the fortunes of mankind, to give deep significance to the occurrences of the world, our Divine Creator saw fit to dignify woman by the name of “Mother,” when he gave her to the companionship and comfort of man. It was in this sense that she became the Eve to the American family, to impart these salutary lessons of her melancholy experience, and to vindicate the injured character of her own beloved country. And, having awakened a generous sympathy in the truly American heart, by an insight into the craft and guile by which our liberties have been attacked and lacerated; we leave her to sublime repose, while with grasping, bleeding hands, we hold on to our title-deed, and cling still to our own native land.

The heroic magnitude of the American mind sus-

tained by nerves which never shrank from endurance and a courage which rose on difficulty, and exulted in the sight of danger, woman first illustrated upon American soil, with an inflexible understanding of her own conclusion of right, and a native energy of will, which defied the quiver of the keenest and most envenomed shafts. Pocahontas, at the tender age of twelve years, threw her arms around the neck of the first Christian adventurer into this American nation, and cast her body upon the stone between the victim and the executioner, as the first sacrifice of Anglo-Saxon liberty! Two hundred and fifty years ago, Captain Smith came in sight of the American coast the natives fell prostrate before his cannon thunder, and taking their idol image captive, he soon treated with them upon his own terms. But mists gathered round him, and the leer betokened by the loud laugh-storm of the Indians was at hand, when lovely and full of love, this American girl in tears and groans, engraved on her father's stern soul, by looks, by words, by gestures, you cannot tear me from this thought; he was not born to die! That gaze shot a cross-bow to the chieftain's heart, and his gentle, dutiful daughter, in wild rapture made vocal music, which first melted into emotion that devotion to liberty which we, as a nation, have never ceased to expose. Unlike the fable of Æsop, where the dog left in charge of the butcher's tray, and unable to defend it from other curs, concluded he might as well have his share of the meat—this American heroine, the child of the barbarian, who understood the thorny cuffs of her own formulas, still hovered in

love and mercy over the colony of Virginia, and became again and again, the chains and the iron door to keep it from the entrenchments of her father and to save its founder from becoming the fagot for his fire. She was thus the prize by which that colony's salvation was attained, and in love, humility, and grandeur, singularly blended in this American spirit, Virginia became the magnificent aqueduct to slake the thirst of Anglo-Saxon liberty. And thus disembarassing that majestic desert, and linking her noble race with the children of God, the bosom of this American woman became the first sanctuary of American liberty—the first ornament and pride of the American name. And if, through the bravery of one gentle spirit, a hostile wilderness was encountered and subdued, how strong and shrill ought now to be, that American voice which must command the tempest, and battle with the present roar of contending elements! Forty years before the advent of Virginia's colony, the city of St. Augustine, in Florida, had been reared in prostrate submission to the See of Rome; excluded from light, and debarred from all exercise of its mental limbs, it was taunted by a humiliation which it dared not reject. Pedro Melendez was the desperate vehicle to win new glory for the Spanish government, who took it into formal bondage, in the name of Phillip the II., as king of North America, and sealed his claim by solemn services for the Romish faith. This Satanic representative had been so scourging, tearing and tormenting in the wars against protestant Holland, that his scandalous and astounding vices had brought upon

him the frown of the Spanish king—when to recover his fallen fortunes, he offered to extend the pithy creed of papacy, by carrying its faith in full caparison into the province of Florida. And to expiate his former crimes and minister to the depraved appetite of the king, five hundred slaves were to be imported to hasten the deliverance from Protestantism. Kindled by the desire and earnest in the purpose to seek “freedom to worship God,” a French Huguenot band had already fled to the American wilds, and vainly thought they felt the sunshine upon their little colony near the banks of the St. Johns. When, like a brood of hard-drinking ducks, Melendez appeared, with a “collected force of more than twenty-five hundred soldiers, sailors, priests, jesuits, married men, laborers and mechanics,” who drank the puddle of liberty to the last spoonful. He had no sooner dedicated his city to its patron, Saint Augustine, than these Huguenots were sought out through intelligence from the natives, and found at Fort Caroline, which they had built under Landonnier, near the mouth of the St. Johns river. The sight of the Spanish flag was a sombre mystery, a mute dream of evil and disaster, and servitude seemed at hand. With beating hearts they inquired the occasion of the mission, when the brute-man sank into the beast—replied: “I am Melendez, of Spain, sent with orders from my king to gibbet and behead all the Protestants in this region. Frenchmen, who are Catholics, I will spare—every heretic shall die!” Having declared his intention to mat the Florida settlers into one jesuit feather, he entered his new city

fresh from the blessing of priests and moist in the holy water of Rome, and screwed together tightly his chosen forces with which he set out on his wilderness march of eight days, for the banks of St. Johns near the Protestant colony of Fort Caroline! The struggle to these people was between wakefulness and sleep; their eyes swam in the void, and the dawn of their future glimmered in the twilight of death. Melendez, without truce or cessation, looked diabolically at this weeping colony, while hell seemed to say, deliver up God's worshippers. Silence reigned at this moment, which betokened terror even to the beasts of the forest, and the stag affrighted, ceased to stalk it. The lowing herd stood mute, while Melendez "kneeling and praying for success," that he might open a new sphere to the death pain of Protestants, rose in fierce hate to his work of carnage, which merged into sluggishness all other tides that ever ebbled and flowed with human blood. And the new-born hope to worship God was here prostrated and perished in its immovable faith forever! Citizen and soldier, the old on their crutches, the young in their cradles and in the arms of their mothers, were all reaped by the scythe of death, and left to welter in gore upon the sod which they had dressed for the strong life of Liberty which boiled in their souls.

This earthquake and wind touched as it swept, and eighty-six warm-hearted champions for the glory of God were walled into one common tomb, for yielding that submission to Him, which Popery, drunk with the power of the throne, the sceptre and the keys, had

arrogated to its own supremacy throughout the world ! A few of these great spirits shrank into holes and corners, but only to be dragged out and die upon the gibbet, and, suspended by their necks on the nearest tree, they were left as booty for carrion eaters. This popish emissary, glowing in the faithful performance of duty, and secure in the reward of his monarch, raised high a tablet to his fame upon the spot, carved with the inscription—"Not as Frenchmen but heretics."

When he again reached St. Augustine, he was hailed as a conqueror by priests and people who went out to meet him. *Te Deum* was solemnly chanted. The holy work which crowned his mission had been fully done. The Protestant light was all extinguished, except a few, who, jaded and enervated by shipwreck, had fled to the sands and the beach, and finally found a resting place in the inlet of Matanzas. The blood now spilt, was the wine of new malignancy towards Protestants, and it created a new thirst for the last drop ! Like the ferocious shark, which swallows with the same eagerness iron or stone, delicacy, innocence, febleness and grace, were now but pile-heaps for the budding splendor of the royalties of St. Peter, in the colony of Florida.

"Angry," says Bancroft, "that any should have escaped, the Spaniards insulted the corpses of the dead with wanton barbarity." And, to strengthen the force of his machinery, it was needful to fire and overwhelm them with fanaticism. So, amid the thick fogs which arose from the ground where their hot blood still lay unabsorbed, the ensign of Popery was set up with

the desecrated cross, and the scene of execution made the foundation for a new church edifice. And to enter alive into damnation, as Melendez thought, the surviving remnant of the French Protestants of East Florida, he jumped streams and took cross-roads to their retreat—and moving gently, that he might ensnare more easily, he inspired the majority with confidence, who, without suspicion or distrust in his integrity, were immediately thrown into boats and sent across the river to the Spaniards. To bend their souls, they corded their limbs, and clutched their hands in iron bands behind them, and, as a beast-like drove, they were marched towards the city of St. Augustine. When in sight of the fort a signal was made, with military energy and cowardly recklessness, and without deliberation or discussion, the throats of these unsuspecting Protestants were all cut, and under the blast of thundering artillery, the strong sap of Liberty again washed in gore American soil! “Not as Frenchmen but heretics,” was also engraved on this monument, so that all might see and bear witness to this special light in the western world, which, in faithfulness to the Popish creed, that “no faith shall be kept with heretics,” had been the first to drench with the blood of Protestant victims the land which we hallow, as baptized and sanctified by the only true principles of freedom which have ever blest universal man.

In God’s providence, some few Protestants, suspicious of this amalgamation of audacity, assumption, and cruelty, escaped, while the French nation looked pitilessly, like hard statuary, at the dying blow

which had fallen upon their unprovoking subjects. "History has been more faithful," in the language of our American Baneroft, "and has assisted humanity, by giving to the crime of Melendez an infamous notoriety." This dear occasion of suffering opened now a new whirlwind of pain. De Gourgaz, a Roman Catholic and a Frenchman, inspired by the fiery vices of Spanish bigotry, arose from privacy and retirement, which he had sought after a long and illustrious public service, and doffing the citizen's coat, he took the sabre and musket, the uniform and colors of his country, at his private cost, and with well-assorted comrades, sailed for the mouth of the St. Johns, in Florida. Between 1569 and 1574, he gained the coast, stormed several out-works, and urging on his forces, entrenched Fort Caroline, now a Spanish colony.

The spectacle he first beheld was not a fancy painting—a mere canvas scene of the violence and brutality of the assault upon his murdered friends, but there, free from the concealment of the grave, the trees had become their charnel-houses—there decayed and dried, their bones driven and riven by the tempest's power, were still mouldering and swinging before his eyes. And there, to invite the attention of the stranger, still stood Melendez's monument to tell the tale! With bleeding hearts, all that was left of these broken fragments were reverently gathered together and interred. When De Gourgaz, ordering his battery to "charge," it shook the death-rattle over the heads of these Spaniards, and amidst shrieks and howlings, hung almost every one on the same trees upon which his cap-

tive countrymen had been found dissolving. And having obtained the redress and indemnity which outraged humanity demanded, he inscribed, in defiance of arrogant sovereignty, "Not as Spaniards but murderers!" when, strong in his confidence of right, he hastened back to France.

Thus Protestantism had its first birth and growth in the southern section of these United States by the Huguenots of France. And in the romance of forests and the singular beauty of wild landscapes, this little fold of God, free from cupidity and ambition, had matured on the far-off coast of Florida that affectionate home which the fierce Spaniard soon delivered to the lion paw of Rome. This thrashing-flail was pushed with such iron speed upon the early infancy of religious liberty in these American States, that to save further blood, no attempt by Protestants was made to seek it upon this soil, until a new benediction and an invisible strength lighted the Puritan altar from Plymouth Rock, and without constraint, struck from that stone-bound coast a cord of love to God and good will to man, to which the nation vibrated in tones of silver.

The Spanish Jesuit, who murdered this Protestant colony, dwelt twelve years in St. Augustine, and assisted by Franciscan monks, erected the horrible Spanish Inquisition. The present United States' barracks occupies the site of a monastery then dedicated to that work. The irresistible intelligence of the American people in honoring their national dignity and trust, can no longer make a shameful application of the crushing vengeance of this Papal Inquisition, which

has agonized with blood, and exhaled its death vapors from the first Protestant settlement upon American land. Is it not enough to arouse their independent action, to know that the sickening contagion of foreign Jesuit Popery which now infests America, and is every moment endangering the principles on which our nation rests, has made its dark stains, and tarnished the earliest beams of glorious liberty which ever shone beneath our American skies?

Drake, twenty years later, captured St. Augustine, and burnt and plundered it under the sympathy of a Protestant Queen of England. A Frenchman seems to have been spared from the Protestant massacre, to quicken the pulse of this action. The Spaniards' fortune became the prey of stratagem and spoil, as they, who had grown grey in devouring piety and innocence, fled from their death-grapple. Before another quarter of a century, the Florida natives razed the city to the ground. And then, as if to avenge slaughtered innocence, came the impatient Davis, in wild madness, and with his menacing forces, after the city had been founded for eighty years, kept a perpetual watch over the actions of those corrigible men, and gained over them a final, though ignoble victory. At the commencement of the eighteenth century, Spain had so damaged by crime and usurpation the new world, that the Pope, who watched the wind and the tide of success, dignified that government as "the Defender of the Faith," and warmed by that venerable and pompous distinction, nothing like the enjoyment of life, property and conscience could be tolerated. These

had been already snuffed out of Florida; and the main-spring and fountain of Papal power was exercised all over these dominions. The Anglo Saxon and Protestant liberty were too feeble to contend effectually against this gorgeous hierarchy—and with the vassalage of mind and feeling, supported by sumptuous pageantry and splendid solemnities, tyranny and force were fast rooting out, by horror and the vulgar atrocity of Indian aid, the blood and faith of the American colonies. The slaves were enticed from Georgia into the wilds of Florida by the Governor of St. Augustine. Bound, as he declared, in conscience, to draw to themselves as many negroes as they could, in order to convert them to the faith of the Romish Church. And in the rash ambition of these Jesuits, they had prepared a scheme of brutal profligacy to exterminate all the Protestant colonists, when a signal Providence threw them into terrible disorder, and prevented again their horrible abominations from being reduced to practice. In defiance of their sinning, suffering and action, the English retained possession of Florida for twenty years, when, in 1784 it was ceded back to Spain. The Anglo-American and Protestant remembering the devouring gulf which had drank in the free Protestant spirit at Fort Caroline, saw its yawnings still, and leaving all but life, sought instant escape from the danger and licentiousness of Jesuit punishment. The terror and excesses of popular insurrection had now become so full of warning, that no new channel was provided for the natural operations of Popery, until the American war of 1812. But within, a train was laying to fill the

mine with an explosive element. The prosperous march of American institutions was silently working destruction to the stability of Papal power, and its arbitrary government. When, intoxicated to sympathy by the rights and privileges exercised by Americans, and a war arose, and under the fiery burnings of popular enthusiasm, St. Augustine was again in ferocious struggle, and the flush and tumult of victory, taken out of Spanish rule. The American government, sound, steady and erect, lifted its hand to Florida's parched lips, and in deep-minded, truth-loving sincerity, became its purchaser from the King of Spain, and it was at length clasped in the maternal arms of these United States! And now, with the lance, sword, and free space, the stars and stripes of American nationality were unfurled from the Castle on the 17th of June, 1821, and under the government and promising auspices of our American General, Andrew Jackson, St. Augustine glided into Anglo-American sunlight, and threw off the torpid slumber of bigotry, intolerance and despotism.

No longer like weak lamps in the night, her sons and daughters rushed into the old State capitol, and in the overflowing delight of a bridal feast, gave evidence of their living energy in the right of "freedom to worship God," which Popery, for centuries had not only repelled from Florida, but settled by the entire extermination of Protestants, in the shedding of their blood. Churches of various sects and creeds now were reared under Protestant influence, and the city was soon regenerated by influences favorable to religious freedom.

A Methodist minister, it is stated, suiting the action to the word, made plain and direct efforts at once, to scatter light among the people. As he went from house to house, in his mission of mercy and good will, he was accosted by a priest for such impertinent interference, who significantly threatened to frustrate his purpose. Without the altercation of words, he pointed the Pope's minion to the American flag, which then proudly waved over the Castle, and now, for the first time, silenced its oppression, and thus reminded him, that under that, *our* fathers had stood, until all owned it the invincible shield of their power which can never be shivered while American men have a grain of grateful appreciation for that highest of all privileges, the "freedom to worship God."



Jacob Brown

CHAPTER XVII.

THE ORDER OF UNITED AMERICANS.

THE UNITED DAUGHTERS OF AMERICA.

“Our Country’s glory is our chief concern :
For this we struggle and for this we burn ;
For this we smile, for this alone we sigh ;
For this we live, for this would freely die.”

THE ardent desire of the Anglo-Saxon to see the light of the American sun, and to convert the Indians’ patch garden into liberty’s paradise, caused benignant manifestations from the English monarch, for the singular vicissitudes through which his Virginia adventurers had passed. And especially for the first visible and palpable league which was made in the cause of freedom, by the remarkable exercise of Christian forgiveness under such felicitous and touching circumstances! A costly scarlet robe, with a jewelled crown, and other appendages were sent over by that government, as indicative of grateful and generous appreciation, to their great Indian king, Powhatan, who assured by his son and daughter, that it was no surrender of power, but indicated only harmonious action, he was induced to put

on all but the crown, and this he viewed with such evident dissatisfaction, that no persuasion or entreaty could induce him to bend the head or knee, and it was only by pressing his shoulders with affectionate force, that they at last succeeded in placing it on his brow! Thus eloquent in homage to liberty, and disdainful to tyranny, has ever seemed the very soil, the woods, the beasts, and the birds of America! Under the same sweet feeling of freedom did the national spirit rise in the "United Order of Americans," when they saw its blessings fluctuating and the national sentiment about to flee away. And in the heat of America's youthful blood, laid claim to the favor of the good, the protection of the powerful, the help of the active, and the love of the patriotic. After an informal meeting at the residence of R. C. Root, Esq., in the city of New York, early in December, 1844, this American brotherhood assembled by agreement, on the 21st of the same month, to consider the vast import of our national life. And as a precursor to a more profound rapture and reverence for country, by a singular coincidence just thirteen sons then appeared, as though to represent the original thirteen States, to open a more accessible field for our independence as Americans, and to impart more glorious images of those divine principles which are to our country its imperishable good. These were:

JAMES HARPER,
SIMEON BALDWIN,
G. P. PARKER,
WILLIAM ATKINSON,

R. C. ROOT,
E. D. ROOT,
T. B. MINOR,
G. W. PARSONS,

C. A. WHITNEY, DANIEL TALMAGE,
THOMAS R. WHITNEY, G. E. BELCHER,
L. D. BURLING.

This Order, so singularly and beautifully conceived in fervid, thoughtful, energetic patriotism, is now a bright appearance for the boundless happiness of the American people! Its patriotic chivalry has widened its domain, and the cheerful devotion of woman to its principles and purposes, fills with gay and graceful images the patriot heart, and pushes aside gloom and anger and sadness, at the sight of her heroic action. This organization holds no ferula or horn-book of party in its hands. It is neither hampered or hemmed by a struggle for power or place, but venturing boldly into their secret recesses, it demands investigation, and contends with activity for the salvation of our country and the stern culture of all her interests. "To control, like Washington, that party spirit—the bane of free government," and "shut up every avenue of foreign influence," as he directed and advised; to unite in one harmonious choir, the Protestant Bible and Constitutional Liberty, and to maintain the indestructible vitality of both, is the helmet of this great action, and to put away the wrangling violence and distrust, which so alarmingly prevails within our national borders. That fair flowering patriotism which blossomed far and wide around our Washington, and on whom depended its growth and life, has at length been broken by the stem. Its leaves have languished and threaten to droop and wither away, and to keep

close to the tree from whence it sprouted, this order make him still their culminating star in patriotic aspirations, and fashion their visible and entire action by his guidance; as the expressive characteristic of that full life, which must occupy the void left by an overruling God, in the memory of every son and daughter of the American soil! All that is worthy and lovely echoes through the national heart at the mere mention of his name, and teaches that the very inspiration of liberty should keep his ashes hot, and thus will its boughs remain in their green freshness, and America the rallying point for freedom throughout the world.

By a faith which deepens by free daring and heroic constancy, we have stood in the brunt of battle and smote the enemy of our liberties with giant strokes and prowess, until it sued our hand and owned our nation, the summit and key-stone of civil and religious blessing. Washington was truly a skyey messenger to take a fresh step into our American world, and wilder deeds and more superhuman actions have followed his advent, than in any similar period connected with the dignity and destiny of man. The Georgia Charter, the last of the old thirteen colonies, was not a trivial or insignificant event of the same epoch, of Washington's birth, for with it came the Wesleys, the great pioneers of Protestant faith, in the western world. Virginia, which, in 1607, had first been snatched from the Indian breast, and nursed with Christian milk, had now grown to a population of sixty thousand.

New York walked five years later in the same rocky path, and amid groves and shady thickets, and mur-

muring water-falls cut a channel which gushed liberty out of its native rocks. Eight years later came Massachusetts, with her Puritan band, whilst the rack was sweeping stormfully across the heavens, the ocean rolling its chafed waters into heaps, and the forest only sounded in the breeze. And in deep enthusiasm for God, and freedom to worship Him, it hid the magnitude of its great struggle in the completeness of that victory. And this leaven element, which was nourished without faltering or irresolution, soon infused a spirit into all the Colonies, which could not be bent by the yoke of an enemy. The aggregate amount of souls, then in the thirteen colonies, at the birth of Washington, was about half a million, less than the present annual immigration into the American States! The earliest American war was waged by France against England in 1744, and terminated four years after by the peace of Aix la Chappelle. The American colonists then filled with the grand disinterestedness and noble desires for country, struck back the invader and "the strongest fortress of North America capitulated to an army of undisciplined New-England mechanics, farmers, and fishermen." But when France sought supremacy over our fertile Mississippi valley, and to weave a thread between Canada and the Gulf of Mexico, the American soil became the great battle-field! The Anglo-American and the Englishman could not be wrenched asunder, and in one faith and one hope, they defied France and her Colonists until her banner could float no longer in a North American breeze! Washington, though a

stripling, was in the fire of this controversy at arms, and to Braddock's refusal to be advised by so young a guide, was the beam and glory shorn from the banks of the Monongahela! Thus, in 1763, the second American war closed and the next epoch dates in our national annals! One hundred and twenty-five years were consumed in gathering together the American material which then gave greatness and glory to American valor and the American name. No murmuring in the wilderness, no painful longings to track with the eye, or by the nose, the directions and intersections of tyranny from whence they had fled. The rivers of blood, the receding of the waters and the voice of Almighty God, were to our fathers the out-works and abutments by which they reached the pinnacle of our greatest glory.

And did freedom in its highest clearness ascend their temple height as despotism passed out? Oh no! It was first by making Americans a peculiar people, that they became zealous of good works! They were a drilled soldiery for the battle of freedom before the Revolution came, and the primary movement was the general education of all the people, so that the mighty tide of cultivated thought, sanctified and purified by a heavenly sun, blossomed in brightness at every altar, and around every hearth-stone! Power was then the emblem of goodness, there was no stumbling and crying for help, but in the faithful worship of God, the image of activity and self-reliance was before the eyes of all, and with these practised senses grew that independence in thought and that consciousness of religious and political equality, to which they responded in the

Declaration of Independence of '76, and secured thirteen years later in the great Constitutional Code, which fathomed and found out the only self-subsistent government, and gave the first and last demonstration of that liberty which we believe is destined to bless the universal world! This is the incarnation of Americanism, the thought which must arch all her temples, and rise to equal height, in every native or adopted bosom. To make more thankful all her sons for this glorious freedom, which shines for all. To stamp and label our dear country for eternity, by teaching first the soul to shun the traitorous demagogues, scheming despots, and designing Jesuit Papists, foreign or native, and in one manly universal American brotherhood, plant, count, will, breathe, act, purely for country until its national love in one stream of patriotic affection, shall roll and swell, and flow all over the land. This is the sole aim of that great organization of "United Americans," which arose from that little assembly of thirteen sons, and which, like the thirteen original States, has within eleven years, reflected its bright genial rays from the Atlantic to the Pacific shores. And when the question came: "Is this nation to last; is it to glorify God throughout all ages; is it set up as the pattern by which all others are to be framed?" It made its holy appeal to *birth-place* and showed by the uninterrupted flow into the current of American blood, the true elevation of our great nationality. And standing in the same cohesive steadfastness and valor for our freedom, and simultaneous in origin with the "United Americans," were the two powerful auxiliaries, the "Sons of America"

and the "United American Mechanics," distinguished for the same obstinate haughtiness for American liberty and girded with a harness as bright as it is powerful amid conflict or defeat, they will make no compromises with the enemy, but though maimed and impoverished, warrior-like, in thoughtful and manly sensibility for American life, will march to the last fight for victory and triumph. This reverence for God above us, the sparkling liberty around us, and the sod which covers our fathers' tombs beneath us, brought an out-fit of love from the depth of woman's heart, and, staggered at the sight of the foe, she could no longer hide her sorrow from the sight of liberty, and without quaint device, again appeared on its exterior edifice! To mingle her affections and specialities, not with this or that party, but for God and her country, her own dear native land!

For ten years the "United Daughters of America" have been professed helpers, in leading the nation out of its moral obstructions into light and peace. Their calmness reveals the vastness of their yet unmeasured strength, and coming not unsought, but as humble co-workers for truth, freedom, and an earnest effort to open to the world, all the grandeur and glory of their country, and to render imperishable the goodness and virtue, which are characteristic of our republican institutions.

This order numbers nine flourishing chapters in the city of New York alone, and invoking no stately presence, its equity, mercy, and serene humanity are endearing it to the hearts of their American Sisters, who,

perceiving its sacred lineaments, have organized in various States, and are entertaining their pure principles, by actively emulating their devotion to country throughout our wide-spread union. There is no mine of the Revolution from whence the smallest particle of the spirit of liberty was smelted, whose inward spring and deepest obscurity had not been penetrated by the patriotic love of woman. The innocent blood of Miss M'Crea and her mother, shed by a savage foe in the early struggle for our national Independence, put that solemn garb upon the people which doubled their hearts, flowed over all doubts and swept hosts into the ranks of the American army. To unstring the sinews of the enemy's strength, by the daring and danger of espionage, was the painful mission of woman, often performed without a fainting heart throughout the war of American Independence.

In the voluminous and interesting researches of Colonel Thomas L. McKenny, the former efficient head of the Indian department of the government, we find the largest imbibing of the Aboriginal character and heart. And the wave and surge of civilization, develop there the same innate desire to live and work for kindred, home, and country.

At the Chippeway treaty of cession, in 1820, anarchy threatened annihilation, authentic signs had passed, and darkness floated on the ground of the Indians' interest, when Mrs. Johnson, the daughter of their great chief, Wa-ba-jick, summoned to her council in silence and concealment, the Indians who had resisted the United States commissioner, and exposed the nature

of this crisis, which was about to try the edge of their axes with such singular and shining power, that they felt the effect of her own nobleness and the treaty was unanimously signed the same evening. To this more than regal act, General Cass attributed his entire success in accomplishing the designs, with which he had been entrusted.

The Arch Chancery of the Order of United Americans held its annual session in the city of New York, on Tuesday, November 20, 1855, when the following officers were elected for the current year:—

- A. B. ELY, Esq., of Massachusetts, A. G. S.
- J. B. CEVELAND, of New Jersey, A. G. 1st C.
- G. W. SMITH, of Connecticut, A. G. 2d C.
- E. B. DEARBORN, of Massachusetts, A. G. C. of C.
- W. W. OSBORN, of New York, A. G. C. C.
- WILLIAM HUNT, of New York, A. G. F. C.
- J. H. PURDY, of Pennsylvania, A. G. C. of E.
- WM. S. ARENTZ, of New Jersey, A. G. S. at A.
- REV. J. W. B. WOOD, of Brooklyn, N. Y., A. G. C.

CHAPTER XVIII.

ST. TAMMANY AND OTHER AMERICAN ORGANIZATIONS.

"Oh Heaven our bleeding country save!
Is there no arm on high to shield the brave?
Yet though destruction sweep those lovely plains,
Rise fellow-men! Our country yet remains!
By that dread name we wave the sword on high
And swear with her to live—with her to die!"

As the dimensions of the tree are rarely regulated by the size of the seed, so the consequences of our American Party, like that of our American Revolution, have even now excelled the apparent magnitude of the causes by which it made its present appearance before the American people. And that they may know all that is certain and reject all that is doubtful, it seems best on this occasion to take the shortest, but the clearest road to truth.

The St. Tammany Society, or Columbian Order, was so called, from Tammanard, a renowned Delaware Chief. It originated immediately after the formation of our present Constitution in 1788, and hence was the first native American Order in these United States. The cardinal doctrines of its creed were the exclusion of foreigners from all political interference whatever with the affairs of our country, as in manifest conflict

with our Republican Liberty and the American policy. The Sons of the Revolution were the founders of this Order, and it was under the teachings of Washington, the leader of those armies, which under God, conducted our nation to victory and glorious freedom, added to their own experience and observation, that they saw the necessity at that early period of a purely national organization, to uphold the true principles of American faith and practice, and in the language of our country's Father, to prevent the evil of the foreign action of "these men, who have no attachment to the country, further than interest binds them." And here Americans before the eyes of Washington and under the light of his countenance, this national society had the zealous coöperation of the heroes of the Revolution, his companions in battle, and flourished under its stringent restrictions for ten years previous to his death.

The sublime idea of deliverance from foreign influence, was thus for years advantageously cherished by them. But, money-loving, spoils-devouring, office-seeking politicians began to join them, and the day of dispensation was at hand. The first foreigner who thus opened the door was a Scotchman, others followed before it closed, until they had so multiplied, that they actually held the balance of power, and compelled the majority to yield to their demands, or would threaten to go over to the minority. They first required one member of the Legislature, which was granted; then two, they were yielded. And then, whatever they wished and as they pleaded. In a meeting of this Society, the Loco Foco party had

its origin. The foreigners had become so powerful and domineering that the Americans resisted their votes and blew out the lights! The foreigners re-lighted them by Loco Foco matches, and carried the measure by their own votes. This was the fatal moment when Americans went over to Romanism. Subsequent to the formation of the Tammany Society, but at the same epoch in our national history, was the Order of Cincinnati, another strong political society, which made ineligible to membership, any American who was not a native born son of the soil. Washington himself was President-General of that Order, to the close of his life. As Andrew Jackson had been a leader of the Tammany before its degenerate days.

In 1839, the Pope's agent, Bishop Hughes, called a public meeting at Carroll Hall, in the City of New York, lectured his people and nominated his own political ticket. The Democrats with whom he usually coöperated, had not that year made selections suited to his peculiar taste, and he determined to prove them, where the balance power was deposited.

Having failed to get a portion of the School Fund, appropriated by the Legislature, this wily Jesuit had the daring audacity, relying on his influence over the ballot-box with mercenary politicians of all parties, to obtain a committee, appointed by himself, to go into the Public Schools of New-York, and wherever books inimical to the Romish Creed were found, to expunge all objectionable passages from the same.

That act aroused the sentiment of American nationality in the native sons which was demonstrated by

petitions, processions, inflammatory banners, and denunciatory meetings, and drove from the ballot-box in disgust and contempt many of the noblest and truest American men.

In 1843, a few Democrats met by accident in a blacksmith's shop, in the 11th Ward of New York city, and canvassing the palpable evils perpetrated upon us by the foreign hierarchy of Rome, resolved to do something to arrest it. A meeting was soon after called, over which Mr. John Culiver presided, and after adopting rules to govern their action, and organizing the 11th Ward, they caused a similar movement in the 17th, both strong Democratic Wards, and thus continued their proceeding, until this organization existed in a majority of the Wards in New York city. It was not until after the first powerful Democratic Wards had originated the idea and embodied it into action and energy, that a single Whig had joined their ranks. These meetings were then in secrecy, not only to save their destruction, but the lives of the parties who were engaged in them. And when they had advanced by their operations to the grand harmony of action, they called a public meeting at the 14th Ward Hotel, the heart of an Irish district in the city, and publicly proclaimed and ratified their principles!

In the following November election, Messrs. Jesse C. Wood and Mangle M. Quackenboss, old Tammany Hall leaders, in the days of Andrew Jackson, were presented as their candidates. Military Hall in the Bowery, opposite Spring street, was the established head-quarters of this party, and Mr. Alexander Cope-

land, another distinguished Tammany Hall leader, was elected chairman of the executive committee, beside many other prominent officers, who, unwilling to be duped, had turned away in pity and disgust on the discovery of the "Veiled Prophet!" As that machinery is most ingenious which contains principles for correcting its own imperfections, so this American organization continued to improve upon experience and its full development in the succeeding winter, months secured the nomination and election the following spring, 1844, of Mr. James Harper, as their Mayor, with a majority of the Common Council.

The pride of having taken from our national shield some of the misfortune inflicted by our enemies, induced the call of a meeting by the Americans, at the Park, to give expression to their joy. When Bishop Hughes, writhing under the friction of defeat, wrote to the mayor and advised him not to allow that meeting to take place, or it would end in bloodshed! The warning menace of the Pope's officer, caused its abandonment! But the American people, who are to their country, as the law to the sword, are resolved by God's mercy and strength to-day, evermore to direct its stroke and temper its force! It was then that Mr. Jesse C. Wood, a valiant soldier in the American cause, volunteered in the spirit of the heroes and martyrs of '76, to risk life to extend this American organization over the State, and amidst danger, difficulty and eminent personal peril, he succeeded in Albany, Troy, Schenectady, Syracuse, Auburn, and Buffalo, and made provision for a State Convention, the suc-

ceeding fall, which nominated its State Ticket at Utica. Mr. Thomas R. Woodruff and Judge Campbell were thus sent to the House of Representatives of the United States, with a majority of delegates to the Assembly from the city of New York, and Mr. George Folsom to the Senate of that State. Mr. Wood, free from ambitious aspirations and above the desire or expectation of pecuniary reward, still continued his patriotic labors, and in the winter of that year organized a majority of the towns of Westchester, the entire counties of Putnam and Dutchess, half of Columbia, and several in Orange and Sullivan counties, in that State. These are the services which will command the lasting approbation and love of the American people, and place the actors, in the elevation of humanity, above the reach of Bishops with their mitres, or kings with their sceptres! The butchery of Americans, perpetrated in Philadelphia by the Irish Jesuits, next advanced on the movement of Bishop Hughes in New York. But in using the tools they cut their own fingers, and out of it arose the "Native American Party," of that city. The "shooting down" Americans for the exercise of freemen's privileges, aroused simultaneously the spirit of resistance in Boston, the old Cradle of Liberty, which had that magnificent tea party, of whom all patriots have heard. The "Order of United Americans" had then seven lodges there, and the "Sons of America" also, their "encampment," the "Shiffler Club," which had been formed about this period, guided and directed by the true instincts of American nationality, announced a meeting at Fort Hill, in the centre of the Jesuit foreign

population of Boston, upon which their Priests procured five hundred muskets and other warlike equipments, and following the illustrious example of their New York Archbishop, threatened insurrection and blood, if the Americans carried out their programme. A vast army, numbering some ten to fourteen thousand, arose at this signal of defence, composed of young men of every avocation, clerks, mechanics, and farmers, from the adjoining towns, who marched in procession, armed with the Stars and Stripes of our country waving over their heads, and there gave expression to national sentiments and American principles and purposes. While Bishop and Priests combined, these men were neither "cowards nor the sons of cowards," but bravely faced their foes. The prominent speakers on that occasion, were Messrs. Gowan, Oxtou, Hildreth, Foster Bryant, Jesse Mann, and William Scudder Tisdale, of New York city. Noble sons of worthy sires!

More than eight years subsequent to the great and patriotic Order of United Americans, and fifteen after the first Native American Association, the germ of the Know-Nothing Order arose, from whence has been developed the national party, which in God's providence has revealed itself, not only in capital cities, but has crowded every highway, and entered every hut and hamlet in our land, and is now the balm of mercy to our suffering country.

A few individuals residing in the city of New York, who had lived the facts in connection with the crucifiers of American liberty in that city, and could no longer endure the chiding, insult, and neglect of the

native-born citizens, who, brushed aside and thwarted by the political parties with which they had inflexibly coöperated, for foreigners who were enriched and rewarded by the honor and emoluments of office, until becoming the balance power and standing perpendicularly upon American rights and prerogatives, had announced the fatal fact, with an insolent audacity, which irresistibly aroused the power and thunder of the national thought. Hence, an alliance was then formed of native born sons of all parties, animated by the determined principle to prevent foreigners from holding any office, political station, and manifesting especial hostility to the foreign Catholic or Papist, as infinitely least American in his sympathies, more scornful and arrogant, the most servile and degraded, both from ignorance and bigotry. This organization was intended to operate only upon the municipal affairs of the city of New York, and to bring her native born-citizens to see the consuming fire, with such deep earnestness as to place themselves, at least upon a level with the alien. Its rugged sterling worth gained it rapid strength, and a few "Councils," or "Wigwams," bound by secret rites and obligations, were formed, and exerted in some of the Wards a powerful and important influences in the municipal elections of that city.

The alien Catholic population had spoken in the meanwhile in unmistakable and emphatic verdict against us by concerted associations of that entire portion of the population, and in some of the cities of the adjoining States, such had been the violence of attack upon the

Bible, the legal observance of the Sabbath, and the greatest glory of our peculiar institutions—the Public Schools—that the want of some such organization became a feeling with the American people! Learning of the existence of the new association in New York, citizens of different States when visiting that city, embraced the occasion to be admitted to membership, who, on returning to their homes, quick and resolute, instigated the establishment of similar associations to resist the foreign influence in their own municipalities. The clear graphic sight of the vigorous action of this system, now developed the idea of a national organization for national ends. It was truly the bursting fire, as if by accident, which God had overruled to pierce the marrow of our national troubles. After difficulty and disorder, the leaders of this great movement, agreed for the common benefit, to divide their sceptre, and the act of separation was so decreed. The one party calling its subordinates “Wigwams,” and “Lodges,” were assigned the North and East, as the field of their operation, while the other, bearing the title of “Council,” were destined to the South and West. New York was the head-quarters of both, and the “State Wigwam” and the “State Council” of the State of New York were respectively regarded as the national heads of their sections, until five State Wigwams or Councils had been formed, when a congress of delegates from these would constitute a national body.

The sweet native graces of these principles began immediately to melt and inflame the national heart, and subordinate Councils or Wigwams were formed in

New Jersey, in April, 1853; Maryland, the following May; Connecticut, in July; Ohio, in October; Pennsylvania, in December of the same year. The generous, all-embracing love of country, soon knit without mystery an extended American brotherhood and strong in understanding, as American in character, a convention composed of one delegate from every Council, Lodge, and Wigwam in the United States, was convoked. On the 14th of May, 1854, at 81 East-Broadway, New York city, the Empire State of New York, with New Jersey, Maryland, Massachusetts, Virginia, Ohio, and the District of Columbia, thus responded to the call, and looking to a closer and firmer growth, a consolidated union was the result, and under the name of "Grand Council" of the United States, a meeting was appointed for the 14th of June, in the same year. The light in the mean while had found its way through small apertures, in Indiana, New Hampshire, Maine, Kentucky, Georgia, Alabama, Rhode Island, Illinois, and Michigan, and in the order named. When, therefore, the Grand Council assembled on the 14th of June, at the former place, it was found necessary to remove to the Odd Fellow's Hall, to accommodate the increased number of delegates. A striking portrait in this feature of the movement, was that this Council was a representation from thirteen States! It now became thoroughly compacted into harmonious life and action, and after a most exciting session of three days, their Constitution and Ritual were adopted on the 17th of June. As if to catch the essence and rapture of Liberty, at every progress this happened to

be also, the anniversary of the battle of Bunker Hill! Under that enactment, with such subsequent amendments as time has shown to be expedient, this Order has since been established in every State and Territory which is sheltered under the American Union.

Thus free from ambitious yearnings, and advancing comparatively under an uncertain guidance, has a seeming trivial event become, under a beneficent destiny, the cornucopia of power and effort and wise action, for the second deliverance of the American people.

The officers of the first Grand Council were as follows:—

JAMES W. BARKER, Esq.,	New York City,	President.
W. W. WILLIAMSON, M.D.,	Alexandria, Va.,	Vice-Pres.
CHARLES D. DESHLER,	New Brunswick, N. J.,	Cor. Sec.
JAMES M. STEPHENS, Esq.,	Baltimore, Md.,	Rec. Sec.
HENRY CRANE, M.D.,	Cincinnati, O.,	Treasurer.

The officers of the present National Council are :

E. B. BARTLETT, Esq.,	Covington, Ky.,	President.
CHARLES D. FREEMAN, Esq.,	Philadelphia, Pa.,	Vice-Pres.
CHARLES D. DESHLER,	New Brunswick, N. J.,	Cor. Sec.
JAMES M. STEPHENS, Esq.,	Baltimore, Md.,	Rec. Sec.
HENRY CRANE, M.D.,	Cincinnati, Ohio,	Treasurer.

CHAPTER XIX.

'THE JESUITICAL ATTEMPT TO DESTROY THE AMERICAN NAVY.'

"Oh for a tongue to curse the slave,
Whose *treason*, like a deadly blight,
Comes o'er the 'Councils of the brave,'
To blast them in *their* 'hour of might,'"

HAS America indeed a paralysis of the heart? Can she no longer penetrate the mystery which began her life and heat? Has she surrendered her recruiting force, and become lost to sensibility, by the exhaustion put upon her by the Romish Hierarchy, the Anti-American government which now afflicts and saddens her people? Thank God, we have yet a claim! and the wail and clamor of complaint and sorrow which has gone out in thunder tones must arouse the national heart, and shake its strong foundation from centre to extreme!

The pride of our country has been broken, our American navy, which has so nobly, fearlessly, and majestically illustrated the honor and dignity of American liberty, and linked her sparkling glory to admiration and wonder, in all lands and climes, has suddenly been collapsed—crushed, and placed under the curse of humiliation and punishment, not merely by the lower agents, "the Retiring Navy Board," but by the



Hon. F. F. Stuart

President of the United States, the Secretary of the Navy, and the same un-American influence which has given and supported the original distinction of the present National Executive! A frightful parricide has thus been made upon America's maternal heart, and without the solemn grace of dying like men, two hundred and one officers have been struck off in a single flake, and at least five hundred American families, who were wrapped but yesterday in the laugh of security and triumph, in the faith of American integrity, are now bowed down under the shock of surprise, which the secret sword of malice or caprice has sent into their throbbing, unsuspecting bosoms.

An act ostensibly to promote the efficiency of the navy, but really to destroy it, was by carnal weapons and worldly devices, thrust upon the country during the last hours of the former Congress, and approved on the 28th of February, 1855.

It bore from its inception only the brightness of the grave, and so conscious were its factors of its want of mercy, dignity, and strength, that it escaped prostration by party tactics, and was borne through the two houses of Congress by attaching it to the Appropriation bill, and thus, unnoticed, because unseen and unobserved, made its foot-print silently over that political race-course. This act of Congress then provided "the finding of a Judicial Commission of fifteen officers of the Navy, selected by the Government to carry out the law, which "finding" was approved by the President and Secretary of the Navy, under whose "instructions" the whole matter was perfected. And thus by a "Bill"

which senators and members now frankly acknowledge they had neither digested nor read, have the noblest American citizens been betrayed, their honor sullied, and their dearest rights as officers and men, shamefully outraged and trodden under foot. It was by the votes of a Democratic Congress that the act was passed, and by the Secretary of the Navy and President Pierce's sanction and approval, that the scythe was whetted by that Board of "fifteen," which has mowed the flower of the Navy from American soil. No culprit, advocate or accuser was seen at that bar, from whence these American men have been knocked off from the service of their country, and tyranny and cruelty could inflict no greater torture than to condemn freemen without furnishing a charge, or permitting a defence! More absolute power than has thus been arrogated, was never exercised by any government on the face of the earth. Why has the American Navy been withered by this sweeping execution, stripped of its just domains, when the country's appeals to its force, as its right arm of defence, was never more determined? Why are her brave spirits, whose intense labor and endurance in the service of the people, whose blood and language, and religion and laws are all American, shuffled like dice by political jesuit throw-holders? The cruel indifference and unscrupulousness with which this late action of the National Executive has shaken the very citadel of American liberty and smitten with smiling implacability the American Navy; in this the blessed day of its revenge upon true Americans—calls upon this people to rise in the spirit of the heroes of '76, who

took oppression and scandal from the American name; and whether it be principal or accomplice, make a stand against offenders by that warning hour of reckoning for those who would ruin and enslave their country, and bring disgrace and degradation upon her sons, under the form of law!

But whence the arbitrary discretion of this act, which has not a vestige of constitutional right, and is violative of those of the individual States of the Union? Let the American people who have been eaten as meat and bread by the corrupting, corroding, consuming, foreign oppression of the repacious foe of Republicanism, fathom the question! and realize in this action of the government, a deliberate, concerted attempt, on that part of the enemy, which detests freedom and maintains the "government of authority" to blemish the honorable life of the American Navy, and to throw into the background, men who had never flinched before persecuting tyrants or hostile armies; and without fear or scruple, were ready to offer up their lives for the honor and glory of their own beloved country. It was this same Romish influence which induced the acknowledgment from a leader of the Democratic party, in sullen and resentful candor, that it had elected every democratic President from the days of Mr. Munroe! The intensity and energy with which it has furbished and made efficient the present onset upon the navy, can no more be doubted, than its claim for victory and dominion in all other cases, where the interests of Americans were to be sacrificed.

The seat of a Roman Catholic Postmaster General

in the Cabinet, with two Northern Abolitionists, as well as the foreign missions, were fresh engines of power, obtained as the price of the last Presidential vote! The Pope of Rome by his encyclical letter of 1840, looked at slavery as an artist; and to hasten his supremacy in the United States, through aliens in language, manners, and intellectual constitution, he there essays to excite scorn and disgust between the northern and southern sections of this blood-bought Union, that the Papacy might appropriate the benefits of this sectional exasperation, to drench our country in its vinegar and gall.

And when the merciless atrocity upon the American Navy, which emanated from the judgment-seat at Washington, has been fearlessly exposed by the iron courage of American men, the Church of Rome will have been found the skilful leecher which has bled the hearts of her sons and quivered the lips and made weeping eyes around so many unfriended, unprotected fire-sides—Helpless widows who brought their noble sons in boyhood and dedicated them afresh to the service of their country, and thus feeling the compensation of their own loss, suffer in secret this dauntless, gigantic oppression, which has disgraced their sons, divorced them from the service of the country they taught them to love; far more, than they mourn the penury, to which it has possibly subjected them.

It was Mr. Mallory, a Roman Catholic Senator from Florida, who first introduced a bill of this character in the Congress of the United States, and who is now adding to the pangs of wounded American honor, by his uncompromising defence of the action of the Navy

Board; the Secretary, who administered the rules and regulations for their guidance and the President who approved it! "Having carefully examined and deliberately considered the report!" And the death-darkness of its action—without records, charges, argument or evidence by which the reputation or usefulness of these two hundred and one officers could justly be tainted—he mingled his strength with the error of that disgraceful judicial torture, and with a gag to the mouths of these gallant men, dragged them out by public injustice to die officially, from the active list of the American Navy. Our arms, arts, science, letters, commerce, agriculture have all been slackened by this stunning blow, and the American people want light upon the matter—light that shall show her men as they have ever looked in the issue and the fight, neither concealed by intrenchments nor hid in Mexican ditches!

Mr. Samuel F. Dupont and Mr. Godon, members of this scarlet board, are Roman Catholics, while Mr. Shubrick, the President, is so connected by marriage. Why were Romanists thus anxious to subjugate the American Navy? Why did they desire to impair its vigor? It was for the same purpose for which his Holiness the Pope sent his Bull to agitate slavery, and obtain the repeal of the Missouri compromise, effected through the patronage of the National Executive! It was to sap the foundation of our democratic liberty and our glorious Constitution of Government, which is hateful to European State-Church Absolutism, and the cunning disciples of Jesuitism, who run wild

with delight in crippling the only arm of the national defence, with which the United States of America could interfere in the religious war which his most Catholic Majesty, the Emperor of the French, is now waging in the strange company of Protestant England, for the possession of the Holy places in the dominions of the Porte! Here is the explanation of this extraordinary *coup d'état* of the Jesuits against the navy and the country. Here, Americans, is the philosophy why President Pierce, elected by a church holding a balance power in this country, and ruling it in politics, and his Secretary of the Navy, consented to the finding of a Navy Board which had been obtained by the sacrifice of those great principles of personal rights, which induced and justified the American Revolution. A Board which sat in secret conclave without the examination of persons or papers, made no records, and decided in twelve minutes and forty seconds upon the lifetime services of all those who had materially contributed to elevate and distinguish the American Navy, either by profound scientific discoveries, great inventions, or brilliant naval achievements at sea! Prominent among these is Commodore Stewart, occupying the same relation to the Navy that the illustrious Scott bears to the Army of our country whose signal service for almost a half century is known and appreciated by all who value sincerity, constancy, and daring courage in the American name and who is indubitably entitled to the rank of Admiral by every concession of justice. Yet even he, while in the active duty of command at the Philadelphia Navy Yard, was displaced for another,

Commodore Morris, who, though a gallant officer, had made but *one* cruise at sea in the last thirty-two years! It also opened its unquenchable fires upon Commodore Sloat, who anticipated the English but a short time in taking possession of California, and raising the American flag upon that soil which has enriched our nation by its valuable territory, and been embraced into American arms. He it was, who by the construction of gun-carriages and the use of live oak timber, otherwise added usefulness to his country, and largely saved her national pecuniary resources. There, too, is Lieutenant William D. Porter, to whose efficient service for thirty-three years his country is indebted for the better construction and equipment and discipline of ships, for the valuable reorganization of Light Houses and Buoys, for new methods of cultivating Hemp, and for the brilliant chemical discovery of producing Carburetted Hydrogen Gas from wood, all which entitle him to the highest honors of distinction for his singular usefulness in the American service. Nor could the charts of winds and currents of the ocean, which have protected merchant ships from gins and snares, and saved from danger as well as shortened the voyage—impel a holier action towards our gallant Maury, who with intrepidity and enthusiasm, in his country's service, has not only diminished the cruise of whale ships from thirty-six to eighteen months, by ascertaining the migratory character of that leviathan of the deep, but by various contributions to our physical geography. Lieutenant Gilliss, too, is there! the famed American Astronomer, who, by his stupendous labors in science under the

orders of his government, took forty thousand observations in southern latitudes, in a residence of three years in Chili, and so astounded the world with admiration and wonder, that the French and English officers sent by their governments upon similar missions, adopted his data, without questioning its accuracy. The same great movements of Graham Maffit and others, cannot be overlooked, more than the unadulterated bravery of many now disgraced, who have faced the enemy under fearful odds, and won fresh laurels for their country's glory. And now under the standard of our assaulted, but yet living liberty, the American mind must be stirred to the dregs; our country under the authority of Rome has been steered into Papal seas until she cries out for American help, from the blackness and darkness of despair!

By the Greytown bombardment—by the Ostend conference—by the complicity of the government in the homicide of Don Raymond, the Washington of Cuba—by the refusal to protect Purser Smith, an American citizen—by the persecution of the peaceable colonists of Nicaragua—by the appointment of Roman Catholics throughout the postal and revenue service of the country, and the employment of foreigners in its Navy Yards to the exclusion of the sons of revolutionary sires, who were starving in the streets and on the highways for work—and by the entire action of the national executive in reference to the destruction of the American Navy and the Anti-American policy, which has entirely characterized the actings of Mr. Pierce's administration, it has already been pronounced by the

judgment of true Americans, the darkest epoch in American annals! Why was the action of the Navy Board in such sweet accordance with executive sympathy? Because it added these two hundred and one appointments to his patronage, a matter of no small importance to Congressmen in 1856, whose reëlections are often so ticklish, that no step to propitiate distinguished influence at home, can possibly be overlooked, while the President, feeling his position, to secure his own nomination by the Democratic party, equally risky, was ready to compromise American honor, to entitle him to this distinction from his friends through the congressional instrumentalities for which they claim the benefit of the monopoly.

At the time this bill became a law, the administration was zealously interested in searching out of the country, with vulgar ugliness, the hated, dreaded, Know-Nothingism! The local elections of Virginia and the City of Washington were about to come off, and the scale of action for the employées of the government was seasonably fixed—the Executive patronage was dispensed right and left to defeat Mr. Flournoy, of Virginia, the American candidate for governor, and the President compelled the clerks of the departments at Washington to go to the polls and deposit their votes for the administration candidates, or lose their places. And its candidates were defeated, to their great discomfort, mainly by the efforts of Lieutenant Wm. D. Porter, then a resident of Washington, who, by his personal popularity with the workmen, and in the indomitable will of an American, led five hundred

voters to the ballot-box, and thus saved the metropolis of the nation from the tawny complexion of Romanism.

But such resistance was in conflict with the absolute obedience of their faith, and it was soon resolved in the Democratic and Jesuit councils to place the navy in the same position as the custom houses and post offices of the country, and unable to find a charge upon the records, physical, mental or moral against this American Porter, he was doomed to be "retired."

Let us look at the persons who composed this notable Navy Board. Captains—Wm. B. Shubrick, Matthew C. Perry, Charles McCauley, C. K. Stribbling, and Abraham Bigelow. Commanders—G. I. Pendergrast, Franklin Buchanan, Samuel F. Dupont, Samuel Barron, and Andrew H. Foote. Lieutenants—John S. Missron, Richard L. Page, Sylvanus W. Godon, Wm. L. Maury, and James S. Biddle. All these gentlemen, it is well known, were educated at the expense of the government; and, except Captain Perry, have never performed any memorable service by which the country has been honored or the navy advanced.

In looking into the Navy Register, the people will be shocked to find that these "fifteen," with scarcely an exception, have dropped, furloughed, or retired, every name on the Active List of the navy above themselves in the order of promotion, and thus embracing the opportunity to advance their own fortunes, have, at the expense of these outraged men, taken the *shore* stations with large pecuniary emoluments, instead of active commands upon the ships. And let it be

borne in painful remembrance, that not one of these officers, who composed the Board, came into the navy from the mercantile marine, although it is they who have given most *éclat* to the navy, they who have lifted their country's honor most fearlessly and most laboriously to public admiration, wherever its flag has been unfurled. These officers from the mercantile marine, these self-made specimens of American men, who would have cleared the raft and emptied the tanks of injustice towards their country or her sons, were not only *unrepresented*, but became the especial subjects of its malignancy and vengeance!

The tart cathartic virtue of the Secretary of the Navy asked for this law, upon the plea of the exorbitant *personelle* of the American navy, but after he obtained its passage he discovered that ten new sloops of war, of light draught, were needed by the government! Thus he floats and swings like a songster which has strayed into the wilderness and is uncertain where to fly.

Our country should always be in readiness for the terror of the storm, and should never be left as an undecked boat. And in place of the Secretary's "light sloops," and the lean, cracked navy he has made, the American government now requires not only the brave men of whom it is bereaved, by his efforts, but a line-of-battle ships, large sea-going steamers, and steam frigates, in addition to the ten new steamers ordered to be built.

With singular stoicism of conscience, the Board, in their self-relying souls, dropped every officer who held the grade of master—a hieroglyphic which signifies in

common language, fear! The American people, quick to discern justice and truth, ever demand a direct passage to their beams, and require therefore a more minute inspection of the Board who performed the obsequies of the late United States Navy. We find four of that "Judicial Commission" to have been sent home by Commander Hull as insubordinate officers!

The chairman of the Board was Captain Shubrick, who stated he was at the battle of Coney Island in the laudatory pamphlet, which he published to prove the same, and in which he most flagrantly assaulted the Virginia Volunteers. These Volunteers, unwilling to eat dust before the throne of freedom, caused an investigation before the Virginia Legislature, when it was proved, by the most refulgent evidence, that the said Shubrick was not on the Island during the fight! Americans, this was the president of the "Retiring Board," which passed upon the "moral, mental, and physical competency of the entire American Navy, numbering seven hundred and twelve men of the various ranks! This swimming man writes to Captain Smoot, "that he ought to be satisfied, as he now receives more than many pious clergymen, &c., and even though that be taken away, the Board ought to be sustained, as none were punished unjustly."

In the name of Dupont, there appears a Catholic, and descendant of the only French officer who ever surrendered an army of France, for which he was compelled by Napoleon to leave the country, upon the allegation of cowardice. Dupont is famous, and only distinguished for having made out of the government

half a million of money by contracts for powder and clothing. This family, all Catholic, having immense wealth, and a large number of employées, are able to exert a large political influence in that State!

We find also the name of Barron—the same Barron, let Americans remember, in painful humiliation, who lowered his flag to the English frigate, *Leopard*, without returning a shot, and allowed American seamen to be taken from his ship. This was the first stain ever put upon the American flag! which was afterwards the first errand of Commodore Porter in the *Essex*—a wise selection, truly, to put the second disgrace upon the stars and stripes of the American nation. His name also is not forgotten by this people, in connection with the death of Commodore Decatur.

Then there is Godon on the Board, another Roman Catholic who was once tried, by court-martial, and dismissed from the service of his country, but eluding the good end of that trial, he was afterwards intrigued into this position. The name of Pendergrast goes along with Dupont, Godon, and Barron, who were sent home to be court-martialed, as insubordinate officers in the Mediterranean squadron, by Commodore Hull. The American people can best decide as to the benefit which has ensued to the country, by the clemency extended in these cases.

In May or June last, the *San Jacinto*, having Commodore McCauley and Capt. Stribbling on board, was examined, under the general orders of the Navy Department at New York, by Commodore Boorman, who reported against the efficiency of the ship. These dis-

tinguished officers, therefore, "retired" Boorman from that Navy Yard, which the Secretary of the Navy and President endorsed, by putting the junior Captain of the Board, Bigelow, in his place! who, with Shubrick and Dupont, are said to be engaged in lake speculations. Stribbling likewise has had dark charges preferred against him, which fully entitle him to a seat in the association, if not a high priest in the profession. Captains Perry and McCauley, and Commander Foote, members of the Board, but a powerless minority, are understood by the public to have disapproved of its action, and hence ought not to share in the general obloquy and censure with the majority, with whom they were most unfortunately connected.

Who were most active in getting up this Inquisition of Americans? It was Morris, Dupont, Barron, Godon, Blake, Magruder, and Jenkins, who have all provided for themselves. Not a single member of this fifteen came from the source of our greatest glory, the mercantile marine! On board of the line of battleship, Ohio, from whence Commodore Hull returned Pendergrast, Dupont, and Godon, as insubordinate, Commander Lockwood held position, and was retained in the service; and his friends, not without cause, attribute his "retirement" by the Board, to the action of Commodore Hull, as well as to a difficulty with Bigelow, in the Gulf, on board a propeller.

On the 20th of June, 1856, these "fifteen" took their seats in the city of Washington, the supreme critics in droll disguises, to measure and define the character and usefulness of the officers of the American

Navy. The law said, "you shall make a careful examination into the efficiency of the grades of the officers hereinafter mentioned." The learned Secretary of the Navy defines this inefficiency of officers to arise from "physical, mental, or moral causes." The law said, "whenever the Board shall believe that such incompetency has arisen from any cause implying sufficient blame on the part of the officer to justify it, they shall recommend that his name be altogether stricken from the rolls. And secondly, provides a "reserved list," a "furlough and leave of absence pay," rendering the officers "subject for duty," but "ineligible to further promotion" or pay. Here is a deprivation of private property, (personal reputation) for the purposes of the government, without compensation, and the placing individuals, it may be a second time, on trial, for the same offence, which is retrospective or *ex post facto*, and of course a manifest palpable infraction of the constitutional code which governs American liberty. And must arouse the indignation of the country at the unparalleled disregard of every claim of justice and right to its own Navy, and teach the executive of Mr. Pierce that it belongs to the descendants of those who fought and gained our liberties, and not to the dominion of the See of Rome. Happily for the nation, the Army thus far has escaped a similar outrage through the manly courage of the present Honorable Secretary of War, which had been designed to subserve the same inglorious end.

Public opinion is now lashing together these materials and threaten a fierce explosion in the coming

Presidential election. The American people in their great nationality stand ready to grind out cause and effect, to value rightly the liberty their fathers created, and to appropriate it—glory to God! The hearts and souls of men were not given to the Board by this law—Congress only authorized it to “recommend” to the Secretary who was made by the act, the supervisor of that “fifteen,” and as responsible for its proceedings as is the artizan for the building though he neither laid the timbers or drove a nail! He has, however, possibly in mistaken ignorance, acted more as the clerk to that Board. And he who saw no more of its data than a Nautilus, in its shelly covering, yet informs the President, he “carefully examined the report!” And he, ungenerous and tyrannical, was prepared to blast the interests, crucify the feeling, and character of these brave American Officers, and disgrace this great arm of American service sooner than hazard the political advantages which he carefully concluded might in this action inure to himself. Why were not these officers, though tried as by fire, allowed to appear in their own defence! a right guaranteed by our institutions to the cut-purse or murderer? The slightest pecuniary or personal interest makes nugatory the action of a juror, or the credibility of a witness under our wise laws. But, here sat a court of fifteen, interested men, whose ambitious aspirations could be gratified by passing condemnation on unoffending men, and the power of the temptation so far from being resisted, was most shamefully appropriated to their own personal advancement.

It was for inability or incompetency, and not for the trial of offences, that this act of Congress was passed, because an adequate remedy for the latter was known to have been antecedent by courts-martial. Neither was it for reduction, but for reform in the navy, as was ostensibly set forth by the Congressional Report. It is said that the action of the Board was discordant and turbulent, and the minority was sometimes so powerful, that the fate of some officers must have been decided by a single vote; as that of Lieut. Davis, by the action of Perry. And from the limited period of its short sittings, in the thirty odd days of the session, but twelve minutes and forty seconds could have been allowed, under the most favorable movement, to decide upon the worth and usefulness of a single man. Like moles, they were industrious, worked in the dark, and in a mistaken mother-wit, as they thought, very deep; but oh, what a stumble and trip! "Know thyself" had not got down from heaven when they went to the work! This action has advanced officers, which the navy register shows, have not seen service afloat or on land for twenty-five years! One member of the Board has been thus idle for twenty-three years, another eighteen! One has twice been afflicted with a broken leg, although the distinguished Maury, who has filled the world with admiration and praise, for his scientific labors, which have blessed it, in common with his own country, and whose service at sea is greater also than many officers promoted by the Board, can find no other explanation for having been snatched, ruthlessly from the active list, which he has honored for thirty

years, than that he once broke his leg, some fifteen years ago! And when it is a notorious fact, that others, maimed and blind, passed this ordeal unscathed, Americans demand that retributive justice shall summon to their bar, those who have disfranchised and degraded her distinguished sons, and have thus been sentenced in the dark, upon the shadowy plea of *incompetency*. Every officer, above the junior members of the Board, advanced one or more of its "Fifteen," by being declared incompetent. Hence of three hundred and sixty-two in that rank, 138 were ejected from all further promotion, whilst forty-six only of three hundred and thirty-two *below* the line of promotion, suffered any sentence of disapprobation from their arbitrary power.

It cannot be doubted, that the navy, numbering so many officers, ranks, and grades, may, like all other bodies of the same magnitude, have possessed some devoid of the confidence of the country, and unworthy to bear station in the American service; but there is no man, however debased by idleness, ignorance, *intemperance*, or moral turpitude, who, as an American citizen, has not a right, under American laws, to be *heard* in his own defence, before doomed to an ignominy from whence there is no possible escape!

There are doubtless Roman Catholics who have shared in the common disgrace, but is it not fair to presume this may have arisen either from misapprehension, or a concerted show of magnanimity, to shut out the light of facts from the eyes of the American people, and thus screen their real design, when their gallant Por-

ter and other officers are *known* to have been punished, for the crime of maintaining and espousing, at the expense of governmental displeasure, the active principles of the American Party. Again, the Secretary and the Board decline the civility of personal explanation, not only to men like Lieut. Maury, but ladies, prostrated in the common suffering of their natural protectors, have received nothing more from the Hon. Secretary's courtesy. Lastly, science, which is to the American as the sun of heaven, gladdening and illuminating the world, had so little sympathy with this government action, that it has, by the acknowledgment of Biddle, a member of the Board, been pronounced as just a cause for removal from further promotion in the service, as the love of idleness, laziness, or lucre!

Science, the firmest friend of virtue, which is the commanding power over the destructiveness of the elements, and teaches Americans only to follow, and not to be led or driven, is undoubtedly in conflict with the wisdom and will of Papal Jesuitism, which has to be simultaneously propitiated at Washington and Rome!

It is often as painful to the mind as the sight, to look upward; and the Lilliputian coterie never evince half the surprise or gratification of beholding giants, that men of great stature find. Hence the absence of admiration and suffrage of these wise men of the Board. Unwilling to do homage for what they felt no reverence, and refusing the navy the adoration of such intellectual phenomena, as might tend to embarrass and grapple with their own mental anatomy. But

why, if science had so out-grown its naval cradle, as to discard some of its nurses, why were they not all similarly removed from the active service? The American people emphatically and dogmatically ask—*why?* What martyrs to virtue—what infirmities of men! Ye magnanimous gods! Look, Americans, at the nature of the contract between the government of the country and the servants in its service. They swear, on the one part, to give their *lives* to the maintenance of its glory, and to trace its triumphal name, in war and victory, at its call. The government, on the other, binds itself by the same solemn obligation, to protect and honor these men, under the heaviest cannonading known to its laws; and the administration, unable to sail in their teeth, have tacked about to inflict a mortal blow upon these guardians of liberty, which has excited the fears and the shame of the American nation.

There is not a despotic government, upon which the light of heaven has ever shone, that would have perpetrated similar banishment and execution upon the right arm of its defence. In England, France, Norway, and Sweden, the informer, the accusation, and the proof, have to glow and permeate in the public gaze, before any individual in their service can be branded as incompetent or corrupt. While in Russia, nothing short of an open trial can possibly produce a dismissal from its employment.

Has it come to this! that the sons of the American navy are placed under persecution for daring to aspire to wisdom? Are naval officers but a body of *tars*,

destined by their country to remain as serfs, as callous to mental progress and improved sensibility as a rhinoceros' hide? Look at the naval history of the country, at the expeditions of Wilks, of Perry, and of Kane, as well as other distinguished men to whom we have referred, and in pure American integrity, choose the testimony of the eye, to show this trespass on forbidden ground! Beside the illustrious men of whom honorable mention has been made, who suffer now, under the automata of administrative passion, and who, not being *reachable* by climbing, have been undermined by creeping, regardless of its own *appearance* in the scramble. Commodore Charles W. Skinner, one of the most intelligent and efficient officers on ship-board or ashore, is found upon the list. Captain David Gesinger, of the same elevation of character, Capt. H. O. Ogden, who covered himself with glory in the battle of the Essex, under the command of that name which every true American delights to honor, the late Commodore Porter. In this galaxy of immutable lights, which blend in our country's greatness, are seen two commanders, Platt and Horace Sawyer, survivors of the victory so gallantly achieved on Lake Champlain, under McDonough. Captain Ramsey, a Catholic, now dropped, is a brave and distinguished officer, who performed services for his country in the last war, which entitle him to its best affections, and who is yet in the vigor of manhood. Captains Parker and Latimer, who have ever rendered the most acceptable effectiveness in the various grades where they have served their government; while the latter is

known to have been the first officer on board a frigate of the U. S., who entered Pensacola harbor in Florida, after the exchange of flags, in the year 1821. And by his singular energy and industry, to have rendered the Pensacola Navy Yard, the great naval depôt of the south, to which end he procured the government appropriation of one million of dollars. He served with distinguished ability in the war of 1812, and during the Mexican war, Commodore Perry, one of the "Fifteen," repeatedly expressed in his despatches, his obligations for the assistance afforded his fleet, by the firmness and moral intrepidity displayed by this officer. And why, after a service of forty-five years, has this faithful servant been displaced, is not a problem of doubtful solution. Godon, a member of the Board, had been dismissed from the service upon charges preferred by Capt. Latimer, and afterwards restored, as has been shown by political gasconading. This Lieut. Godon is a protégé of Barron, whose son-in-law and nephew were also members of the Board. And hence, mercy was too far hidden, in his case, to be pumped up, when there was no forcing principle to be found.

Among the Lieutenants who have been disengaged, or dropped from the service, there is the son of the late gallant Commodore Stevens, who brilliantly illustrated his nationality on Lake Erie; the son of the late Commodore Woolsey; McDonough, nephew of the Hero of the battle of Champlain; Decatur, a nephew of the late Commodore Stephen Decatur. And Robert B. Riell, whose character has not only been ever unimpeachable as an officer, but whose reputation as a

champion of Christianity, the records of the Bible, Tract and Seamen's Friend Societies, abundantly prove by his zealous and earnest dissemination of the principles of Protestantism, in each and every position the government has assigned him. When it is remembered that the Jesuits in '44, declared Mr. Frelinghuysen's nomination, defeated Henry Clay, as he was a Protestant and President of the American Bible Society, and Roman Catholics could not vote for him—it is not at all wonderful that this imperfection of young Riell should make him a victim, to that same influence. In extenuation of the Board, in his case however, it should not be forgotten, that there is one crime for which he was chargeable. He asked permission of Commander Gerry, of the ill-fated sloop Albany, to place a quarto Bible and a religious library on board, for which offence he was soon after detached from the ship, and saved in God's providence from the watery grave, in common with about two hundred and one of his brother officers, of various grades.

To forgive our enemies is a divine injunction, but we know no similar text, in reference to friends. And hence, in this present national revulsion, what has it made but one great aceldama! And the sad experience just recited, settles the question as to the danger of constituting a tribunal of Naval men, to decide upon the cases of their brother officers. It cannot be done! And the American people should at once insist, that every officer retired or dropped by this inquisitorial act of the government, be instantly restored to his former position. And that a Board be appointed from

the native citizens of the country, elected by ballot from the great body of the American people, who in their peaceful industrial pursuits are not inoculated with political virus. Let this Board number twelve men, so elected, who shall receive a per diem and hold their sessions in the city of New York, to avoid the influence of government surroundings. And with the rules of common law—evidence as their guide, let them summon persons and papers and examine the testimony. Let the ballots for this Board be cast by the officers of the Navy, but wholly removed from all connection, relation, or association with the members of the service. And after being sworn to administer justice and examine carefully into each case, they shall keep a record of every stage of its proceeding, and make a report of its action to Congress, for approval. If this cannot be effected, then retire the officers to their late places, and if any charges are preferred of recent origin, try them like American men, and sentence them, if guilty, in conformity with Constitutional American law.

It is undoubtedly true that a large number of meritorious officers have been promoted by the action of that board. And we rejoice, so far, in their promotion, as it is a just recompense of their deserts. But we are satisfied that even these officers themselves cannot feel complimented to know they have been elevated at the sacrifice of their superiors in grade—who have been cowardly prostrated by the same ink and pen which set them above the heads of these, their brother officers. We see not, indeed, how any man

with cultivated sensibilities, and a high sense of moral right, and consequent abhorrence of national as well as individual wrong, would not loathe the unjust means by which he has reached his present position. What patriot heart does not rejoice in the promotion of such gallant officers as Commander Wm. C. Nicholson, late Flag-Captain of the Pacific squadron, promoted to a captaincy? And yet he is too noble, generous, and brave, in all the impulses which honor his manhood and belong to the rights of an officer, to sanction this wrong to his brothers in the service, even though it promoted himself to the highest position in the navy of his country, of which he is one of the brightest ornaments.

The betrayers of these officers have indeed received the Judas reward! But they, with the author of the Bill—who came from that sinking soil of Key West, on which Protestant blood has been shed by Jesuits, and upon whose sandy sod nothing strong or stable stands—will soon be judged by the American people, and sentenced according to their desert, for subverting their government, selling out their navy, and daring to cast off from the service of their country, those who have given honor, fame and glory to the American name!

“Is there not some chosen curse
 Some hidden thunder in the stores of heaven,
 Red with uncommon wrath, to blast the man,
 Who owes his greatness to his country's ruin?”

CHAPTER XX.

THE EXPULSION OF THE JESUITS.

“ There’s a warfare where none but the morally brave,
Stand nobly and firmly their country to save !
’Tis the war of *opinion*, where few can be found,
On the mountain of principle, guarding the ground,
With vigilant eyes ever watching the foes,
Who are prowling around them, and aiming their blows.”

HOLDING it be the American’s right to abolish or change any principle of their policy, which has been found destructive to themselves, and contrary to the spirit of their free institutions, which are sacred to those by whom they have been inherited—let a consideration of facts be submitted to the candid judgment of the American people. Foreigners have trampled into dust the naturalization laws, and destroyed the purity of the elective franchise. They have demanded that their children be taught in a tongue foreign to our own. They have organized military companies, anti-American not only in language, spirit, and political association, but have required our laws to be printed in their respective foreign tongues, for their especial use! In all our elections, they have acted as foreigners. They have intrigued with political native-party jesuits, by selling their votes for the highest offices of trust, honor,

or profit in our country. They have violated American nationality and law, by insisting on a recognition of their own, as separate and distinct. They have upheld a foreign hierarchy, controlled by an impudent ecclesiastic, called a Pope, who lives at Rome, but fearlessly asserts that he is the Sovereign Lord of these United States by Divine right! And, through the ballot-box, they have made a union between Church and State, by striking at our dearest institutions, and by their efforts to destroy the public and free schools of our country. They have taxed our poor and filled our almshouses. They have increased crime an hundred fold, as the prison statistics show, in comparison with criminals born upon the soil. They have demanded, as a right, the public offices of the country, and now occupy a majority of these, to the exclusion of native citizens. Truly our country has run against an axe, and this is the crisis to try its edge: when our society, our schools, our religion, our constitutional liberty, and our great nationality have been black-balled upon their own race-ground. It is shown, by irrefragible evidence, that the Inquisition of Popery has already been established on American soil, and nine hundred French Protestant Huguenots, the first who ever came upon it for the cause of God and freedom, were thus made to water the Southern portion of these United States with their blood. The Masonic fraternity, to which the Father of his Country, Washington, belonged, the Temperance organizations, and the humane and benevolent order of Odd Fellows, are under the curse of the Pope in this country; and the laity are forbidden by their Priests, not only against

uniting with them, but they have refused, in Baltimore, Philadelphia and elsewhere, to perform burial services in their churches while they were in attendance.

Rev. Dr. De Barth, the Vicar-General of Pennsylvania, residing in Philadelphia, inquired of Mr. Hogan, then Priest of Saint Mary's Church, if he intended becoming a citizen of the United States. Hogan replied, he could not conscientiously take the oath of allegiance to this government, without violating that taken at his ordination. "You are mistaken," said the cunning Jesuit Vicar-General. "Any part of your oath to this country, incompatible with your *first* and *greater* allegiance to the Head of your Church, cannot be binding." Mr. Hogan still doubting, the Vicar-General boldly said, "This looks heretical—it is necessary to declare yourself a citizen of the country that you may be empowered to hold property for the good of *the* CHURCH: it must be got out of the trustees' hands."

There is not a Priest or Bishop in the United States who dares to deny the fact, that they teach three millions in our land, that they *do* absolve from this oath of allegiance to our American laws! Priests confess and forgive, weekly, the sins of each other!!

Americans, here is the language of Popery among us! "Although the life or salvation of a man, or the ruin of the State should depend upon it, what is discovered in confession cannot be revealed. The secret of the *seal*—the confession—is more binding than the obligation of an oath." "It is no perjury for a confessor to deny," if asked, says the Popish Church—"You must answer you do not know; and, if necessary, confirm it,

with an oath!" "Because he knows it not as *man*, but as God" Can Americans permit a system, which is designed to elude all the ends for which life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness were sought and obtained by our great Revolution? Hogan, who officiated as Romish Priest of the aforesaid St. Mary's Church, in Philadelphia, acknowledges having baptized thousands of Protestant children, taken to him in the arms of Roman Catholic nurses, without the consent or knowledge of their parents. He states it to have been usual to find six or eight nurses waiting with children for his return home, after daily church services, in the morning. And that this habit, though common in all Protestant countries where there are Romish Priests, is nowhere so generally practised as in the United States. "And I should not be the least surprised," said he, "if nearly all the children of Boston, nursed by Roman Catholics, are now baptized by their Priests and Bishops." These little innocents are heretics, they believe, and that they thus save them from damnation. New-York, Baltimore, and other cities undoubtedly could give, if there was an insight to the corruption, a similar experience. Americans know that, as heretics, death and destruction is the watchword of Popery. Can a Protestant worship God, according to his conscience in Rome or any Popish country of Europe, South-America, Cuba, Mexico, and the adjoining islands? We, citizens of the United States, cannot even carry a Bible into those countries. The trunks of a Protestant are searched; and, if one is found, it is taken from him. In sickness, no minister, under

the pain of death can speak to him; no Bible can be opened; and, in death, no *good* Catholic would close the eyes of a heretic.

And these libellers upon religion and humanity who become citizens of our country, ask our lands upon which to build churches, pulpits, and schools, are sworn foes to our civil and religious freedom! Why have not Americans demanded a different course in Roman Catholic countries, if necessary, by the power of the sword? Why enter into treaties of *amity* with any Popish power, unless the rights of Americans can be redressed, as well as protected by law? Great God! can Americans thus abnegate all their natural rights within Popish dominions—forbidden their Bibles, forbidden to bury their dead, forbidden to worship God by the rights of their forefathers? The Executive Messages tell the people of “assurances of *friendly* relations” from Popish countries, when it is only by buying the privilege from their Priests, at an enormous sacrifice of money, that the body of an American, however distinguished at home, could find a grave in their dominions! When this subject, two years ago, was brought before a Democratic Congress, by one of its most influential Senators, Gen. Cass, the Popish representative for New-York, † John, shook his tyrannical sceptre over that national body, and the noble efforts of the Senator were hushed into silence. Thus has the science-baffling star of Popery shot its impure action even into our legislative halls, when the least evidence of American independence there appeared!

And it is high time to cast these facts in the lap of the immense intelligence of the American people.

Will Americans continue to be brow-beaten by blood-thirsty cowards in Romish countries? Will they longer allow these contemptible international treaties of amity and commerce to exist? Papal nations, which deny to our own citizens all the principles of justice, reciprocity, courtesy, and amity, which we extend to them. Let our Protestant country arouse at once to a sense of this insolent humiliation of Americans abroad, and through their representatives in Congress, annul and forbid forever, the execution of any treaty with a Popish power, which denies them the right to their own Protestant Bible—the right to the burial of their own citizens there, and as they please—the right to the perfect freedom to worship God, or erect altars to His service, and all other privileges which, as American citizens, they fully reciprocate in their own native land. Think of the sons of revolutionary sires forbidden to worship God in Rome, without attendance from the spies of the Inquisition, and being liable to imprisonment, from which they may never be released; and the finding a Bible in their houses, a jail offence for their families! This is the exact state of the case: when an American ship arrives at any of these countries in Europe, where the Romish Church is the State, a search is made, and the captain and crew are forbidden to carry a Bible on shore. Should a Protestant chaplain accompany them, he dare not open his lips to a congregation of sailors on that soil, nor give them Christian burial in the event

of death. A ship may at the same moment leave that port for our country, loaded with rosaries, saints, indulgencies, scapulas, and hosts of little gods; and captain, crew and saints, find no barrier whatever to their religion or progress, from one end of this Union to the other. And yet, these are nations holding treaties of friendly relations and amity with the United States — nations which compel Americans, whom they hold to be damned, to bow the knee to the idolatrous worship of wooden images and particles of bread, which are paraded as gods in the streets of Romish countries — nations who trample down every natural right of American citizens, and curse the eternal laws of God's immutable truth.

The American, who enters into an alliance with the Pope, or a Popish country, explicitly agrees to deny his God and forswear the Protestant religion. He virtually consents that the party with whom he agrees shall curse and damn him, his country, his religion, and his rights!

Do these amicable and friendly treaties with Roman Catholic countries mean but the right to ship our commodities there, and receive theirs in exchange? Is the almighty dollar the only consideration with American men, that the sacred principles of justice, of right and wrong, of moral and national obligations are allowed to be discarded by the surest and most rapid evolutions? And now, with heads of crystal and nerves of brass, let Americans, with God's help, advance and, seizing upon their rights, resolve, and act. When their heads and hearts are with their country, it commands

their hands. This foreign hierarchy prohibiting the light of our civil and religious freedom, and holding American citizens imprisoned, in their dungeons at Rome, for its exercise upon American soil, raising the cry of persecution and proscription against our American Party for religious *intolerance*, looks as though the Beast had lost its wisdom tooth!

No wonder the Boston *Pilot*, one of the administration organs, should call "Americans cowards, and the sons of cowards," if, like animals blind in one eye, or lame in one limb, they make no American footprint on Romish sand, or see not its clustering flies, which swarm and sip, in sumptuousness and ease, the honey of their own American hives. The Bull pronounced in solemn pomp in Rome, in which every Anti-Romish sect is cursed by name, is elsewhere shown in this work. But our Legislatures, who take away the Church property and tax the real estate of these spies of our republic, are doubly damned in that same edict! They are united by a band of oaths as thick as their convent walls, to use all manner of treachery to pull down the standard of heresy in these United States, and erect that infamous policy of the Pope, which for sixteen hundred years has deluged Europe in blood, and already stained, by its Inquisition, our own soil of freedom!

"Americans shan't rule us," was the motto in the last Presidential election. It is their motto now fully enacted. It is enshrined in their hearts, and borne upon their flags in all the disgraceful riots of Philadelphia, Boston, Cincinnati and Louisville, where

Americans were sacrificed to the fury of a Popish mob!

They apply to our Legislatures for authority they dare not exert otherwise, to build jails in our midst for free American women, who, confined to solitary cells, have access only to the *priests*, and thus seduced from their parents and guardians, no one is permitted freely to know how they like their condition; and all this ostensibly for the purposes of education! Mr. Hogan, former priest of the celebrated St. Mary's Church, in Philadelphia, distinctly declares, that Americans of high moral worth are often ensnared into the Romish Church, by the exhibition of books prepared for such cases. And hence, seeing nothing but imposing ceremonies, and reading nothing that is objectionable, thousands who attend its services in this country, are as ignorant of its pernicious political teachings as the Protestant brother with whom they associate. They feel, therefore, the force of the appeal, that Jesuits industriously enforce, to excite that slanderous attempt to fasten the charge of persecution upon the American Party. It is the solemn duty of this American government, not merely to modify, but to exclude from every State and territory of this Union, the deadly enemies of its freedom, and the sworn transgressors of all national law. The Romish Jesuit bishops and priests are agents and emissaries of Mr. Mastai, more familiarly known as the Pope of Rome! who has one hundred millions of dollars to dispose of yearly, for the destruction of heresy, and who has sent his edict to his New York agent, known as Bishop Hughes, to cause one hundred

thousand dollars to be raised, for the purpose of founding a college at Rome for American citizens. Our *Great Seal* contains thirteen stripes on a shield, and thirteen stars, which indicate the original States. The American eagle bears these upon its breast, with an olive branch in its right talon, and a bundle of thirteen arrows in its left. In its beak the motto, "*E. Pluribus Unum.*" And there is a glory breaking through a cloud in the crest over its head, within the thirteen stars, while an unfinished pyramid, with the All-seeing eye are on the reverse of it, having at its apex and base these noted words: "God has favored the undertaking," and "A new order of things has commenced in the new world," dated 1776! And it now remains for Americans to bring all their national energies to bear in extinguishing Jesuitism from these United States, and by the living thunder of the people's judgment, to maintain this freedom which God has blessed, and drive its blazing wheel, like lightning cars, which shall send glad tidings throughout the world.

Look at the facts, and doubt, if you can, the power and danger of the Jesuits, in this country.

Here is the data, translated, in the words of a "Father," in a late article in his Catholic "*Kirchen Zeitung*," or "Advocate."

"Whoever undervalues the spiritual power of the Church in the United States, wanders in a fearful labyrinth. We have not only seven archbishops, thirty-three bishops, and seventeen hundred and four priests, all in the service of the Pope and the Church, but we have also thirty-one colleges, thirty-seven seminaries,

and a hundred and seventeen female academies all founded by the Jesuits, bringing danger and death to unbelief and misbelief to American Know Nothingism and un-American Radicalism. And the hierarchial band which, like a golden thread, surrounds forty-one diocesses and two apostolic vicariates, and stretches from the Atlantic Ocean to the still waters of the Pacific, and maintains an invisible, secret, magnetic connexion with Rome—this hierarchy is to us a sure guarantee that the Church, perhaps after several struggles and sufferings, will one day come off victorious over all the sects of America. It is computed that there are at present, more than three millions of Catholic inhabitants in the United States who are baptised and confirmed Catholic soldiers of the Lord, and who, at the first summons, will assemble in rank and file; then will men not undervalue the power of the Catholic Church in the United States. I will scatter sand in no one's eyes, and therefore I stand forth openly, and directly declare that the power and the influence of the Catholic Church are stronger than many believe. Whoever doubts this must be either a fool or blind."

Can Americans hesitate after such a disclosure, to rip up this swelling, bullying, bragging enemy from our soil, and in the solid column of truth, frankness, courage and love, compel these Jesuit foes to flee from our country? It is in the ears of these foes, that the secrets of the noble, the powerful, and the beautiful of American concerns, are breathed. And at their feet that the young are instructed to steal away the love of

liberty from the soul, and the old to plot against our government through apostate sons, who would plunge a knife into the hearts of the people, to inscribe their own names upon its statutes! By heathen as well as Christian, by Romish far more than Protestant States, the Jesuits have been driven from the pulpit, the press—the confessional, and the schools. From 1355 to 1773, thirty-four states of Europe had rid themselves from this stain of infamy. Subsequent to this, in 1816, they were expelled from Russia by Alexander, and more recently still, from the whole continent. And now warned by the exterminating sword of these Crusaders, in the old world, they proclaim that they mean to save themselves in the new, by revising our political action and exterminating our Protestant institutions.

“America,” says Guistiniani, a prophetic writer, “is the land of the Jesuits. They need but a majority of votes, which can easily be had by an importation of Roman Catholics, from Ireland, Bavaria and Austria. Rome knows herself as a mere *political* institution under the garb of Christianity. She takes care, therefore, to uphold that holy *Militia*, the order of Jesuits, to appear what she is not. In *ten* years they will have a mighty influence over the ballot box—in *twenty* they will command.”

Yes, Americans, it is even so. These cunning, sneaking, intriguers, have scathed and desecrated our fair political heritage by the assistance of the native tricksters!

The “*Catholic Sentinel*” of Philadelphia, commenting some years since upon the sermon of Mr. McCalla, an

eminent Protestant divine, who eulogized New-England, thus reflected upon that great people:—

“Their minds are warped by fanaticism, darkness and bigotry, and vitiated by the abhorred and atrocious principles inculcated by *the vice of sanguinary wretches*, called the *Pilgrim Fathers!*”

Mr. Hogan, when sent out as a Romish Priest, received from his Bishop in Ireland these instructions: “Be sure not to permit any member of our holy Church to read the Bible. It is the source of all heresies. Whenever you see an opportunity to build a church, make it known to your Bishop. Let the land be purchased for the Pope and his successors in office. Never yield the divine right, which the head of the church has by virtue of the Keys to the government of North America, as well as every other country. The confessional will enable you to know the people by degrees; with the aid of the *holy tribunal*, and our bishops, we may expect at no distant day, to bring over North America to the bosom of our holy Church.”

Our ancestors, Americans, came with no other recommendation than their holy lives, their pious hearts, their strong arms, and the treasure of the word of God. And that blessed book has not only been cast out of many Protestant Schools in nine States of this Union, but it has been burned in the public streets of Champlain, in the State of New York, October 27th, 1842, under the inspection of the Jesuit Missionary, Telmont, a Popish Priest, as proved by the oaths of many respectable witnesses.

We give an extract describing that event, as deserv-

ing no ordinary attention from Americans. "As an instance of the intolerance of Popery and its determined hatred to the Bible in the vulgar tongue, may be mentioned an occurrence by which the feelings of Protestant Americans were outraged, viz., the *public burning of Bibles*, which took place no longer ago than October 27th, 1842, at Champlain, in the State of New York. From an official statement of facts we gather the following particulars: About the middle of October, one Telmont, a missionary of the *Jesuits*, with one or more associates, came to Corbeau, in this town, where the Catholic church is located, and as they say in their own account, given of their visit, 'by the direction of the Bishop of Montreal.' Telmont and his associates ordered the Catholics to bring all the Bibles and Testaments in their possession and 'lay them at the feet of the missionaries.' The requirement was generally complied with, and day after day Bibles and Testaments were carried in; and after a sufficient number was collected, they were burned.' On the 27th of October, Telmont, who was a prominent man in all the movements, brought out from the house of the resident priest, which is near the church, *as many Bibles as he could carry in his arms at three times, and placed them in a pile, in the open yard, and then set fire to them and burned them to ashes.* This was done in open day, and in the presence of many spectators." And every one of them, were it expedient, would with far more zeal have burned the heretics who read it.

There are citizens of this country who remember the disturbances in Philadelphia in 1821, caused by an

Irish Bishop trying to get possession of the church property, then estimated at one million of dollars. This was the first attempt the Pope made to establish his temporal power, under our Constitutional government. The case was simply this: Hogan, then a Romish Priest, had a difference with the Archbishop of Baltimore, about the reading of the Bible, and to check his heresy, the Jesuits wrote to the *Man-God*, his Holiness, to send on a successor. Hogan was ordered out of the Church, but refused to leave unless released by the trustees, whereupon he was indicted and imprisoned by this Jesuit emissary for disturbing public worship, by officiating in that Church with the full undivided consent of its trustees! The Bishop's right to commit this tyrannical act was questioned, and an appeal was brought before the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania, Chief-Justice Tilghman presiding. Hogan was released from custody and the rights of the trustees sustained. But these Jesuits, more determined than before to rob the people of their rights and defeat the intentions of the donors of this property, called a meeting of the leading Romanists of the diocese, ordering each to bring a hickory stick.

It was convened in the Church of St. Joseph, and at the hour of midnight, when the Jesuit Bishop of the diocese of Pennsylvania, an Irishman but a few months in the country, appeared in his pontificals, and directed the multitude to lay down their sticks in a pile that he might *bless* them for their use. He then said mass, sprinkled the holy water, and gave a heavenly benediction to the bundle of clubs. Binding the

whole party, by a solemn vow at the same time, never to cease effort until they elected a legislature in Pennsylvania to annul the charter of St. Mary's Church! And would you believe it, Americans, they succeeded! The charter was annulled, and property worth a million of dollars would have passed into the hands of the Pope and his agents, but for a salutary provision of their State Constitution, requiring the Supreme Court to decide on legislative acts. This came therefore again before the court and Justice Tilghman, when the act was negatived and the rights of the American people to retain their own property, fearlessly upheld by that tribunal. These are the people, with Daniel O'Connell at their head, who have been for centuries on their knees, begging favors of the British government—now call Americans "cowards," and their "Pilgrim Fathers," who drew their swords and threw away their scabbards when that power refused them their just rights, they term "sanguinary wretches and pirates."

When the Convention sat in 1787, to form our great federal Constitution, the prophecies of Merlin, which date back a thousand years, were publicly read, in regard to our Country.

"When the cock shall guard the eagle's nest,
The stars shall rise in all the West."

Seemed with singular force to predict our national destiny. The cock representing France; the eagle, our God-conferred America. But neither in that Constitution, nor in the enumeration of our bill of rights, was there a single provision for that power which the

Pope of Rome, a foreigner, has actually set up in our country! And it becomes a duty to our God, our own rights, and our nationality, to prohibit a Papist to hold office or cast a ballot in our box, until he shall have proved himself the friend of liberty, religion, and humanity, by expressly forswearing, without mental reservation, all allegiance to the Pope of whatever kind and under whatever name, who as a foreign potentate is acknowledged by the powers of all Europe. So long as these immigrants who are taught by their priests at home to despise their own governments, that their laws are all penal, and it is no crime to evade them—so long as their priests and bishops are pitchforked from potato holes and bogs, into American gentlemen and politicians, so long must we be cursed by the mendicant foreign agitators, to make miserable kettles of American votes!

Whoever hears of an Irish or other foreign Protestant disturbing the peace or voting fraudulently at elections; we find them worthy, useful, respectable, and industrious in all the pursuits of American citizens. It is because of the Bible, taught in their youth, by which they are educated to love God above all things, and their neighbors as themselves. It is found by the books and receipts from which this statement is taken, that upwards of one hundred thousand dollars are annually derived from Europe, to aid in corrupting the American Legislatures, by procuring a majority favorable to the wishes of the foreign hierarchy. And this, with the millions they raise by their confessional tax and other innumerable devices, in the hand of

skilful Jesuits, how soon would the light of reason and science disappear, and the free American who now walks erect before God and man, become a fit thing to dwindle and crouch before a despot Pope, but for the timely awakening of the national sentiment to the condition of our imminent danger? These Jesuits reason ever from things seen to unseen, and they soon twist their coils into families of wealth in our country, and from which they boast in their semi-annual dispatches to the Pope, that they are peculiarly fortunate in gaining many *converts*. And when parents are too wise to send their children to their schools, their next expedient is to get Roman Catholic servants into their families, who, instructed in the confessional by the priest, soon learn by saying not a word about their church, to disarm Americans, whose family secrecy is thus possessed by the priest, to be used in whatever way may tend most to advance the hierarchy in our country. The beautiful and accomplished, are, by this method, often drawn into Jesuit Nunneries, who, single-minded and innocent, take the veil to become subservient to Popish Jesuits. These jails are known in all Catholic countries to have *foundling hospitals* attached, and in this country they have private burying places and secret vaults. Only a few years since the Jesuits in Baltimore petitioned the Maryland legislature for leave to run a *subterraneous passage* from a Chapel to a Nunnery some five hundred yards. A more daring outrage was never perpetrated towards any legislative body in America, and to its eternal honor, the petition was rejected with the most unmitigated indignation

and scorn. Yet these Jesuits hold fairs to build Nunneries in New York and other States, which have been patronized by Americans, who give freely their money, while there is not an Irish Priest nor an Irish Roman Catholic, a true son of the Church, who under the *Bull of Jubilee* of the Pope, would not feel he did God a service, and even the heretics themselves, if they could collect in a pile and burn to ashes every Protestant citizen of our beloved land. The same oath of allegiance which bound the whole Romish Church to curse Mr. Hogan for differing with the Pope, binds every Papist against all other heretics. And they use the term *spiritual* to Americans as the loadstone among splinters of steel, to delude the contemptible, unsuspecting Protestant whom they assume to catch as drift-wood.

America is the only nation, for the three last centuries, where Popery has had an unmolested resting place, with none to hinder its incredible impudence. It has talked of its spiritual allegiance to us, as to a nation of fools! Why, China furnishes an example of intelligence on this matter which should bring a blush of shame to American men. The Jesuits built there Convents, Churches, Monk-houses, and Nunneries; but getting into a dispute among themselves about their temporal rights, appealed to the Pope. When the Emperor heard it, he began to suspect the deception about the spiritual allegiance, and he summoned his commissioner to know what it meant. The Jesuits failed after all their ingenuity and subtlety to satisfy the Commissioner that it meant less than that the Pope claimed the

right to govern the kingdoms of the earth, to be the rightful owner of the lands, and to give and take them as his royal holiness pleased. When the Emperor instantly issued his order, that every Roman Catholic Bishop, Priest, Friar, Jesuit, Monk, and Nun within his empire, should quit within a given time, on pain of death. Many disobeyed, who were executed, and their churches burned to the ground.

The Chinese were peaceable and quiet, and had no objection, though *barbarians*, to Papists worshipping God according to conscience; but, when it was discovered that they owed *spiritual* allegiance to a foreign power, they thought it wise to remove them from their country. It is now reserved for free-born Americans, unbiassed by education, and unawed by tyrants, to put such an interpretation on their duplicity, treachery and intrigue in their borders, before the armies of Jesuits, Friars, and Monks, who have claimed the land and the churches—have to be expelled by battle-cannon and blood.

The Protestants of Madeira, with whom the United States hold a treaty of friendship and alliance, were butchered and slaughtered a few years ago by Popish savages, under the mask of religion. When the news reached our shores, instead of the people assembling to express indignation, and our government demanding explanation, the brutality was unnoticed by shrewd and crafty politicians, who feared, indeed, the unpopularity of the measure. The American people must not expect politicians more than horses, to walk in straight lines when they have been long blinded by the treadmill.

The following items are merely a specimen of the dangerous character and designs of the Romish Church against the liberties of this Republic, and the *rights of man everywhere*. And let Americans remember, that whatever have been the Romish dogmas, bulls, decrees of councils, discipline and practices, heretofore, the same are in full force to-day—for Rome never changes:—

EXTRACTS FROM THE ROMISH PRESS AND OTHER ROMISH AUTHORITIES.

The Pilot, a Roman Catholic press in Boston, calls the Americans “common liars, defamers and vagabonds.”

Brownson says :

“The time has come when Catholics must begin to make their principles tell upon the public sentiment of the country.”

The Catholic Telegraph, of Cincinnati, says :

“The enemies (Protestants) of mankind may try to shake from their necks the pressure of the foot of Mary, and rob her of prerogatives (immaculate conception), but in vain.”

The Chicago Catholic Tablet says :

“The Common Schools of this country are sinks of moral pollution and *nurseries of hell*.”

Notes from the Rhemish Testament, sanctioned by the Archbishop of Dublin, and the Bishops and Clergy generally.

“Bishops and lay-people (Romanists) should have great zeal against heretics (Protestants).”

“Neither is the Church of God (that is, of Rome), nor Christian (popish) friends blamed by God for *putting heretics* (Protestants) to *death*.”

“When the Romish Church puts heretics (Protestants) to death, their blood is not of saints, nor is it more to be accounted of than that of thieves, man-killers, or other malefactors.”

“A Christian should deface and burn all heretical (Protestant) books.”

“The translation of the English Protestant Bible should be abhorred to the depths of hell.”

“All Protestant clergy are thieves, murderers, and ministers of the devil.”—*Notes on John 1st and Hebrews v. 1.*

“Heretics’ (Protestants) sermons must not be heard—no, not if they preach the truth. Their prayers and services are no better than the howlings of wolves.”—*Notes on Mark, i. 25.*

Brownson’s Review says:—“The liberty of the press is only tolerated in this country, until a different order of things can be inaugurated.

“The liberty of the press is that fatal license of which we cannot entertain too great a horror. Liberty of conscience is an absurd and dangerous maxim.”—*The Pope’s circular letter a few years ago.*

The General Council of Lateran, A. D. 1215, decreed as follows :

“Let the secular powers be compelled, if necessary, to *exterminate*, to their utmost power, all heretics (or Protestants) denoted by the Church.”

THE SUPREMACY OF THE POPE OVER THE CIVIL POWER.

Extract from the pastoral letter of Archbishops and Bishops of the “Province of St. Louis,” in council assembled, just issued. Our readers will find this letter in the last number of the Catholic Mirror, published in Baltimore :

“We maintain the superiority of the spiritual over the temporal order. We maintain that the temporal ruler is bound to conform his enactments to the Divine law. (That is, the law of the Pope or the Church.) We maintain that *the Church is the Supreme Judge* of all questions concerning faith and morals, (or belief and character of men.) And that, in the determination of such questions, there is no appeal from the Roman Pontiff.”

Pope Innocent III. claimed for the “See,” *universal temporal and spiritual empire*. He *excommunicated* Philip II. of France, and

placed England under an interdict, and *excommunicated* John, king of England. The Council of Lateran styled him, *Lord God the Pope!!!* He caused to be murdered and burnt 147,000 Albigenses.

The Council of Constance decreed; "That no faith was to be kept with heretics."

It is estimated that that the Romish hierarchy have put to death by tortures, racks, burning at the stake, *auto da fe's*, and persecuting wars, sixty millions of human beings!!! And the Romish church declares she never changes in her dogmas and practices.

ROMISH MAXIM—"THE END JUSTIFIES THE MEANS."

The following are among the Jesuit Rules, contained in Pitrat's History of the Jesuits.

"The domestics who believe that their wages are not worth their labor, may steal secretly from their masters." (The R. F. Jesuit Cardenas—Crisis Theologica, Diss. 23.)

"If murder is practicable without scandal, it is not unlawful." (The R. F. Jesuit Francis Amicus—Theological Cursus, published in 1642.)

"If it is useful to the Roman Catholic faith, and if the culpable are more numerous than the innocent, it is right to cause their death."

"You may falsely accuse your enemy to take away his credit, even to kill him." (The R. F. Jesuit Guimenius—7th proposition.)

"We may kill by treachery a man banished." (The R. F. Jesuit Escobar—vol. 4, p. 148.)

"A man is allowed to kill a false accuser, the witnesses produced by him, and the judge himself." (The R. F. Jesuit Francis Amicus—Theological Cursus, Tract 29, ch. 2.)

"Protestant countries are always dissatisfied; whereas, in Catholic countries, the very peasantry are contented to remain in the condition they were born in.

"We would much rather our children should grow up in ignorance of letters, than be taught in a school that is not Catholic."—*O. A. Brownson.*

“You should do all in your power to carry out the pious intentions of His Holiness the Pope. Where you have the electoral franchise, give your votes to none but those who will assist you in so holy a struggle.”—*O’Connell’s Letter to the Repealers in America.*

“The Government of the United States is weak, inconsistent, and bad; it must and will be destroyed! So long as it exists, no prince in Europe will be safe on his throne.

“All the low population of Europe will be carried into America. It will be a receptacle for the bad and disaffected. This will create a surplus—a heterogeneous population—speaking a different language—of different religion and sentiments; these will carry with them their principles—will adhere to their former government, laws, manners, customs, and religion—speak of them among the natives, some of whom will join them—and they will become citizens—discord and civil war will follow—some popular man will take the lead to restore order—the European sovereigns will aid him—all the emigrants will join, and the government will be subverted.”—*Duke of Richmond.*

“The time has come,” says Hughes’s Romish organ of New York city, “to make our sentiments tell upon the public sentiment of the country, and to *teach* the *country* itself those moral and political doctrines which flow from the teachings of *our* own church. This is *our* country, and *as it is* to become *thoroughly Catholic*, we have a deeper interest in public affairs than any other of our citizens. As Catholics, we can never be indifferent to the moral principle which enters into the laws, and shapes the public policy of this country.”

Let it not be forgotten that the Romish Bishops assembled in the last Baltimore Council, to carry forward the aforesaid doctrines, were, with but few exceptions, *foreigners!*

Hear, now, what Washington said upon the point:—

“Against the insidious wiles of Foreign Influence—I conjure you to believe me, fellow-citizens—the jealousy of a free people ought to

be constantly awake ; since history and experience prove that foreign influence is one of the most baneful foes of a Republican Government."

And, in the language of his and our country's friend, Lafayette:—

" May this great monument raised to Liberty serve as a lesson to the oppressor, and an example to the oppressed ! May it call to mind the sentiments which nature has engraved on the heart of every citizen, and which take new force when they are solemnly recognized by all : for a *Nation* to love liberty, it is sufficient that she *knows* it ; and to be free, it is sufficient that she *wills* it."

CHAPTER XXI.

A CLOSING APPEAL TO THE AMERICAN PUBLIC.

"O, sons of America! list to the cry!
The loud fearful warning that rings to the sky!
Shall foul blackened falsehood unanswered be borne,
And Americans branded with insult and scorn?
Strike! strike for the country, the freedom ye crave,
Religion, and home, and the Puritan's grave;
O! fight as they fought on the land and the sea,
And die as they died, *but in leaving it free!*"

ARE you not ready for an offering at this great crisis? When your nation is panting under trial and peril! Your nation, the star from God! The diamond from on high, to give the world brightness! Have the best days of America ended? It is for you, Americans, to make it happy, great, and good, if you will continue to be free!

For you, Americans, love of country is not a word, but a living, active thing! Warm with heroic zeal, devotion, and sacrifice, an indestructible spark, which will burn and glow in every true American heart, though the world itself were a pile of ruins. Sacrifice, too, was the law of our country's being; but God was its great support! And its maternity and humanity must again save us! What do we claim, then, for our country? The same active initiation, the same self-forgetfulness,



Edwin C. Perrin



the same moral willingness, the same desire for the patient duty of a lifetime in its service, that love for God and country has before inspired! It is our people who have exposed all former systems of government ever imposed on the rights of men! It is our *people* only, who have a full and vast significance! It is our people who broke the charm of inequality by fire and by blood, and they taught the race that neither mitres nor crowns confer supernatural power, but that Liberty is a sympathy with all the people, and their institutions emanate from and are removable by them! Americans have thus demonstrated to the world, that liberty and happiness are perpetuated by an unembarrassed religious freedom, by which they *mean* to be distinguished, if necessary, at the cost of life itself!

They planted the seed of Union, Faith, and National Honor, and in that brotherhood are willing to bind every European Christian without reference to sect or creed. But that innate desire to remove anything which puts itself between the soul and its Creator, was the primary and efficient cause of their demonstrations for American liberty. That intractable love of freedom which Americans now possess seems to have been instinctive in all who have occupied this soil. Even the aborigines, discovered to the Anglo-Saxon, unshaken courage and noble daring, in the forests of the New World! And we have no record where an Indian ever yet attempted, upon American soil, to save his life by an ignoble concession! We are the great, the grand, the only practical demonstration, my countrymen, of a people endowed by God with all the elements to govern

themselves! And when we regard the natural causes which have influenced our individual and national destiny, in connection with the moral reasons which first sent the settlers to discuss their religious rights, we cannot believe the Anglo-American power is ever to be arrested!

Our vast territory, our genial climate, our inland seas, our glowing soil, incite to enterprise and thrift, and offer incentives to intelligence and patriotism without a parallel! And forces the conviction on every true heart, that we are the *vine* which God has blessed. And, if now we are firm in the battle of freedom and true to our God, our country, and our nationality; grounded, as Americans, on the principles of enlightened liberty, sustained by the wisdom and virtue of a free people, we shall *alone* fill the area between the tropics and the poles, and spread our *living* liberty from the Atlantic to the Pacific shores! Who can limit the knowledge to be attained under a government like ours, which not only increases the infinite science of discoveries and augments the means of support, but whose people, educated in the natural doctrine of equality, and conscious of the enjoyment of equal rights, feel and recognize their own personality in every pursuit of life!

And when our territory equals, as it will, more than three-fourths of Europe, and one hundred and fifty millions of freemen shall cover this domain, speaking the same language, and subject to the same laws, what mind can grasp the might and magnitude of free America!

The federal compact, formed by the New-England colonies in 1643, to resist the Indians, was the first Union made by the Anglo-Saxon upon our soil, and prepared the way for their Declaration of Rights in the Congress of 1775, for the unprovoked attack upon American liberties. And the Colonists at that day, in remonstrating with the British Government, warned it against those Jesuit enemies which did not then overcome this country, simply because the people who favored liberty and nourished the Protestant element, were powerful enough to exact obedience, in spite of the reigning government. The politico-religious feature, therefore, entered into our great American Party of the Revolution, and became the stimulant to the defenders of our liberties, as it was under Charles the First of England! And while it gave unanimity to the Protestant element, it made more obstinate British resistance. When Arnold was left in Canada with an insufficient force of a thousand men, these Jesuit enemies made it the occasion to excite the foes of America to vengeance, and the Priests absolutely refused the sacraments to all who declared in favor of the American cause. When this news reached the provinces, a Roman Catholic priest was sent off from Maryland to dispense spiritual succor to the Canadians, of which they were thus deprived; but the remedy was too late! And the articles of *confederation and perpetual union* between the thirteen original States was not ratified until March, 1781, because the Roman Catholics of Maryland *opposed and refused* to unite, so steadfast has ever been the Romish priesthood to our liberty. All

the States except Delaware had been united *three* years before, and that moved into the ranks one year in advance of Maryland! But never as now have we seen the need of casting off the leprosy of usurpation, and so clearly defining that liberty which is the energy and spring of our whole political system. And what American is not glad to rise at such a moment, to affix a higher value upon our political institutions, and more fully to embrace and comprehend the principles and privileges of American citizenship? The almighty echo of public opinion cries out for change, and the great American Party responds to the call; and upon its success depends our advancement in all that is bright and glorious, and happy, and with which our national honor is inseparably interwoven! We see our National Administration in the hands of a foreign Roman Catholic hierarchy, whose principal agent is the Jesuit Bishop of New-York. The Postmaster-General, an Irish Catholic, who, more than once rejected by the people of Pennsylvania, went into the Cabinet, at the dictation of the Pope of Rome, to obtain direct access to the postal concerns and dearest rights of the American people, who have for nearly three years been subject to his miserable espionage. Letters of Protestant Americans have no guarantee that they will reach their destination, more than in Italy or France! And in New-Jersey it is a fact so well authenticated, as to come before the courts there, that the contents of letters were obtained by opening them, and used in the last election to defeat the American cause. But for a District-Attorney appointed by the Pierce Administra-

tion, this trial would already have taken place, and its more general publicity given to the country.

In the State Department at Washington not only a majority of the subordinates are foreign Roman Catholics, but occupy the most important posts in the trust and confidence of the American Government. "Are you a Roman Catholic foreigner?" is the question put to the applicant, and if answered in the affirmative, the sons of Revolutionary officers, who gave their houses to the flames and their bodies to the bayonet, are indecently thrust aside. We see our naturalization laws evaded—criminals and paupers voting Americans down at their own ballot box! We see our Public and Free Schools, the great instruments to uphold and preserve our freedom, desecrated, and the Bible driven out, expelled, and burned. We see military companies parading our streets, with the foreign military costume of aliens. The police of the large cities not merely foreigners, but thirty nine in New York City alone are branded as criminals from the prisons of Europe! These, fellow-countrymen, are the hordes which rush to our shores for democratic liberty, and have imposed upon them by the Jesuit masters the obligation to go *armed* to our ballot box and vote against the Americans at all hazards. This is one of the active means by which the Pope charged †John Hughes, in his last departure from Europe, to "spread Romanism in America, and to crush out Republicanism." We have seen the falsity and speciousness of that act of Maryland toleration exposed, and a treatise recently published by Rev. Ethan Allen of Baltimore county,

furnishes the proof that the property of Clayborne, who made the first settlement by Protestants, was seized and confiscated by Lord Baltimore from his bereaved widow. And thus has vanished the only pretext of liberty ever assumed by the Romish See in this or any country. We have seen too the oppression placed upon our American laborers, artisans, metallurgists, and mechanics, by emptying the work houses of Europe upon the soil—who are baited by politicians, with the prospect of real estate, the gift of our public domain, purchased by American suffering and blood. And employed also to do the work of American men who force the respectable citizens of their own country to reduce their wages to the pauper rates of Europe, or starve. Thus has a double blow been aimed at the citizens of our country, by debarring their children from education, the twin sister of freedom.

And taken now, in all its aspects, this crisis is dearer to you, my countrymen and countrywomen, than that even which first lifted the leaden seal of despotism from our borders. Not only are the liberties of our country assailed and outraged by the direst foe that ever cursed humanity, but all that concerns death and the grave is perilled, as well as its freedom, its honor, and its nationality. It is not the sun, the soil, or the climate that made you, my countrymen, *men*, but that breathing part of your machinery which came from the hand of God, and made you pregnant with invention and energy, and so fertile in resource as to become the artificer of your own government before you submitted to it!

Then by right, open wide your mouths, that the

world may know the temperament of your minds. It is only upon *dead* matter, that gastric juice of America, needs now to act. Demand that the most rigid effective emigration laws be made and enforced—demand that the naturalization acts be wholly repealed, or the probationary term be made at least twenty-one years—demand a capitation tax for all who shall be allowed in future to come upon the soil—demand that all paupers and criminals be returned to the jails and almshouses of their native lands, and at the cost of the party by whom they are transported. And to this end require such documents as will prove the same—demand that no alien or Papist shall hold office, or in any other way interfere with our political rights—demand that the Bible be restored to every institution throughout the land, where Americans are placed for education—demand that the Jesuits be expelled from the country, and allow none but Americans to rule America! And like Behemoths of old, never bend to the muddy sediment which has disturbed our peace, and made you actors in this tempestuous revolution. Discard all former party harnessing; go into the pit and gallery as well as the box of our great national theatre; drop your former party profession, and come with a *will* into the American cause. Night can no more happen before the sun goes down, than this nation be destroyed, if her men are true. Better, my countrymen, to give your constitution to Hottentots, or your government to Indians, than to refuse the assistance of that telescope which the American party now offers to the American mind! Then, in God's

name, battle for your country. Arnold, you remember, was once surrounded by the glorious prestige of victory in our Revolutionary struggle, but his infamous treason blotted out his former glory. And no matter, under what party standard you have rallied, no matter what political services you have rendered, no matter what elevated stations you have filled, you cannot be excused nor deemed the less culpable, if you now refuse your active aid and sympathy for your country, and the principles of that party, which put a still more glorious halo around the American name. This party is daily recruiting out of the mass of our population, over which reason is hourly extending its dominion, and its ultimate success is as certain as the irresistible progress of its intelligence which alone can command its salvation. Come then, citizen and Christian, sons and daughters, and show the power of that sacrifice and love which bore our little army, of less than three millions, to triumph, and with one grand union of American feeling, achieve by this battle the enlightened sense of national interest, the feeling of inherent right, and the consciousness of undoubted power. We have allowed our nation to be debased until its institutions are perverted, its legislature is corrupted, its administration is polluted; and though the measure of our provocation is full, thank God there is spirit enough, virtue enough, heroic resentment enough in the hearts of the American people, to arouse and bring down guilt with thunder, and in working our national reparation, to sweep out the offender and the offence with the force and fury of the whirlwind! And

to bring back, by this merciful chastisement and timely admonition, our original experience of the purer principles of our national action. The people, now too strong for their rulers, require a correction of their abuses—an abridgment of Executive patronage—a diminution of their public burdens—and a just distribution of its trusts, dignities, and rewards. It is the men with coats of triple steel that America now wants, to stand, like Moses, in the gap, and inspire with awe our oppressors and persecutors, foreign and native! Men who, like those who adorn and honor this work, come not for a sceptre, but to conquer a crown, and pluck out the thorns which are strewed along our waysides to prick our country with their deadly stings. In this American constellation we find Millard Fillmore, an American not merely by connection with the present national party who bears that cognomen, but whose character as a man, and whose administration as President of the country, has irrefutably settled the conviction in every mind, that his heart and sympathies are all American. And like the illustrious Father and founder of this Republic, he has stood as the faithful sentinel upon the watchtower of Freedom, and, amid the pelting of the pitiless storm, remained faithful to Liberty, the Union, and the Constitution!

Here, too, is Bartlett, ready, like Joseph, to forestall the evil and arrest the grievous dearth, which has befallen his country. Prentice, who, ever vigilant, spies out the rudest operations of American experience, exposes truth from its depth by a lengthy chain, and sends coruscations of intellectual light, which, like the

solar, radiates and converges upon the minds of the people. Rayner, the able, eloquent, fearless, and faithful North Carolinian, who, in the true American spirit, had rather meet danger than wait for it. Broom, from the patriot army of United Americans, who bore aloft the national standard, and led the vanguard as a forlorn hope, at the earliest dawn of that American move which now presents a full-orbed sun. Stuart, the heroic Virginian, who, having sat around the Council Board of Fillmore, revolted at the sight of our sinking prospect, and in his unswerving integrity and patriotic zeal, enrolled himself among the active and faithful defenders of American principles. Brooks, too, is here, into whose hands a good Providence was pleased to deliver the Jesuit Romish Bishop, John Hughes of New York. He continues alive, but Mr. Brooks produced an indirect debility, from which, in the opinion of Americans, he cannot possibly recover. The offence of Brooks was in coming boldly to the defence of a bill introduced by Mr. James O. Putnam of Buffalo, to protect the rights of Roman Catholic American citizens. The Trustees of the St. Louis Church refused to yield the property to the control of the Pope's agent, the Bishop. He appealed to the Pope, who cursed and excommunicated them from all the rites and worship of his Church. Like men, these trustees went up to the New York Legislature, and asked redress from American law! The prayer was granted for their protection, in common with all other religious denominations, when John, the Archbishop, selected Mr. Brooks as the individual through whom to offer insult and heap re-

proach, upon the enactors of this American law. And having broken the egg, he proceeded to make the omelet, when Brooks cut the claws of this lion, and afterwards drew out his teeth, to keep him secure. And proving him a monarch worth twenty-five millions of property belonging to the people in his hands, he inflicted the humiliation and exposure, and left him dethroned. "My son, thou art invincible," rang throughout the land, and in defiance of treasure, curses, edicts, and legions of reinforcements at the ballot-box, the people returned him to his present post, after proclaiming him, in the din and tumult of rapturous joy, the next Governor of New York, by universal acclamation!

Nor can we neglect to recur with pride and pleasure to the name of Col. J. N. Reynolds, of New York city, who has brought to the aid of the American cause his giant powers, in its time of need, and by his exposition of the principles which govern its action, placed the American Party under grateful obligations, and won for it the admiration and respect of the leading journal of Europe.

Among the thousands enlisted in our great American cause, bearing high commissions in this great national army, we cannot omit to mention the name of William Scudder Tisdale, of New York, as an example singularly worthy of imitation, in the purity and worth of his patriotic sacrifices. The direct descendant of Capt. William Scudder, who, from the beginning of the American Revolution, was in its active service, chiefly under Washington, and also under Lee. He was taken prisoner, and remained a captive for three years and a

half, when he was exchanged for an English officer of his rank, and continued upon duty till the close of the war. In all the American army there was but one Champe found to whom Washington and Lee felt willing to entrust the difficult, dangerous, and courageous mission of capturing the traitor Arnold in the enemy's camp. And we know of no true American who would be more ready to prove another Champe, under a similar emergency, than this brave, determined, and true patriot son! The inherited spirit of patriotic sacrifice he has beautifully illustrated, by the vigor and fearlessness with which at an early age he has espoused, from the rostrum, and as editor of the *American Sentinel*, *Poughkeepsie American*, *Champion of American Labor*, *American Champion*, and *The New York Crusader*, the cause of his country, for which he is ever ready to fight or willing to die. Hence there is a marked appropriateness, in this national exigency, of holding up to the emulation of young American men an example of such intense and intelligent patriotic fervor, free from political aspiration or pecuniary reward! And to him the author is indebted for much of the valuable data afforded to this work. As the scaffolding is often stronger than the house, so the means by which the present national organization has been extended, deserves not less from the gratitude of the American people, than those by whom the idea was developed. It has been by intrepidity, energy, and zeal, on the part of the active working members, that thousands have been induced to enlist in the great American battle of principle against power, and in the

active service of the country, all over the Union. In this connection, the name of Sidney Kopman, Esq., of New York, deserves honorable praise. To his intellectual, earnest, and indefatigable exertions, at least four hundred members attribute their connection with this great national party. Among these are many distinguished for the efficiency of their service, and who have disseminated its principles broadcast, and organized for duty throughout the land. To him the author is also under obligations for important information, now given to the public. These are the men the nation wants. Not those who denounce, deplore, look like mortar Pharisees, and do nothing! Alexander smiled, when he who had conquered the world was offered freedom by a few Megareans; but when told it had only been extended to Hercules, he received the tribute with complacency. And in extending now to Col. Josiah F. Polk, of Washington, respectful homage for his long and able defence of the great Protestant element of America, he is assured it can only be offered to the patriotic and *strong*! For twenty years has this great defender expounded our American principles, and exposed our national danger. No champion of soul-liberty has yet appeared more eminently fortified by patient investigation and thorough research, to expose the enormities of Jesuitism, or who, far in advance of public opinion, predicted its diabolical design, to subvert our government.

Able, eloquent, courageous, and incorruptible, this son of the soil could not be terrified or swerved by the patronage of an Executive which had been sold to

Rome, and for which like all other honest and faithful servants in the service of the Government, this good and noble American was set aside, to make way for the incompetent or corrupt, whose cardinal virtues are prostrate submission to the Papal supremacy. With *life* in one scale and *death* in the other, there is no class upon whom Americans have more right to make a requisition than upon the Protestant clergy of the country. By which is distinctly meant, every anti-Popish ambassador, without regard to name, sect, or creed. If the tones of mad and stormful indignation have pierced the nation's heart, at the desecration of the Word of God—if this struggle against soul-bondage is agitating every bosom and driving the country to despair, why, in God's name, are not all his professed Ministers marching into the front files of this battle, to claim His glory as its inevitable heritage. There is a barrenness, a desolation, in the thought that they are slow in this American move, to light the blazing torch of truth and bear its cheerful light and heat into every recess of the land. Among those who have appeared, to elucidate the circumstances which surround us, to offer instruction and incite to effort at this epoch, are Drs. R. J. Breckenridge, Murray, (Kirwan,) Inskip, Cheever, De Witt, James, Cox, Plummer, Rice, Jacobus, Boardman, Bethune, Kennedy, and Kirk, who, like Gospel heralds of our Revolutionary battles, counsel to firm and vigorous resistance! It was not from the pulpit alone that the gospel ministers of the revolution plead, but by an active coöperation with the American cause—by the sword, through the press, in the street,

at the fireside, in all the social meetings of benevolence and worship, and by supporting the rights of American citizenship and the purity of their ballot-box! In this connection, the Rev. Horace Galpen, with the blood of a Revolutionary hero coursing his veins, has not been wanting in service to the Republic; nor has he scrupled to speak forth his convictions of right and duty, which have silently ascended to enlighten and instruct the public mind. Terse, vigorous, and pointed, he has discussed through the columns of the *New York Crusader* for many months as its principal editorial writer, our national peril from Jesuitism, foreignism, and political Romanism; and deserves the lasting gratitude of true Americans.

My countrymen, there are regiments with thousands of men, from every pursuit of life equipped for the service of their country, and panting like spirited steeds to go into the great battle, whom the author of this work would deem it an honor individually to name, could the limits of these pages permit. It is emphatically the people who have revived this party for the people! And the accompanying allusion to the American editors of our country comes to the American Party as the rainbow on the storm! It is truly the glance of the eagle, to drive effectually to destruction all the causes which work our ruin. It is our Press which awes tyrants and tramples all crowns to dust, but that plaited by *thorns!* and while it succors liberty, our national sun will continue to shine in the firmament of worlds forever and ever!

In all God's moral administration of this nation,

when struggling to defend its liberties, woman has been doubly blessed when called to confirm firmness and inspire others by her example. When Washington was elected Generalissimo of the American Army, with fourteen thousand five hundred men, but ninety barrels of powder and thirty-six magazines in all Massachusetts, he called woman to the aid of the American cause! And throughout that eventful, fearful epoch, she became by her deep sacrifices, her tears, her prayers, her dangers, and her self-denial, the Angel of Mercy to the suffering soldier. And interwoven as our patriot-mothers of New England, New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, and the Carolinas, thus became, woman must ever continue an inseparable link in our imperishable honor or our national disgrace! There appeared in the papers of Philadelphia, in 1780, "The Sentiments of an American Woman," attributed to the wife of Washington, which, in aid of the American cause, was publicly read in all the churches of Virginia. And it was the proud boast of the Heroes of our Liberties, that woman's ears heard, and eyes saw, and hearts felt, the first and the last flash of cannon that reverberated for our freedom. Not one at that day who was found insensible to the power and sacredness of the American cause, and who actually sympathized with the enemy, but shared in the general obloquy and merited contempt of their country—like the wife of Arnold, whose husband was made a traitor, because she was a rebel! It, then, becomes woman's holy mission now to plead, in Gospel simplicity and patriotic fervor, for our Sabbath, our Schools, our Bible and Liberty. Upon this na-

tion's prosperity, patriot women, all that is dear to you depends. Teach your children on their knees to pray God to bless their country—unfurl our stars and stripes until their young souls thrill before it! Make the Declaration of Independence and the history of the country and its great Constitution, as familiar at the fire-side as the alphabet or the multiplication table. Show yourselves openly, everywhere, the opponents of every Bible-hater, and opposed to every species of religious bigotry and besotted intolerance; and, with one united heart, go into the great American Battle, to aid our patriot brothers in this, the second and greatest struggle that has ever been fought upon the soil of freedom.

And if, in the providence of God, by this presentation of solemn and well-authenticated facts, a holier enthusiasm shall have been given for the Union of these States and the preservation of America, the author will not only feel it an earnest of His blessing on the subject so dear to her own soul, but a grateful consciousness that she has not lived in vain. And now, my countrymen—

“Strike—till the last arm'd foe expires;
Strike for your altars and your fires;
Strike for the green graves of your sires,
God, and your native land!”

CHAPTER XXII.

THE ISSUE NOW BEFORE US.

“Pride in the gift of country and of name
Speaks in your eye and step
Ye tread your native land!
Land where ye learned to lisp a mother’s name
The first beloved in life, the last forgot;
Land of your frolic youth,
Land of your bridal eve!”

“In honorable life her fields they trod,
In honorable death they sleep below;
Their son’s proud feeling here
Their noblest monuments!”

AMERICANS, we have not, like Moses, merely surveyed but have actually entered and enjoy *our* promised land.

It is time to abandon prevarication, shuffling, and disguise, and show that the stroke which cuts us from foreign influence is neither cruel nor unnatural!

This opening country is expanding and brightening in delightful progress; all that is dark and grotesque must retire. Americans will assert, maintain, and defend an unchallenged monopoly against the world!

By the last census, 1850, there were upward of eight millions of people in this Union devoid of Anglo-American blood! When our Independence was declared, there were not three hundred thousand of three millions who were not born upon the soil, whilst twelve of the thirteen colonies were settled chiefly by the Anglo-Saxon.

The frightful increase of this immigrant population began in 1837 and 1840, when the first movement of the native American organizations originated; but not until 1846 had the Irish and German rush to our shores become a startling and terrible calamity.

At least four-fifths of these aliens are driven to our shores by the persecution of Papal despots, whose propensity to browse in American pastures is made delicious by their starving, loathsome condition in their native lands. Bishop Hughes states that the average amount of money they bring is fifteen dollars! By the report of the British Immigration Commissioner, in May, '55, these immigrants had remitted to Europe, through bankers and merchants alone, \$28,948,800 in five years, beside large amounts by various private sources. This was one million of dollars over and above what their pious Archbishop *asserts* they had upon landing upon our soil. From whence was this money obtained but from Americans? Who maintains these paupers but Americans? Who feeds and educates their children but Americans? And yet *native* political Jesuits impudently assert that this scum of European masses enhances our wealth and confers upon us advantages which demand our gratitude!

Judge, my countrymen, for yourselves. One-third of the population of the State of California to-day are aliens—nationalities almost as numerous as the dialects of Babel. Utah, too, whose rapidly increasing foreign population is no longer a wonder, when we find these Mormons organized over Europe to make converts to their faith, and with systems for seducing and pro-

selyting, imitating the Jesuits, they introduce inhabitants who own no sworn allegiance to our Government! More than thirteen hundred of these immigrated to Salt Lake City, during last year, from Great Britain.

We have shown that, at least, half a million of foreigners come annually to American shores, and more than one-half of this increase is poured into the largest and most flourishing of our American cities.

The census of 1850 informs us that sixty-eight thousand five hundred and thirty-eight foreign paupers were then a tax upon the people, and supported at their expense—*more* than half of all paupers in the entire country. Thus while one in every thirty-three foreigners was then a beggar, only one in every three hundred Americans shared the degradation of being maintained by public charity.

In the hospitals and lunatic asylums of the various cities, two-thirds are found in all cases to be foreigners by the annual reports of the officers in charge.

In New York City, for illustration, 42,369 paupers, 2,381 lunatics, and 22,229 criminals fix their dark stains on that city's statistics. Can Americans, will Americans be longer pressed by the deadly fangs of worn-out Europe, clinched into and drawing out all the strength and bloom of American industry and virtuous incentives? While we are uppermost, in God's name let us keep this evil down by removing it to its original and proper place. Shall the beauty of this new world that God has given us be marred by the criminals which are thrust all around us?

The American colonies protected themselves by law from these foreign paupers and criminals at their earliest formation.

In Virginia they had a capitation tax on *Irish* servants who immigrated to that colony. In Pennsylvania it was placed on criminals.

After our Revolution, Massachusetts prohibited refugees to return, and Congress sanctioned this action by the States; and after our present Constitution had been but three days adopted, a resolution was unanimously passed by that Congress, "recommending the several States to enact laws to prevent the transportation of convicted malefactors from foreign countries into the United States." And, by that authority, Virginia, South Carolina, Georgia, New York, Massachusetts and Pennsylvania did so, and with the most rigid and heavy penal exactions, between 1788 and '91. When the agitation was felt upon the evil, in 1836, an effort was made by the municipalities to guard against it in New York, Baltimore, Boston, and New Orleans.

The Legislature of Boston directed her Senators and Members of Congress to interpose for suppressing these immigrants; but a resolution of inquiry to ascertain facts, through the Custom Houses, was all the result of that attempt.

In 1837, the Mayor of Baltimore detached a ship-load of two hundred and sixty persons, at Fort McHenry, who, as criminals, were brought into port in irons, and so remained until the day before they were to be loosed upon American soil.

The Mayor applied to the Administration at Washington, Martin Van Buren chief ruler, and being

apprised that there was no power to prevent their approach, these miserable wretches made their foot-prints upon our land, and, doubtless, voted for that loco foco democracy the very next election!

The violation of the quarantine laws by this time had been so shocking and wanton, that the Mayor (Clark) of New York addressed a message to the Common Council to provide a mounted police for the city, day and night, to protect American operatives, to arrest riotous parades and conspiracies against the peace and quiet of American citizens.

A resolution at this time was again submitted to Congress by Mr. Russell, of New York, of *inquiry* into our national grievance. Two bills were reported by a select committee, July 2d, 1838, to revise the Naturalization Laws, when a Mr. Beatty, a naturalized citizen of Pennsylvania, interposed objection, and by stratagem, and tergiversation, and political selfishness, the effort was abortive.

Evidence of this increasing invasion upon American nationality and defiant disregard for the will of the American people, was furnished from month to month, while our consuls abroad lost no time in bringing the appalling truths under their own eyes before their Government.

But politicians, who were feeling the foreign vote more and more important to their future elevation, continued under this moral torpor, in spite of facts, when the Hon. Hamilton Fish, of New York, in the House of Representatives, again succeeded, in the session of 1844 and '5, in presenting the subject to the deliberation of Congress, so far as to have the Com-

mittee on the Judiciary report whether any necessity existed for further legislation to prevent paupers and criminals from coming among us. But this caused but a laugh at the stupid credulity of the American people, whose voice for years in this matter has been no more regarded by the National Legislature than the petty sovereign of that insignificant North American tribe, who walks out of his hovel to salute the sun and direct his daily course.

In addition to all the information imparted by our ministers, consuls and *chargés* abroad, proving the concerted action of Ireland and Germany in particular, to thrust their criminals and beggars among us, we find President Pierce, who feels himself another Xerxes, fettering American citizens with stripes as he did the sea; and issuing his commands as from another Mount Athos, to let foreign criminals and paupers alone, give them office, lands, ballot-box, and more than the American born will even claim, to secure but his success in the Nominating Convention for another Presidential term!

In a letter recently published from our Consul at Bremen to the State Department at Washington, we have the explicit declaration that circulars are distributed in the interior of Germany by the immigration agents, directing the maimed, deformed, or crippled not to take passage to New York, but to Baltimore, New Orleans, or Quebec, where no laws exist to prohibit their landing.

After the Constitution was adopted, the power belonging to the States to naturalize was surrendered to the General Government.

While the American Revolution was progressing, our Continental Congress forbade any but the native sons to be employed in the foreign service of the country.

The committee, consisting of Jefferson, Gerry, Read, Sherman, and Williams, reported :

Resolved, That it is inconsistent with the interests of the United States to appoint any person, not a *natural born citizen* thereof, to the office of minister, *chargè d'affaires*, consul, vice-consul, or to any other civil department in a foreign country, and that a copy of this resolve be transmitted to Messrs. Adams, Franklin, and Jay ministers of the said States, in Europe.

And Washington says :

You are not to enlist any deserter from the ministerial army, or any stroller, negro, or vagabond, or person suspected of being an enemy to the liberty of *America*, nor any under eighteen years of age.

You are not to enlist any person who is not an *American* born, unless such person has a wife and family, and is a settled resident in this country.

The persons you enlist must be provided with good and complete arms.

Given at the Head-Quarters, at Cambridge, this 10th day of July, 1775.

HORATIO GATES, Adj. Gen.

Extracts from the original Orderly Book, left by the late Gen. Hand, who was the Adjutant General of the American Army, at the close of the Revolution.

Cambridge Head-Quarters, July 7, 1775.

By his Excellency George Washington.

GENERAL ORDERS :

Parole, Dorchester ; Countersign, Exeter.

The General has great reason, and is displeased with the negligence and inattention of those officers who have placed as sentries,

at the outpost, men with whose characters they are unacquainted. He, therefore, orders that, for the future, no man shall be appointed to those stations who is not **A NATIVE** of this country; this order is to be considered a standing one, and the officers are to pay obedience to it at their peril.

FOX, Adjt.-General of the day.

Head-Quarters, Valley Forge, March 17, 1778.

GENERAL ORDERS :

One hundred chosen men are to be annexed to the guard of the Commander-in-Chief, for the purpose of forming a corps, to be instructed in the manœuvres necessary to be introduced into the army, and serve as models for the execution of them. As the General's guard is composed of Virginians, the hundred drafts will be taken from the troops of the other States.

Description of the men: Height, from 5 feet 8 to 5 feet 10 inches; age, from 20 to 30 years; robust constitutions, well-limbed and formed for activity, and men of established character for sobriety and fidelity. **THEY MUST BE AMERICANS BORN.**

And he further writes :

Morristown, May 7, 1777.

To Richard Henry Lee :

DEAR SIR—I take the liberty to ask you what Congress expects I am to do with the many foreigners that have at different times been promoted to the rank of field officers, and by their last resolve, two to that of Colonels? These men have no attachment for the country further than interest binds them. Our officers think it exceedingly hard, after they have toiled in the service, and have sustained many losses, to have strangers put over them, whose merit, perhaps is not equal to their own, but whose *effrontery* will take no denial. It is by the zeal and activity of our own people that the cause must be supported, and not by the few hungry adventurers.

I am, &c.,

GEORGE WASHINGTON.

Middlebank, June 1, 1777.

*To the same :—*You will, before this can reach you, have seen Monsieur Decoudray; what his real expectations are I know not;

but I fear if his appointment is equal to what I have been told is his expectation, it will be attended with unhappy consequences, to say nothing of the policy of entrusting a department, on the execution of which the salvation of the army depends, to a *foreigner*, who has no other tie to bind him to the interest of the country than honor. I would beg leave to observe, that by putting Mr. D. at the head of the artillery, you will lose a very valuable officer in General Knox, who is a man of great military reading, sound judgment, and clever conceptions, and who will resign if any one is put over him.

I am, &c.,

GEORGE WASHINGTON.

White Plains, July 24, 1778.

To Governor Morris, Esq.:

DEAR SIR: The design of this is to touch cursorily upon a subject of very great importance to the being of these States; much more so than will appear at first view—I mean the appointment of so many FOREIGNERS to offices of high rank and trust in our service.

The lavish manner in which rank has hitherto been bestowed on these gentlemen will certainly be productive of one or the other of these two evils, either to make us despicable in the eyes of Europe or become a means of pouring them in upon us like a torrent, and adding to our present burden.

But it is neither the expense nor the trouble of them I most dread; there is an evil more extensive in its nature and fatal in its consequence to be apprehended, and that is, the driving of all our officers out of the service, and throwing not only our own army but our military councils entirely into the hands of FOREIGNERS.

The officers, my dear sir, on whom you must depend for the defence of the cause, distinguished by length of service and military merit, will not submit much, if any longer, to the unnatural promotion of men over them who have nothing more than a little plausibility, unbounded pride and ambition, and a perseverance in the application to support their pretensions, not to be resisted but by uncommon firmness; men who, in the first instance, say they wish for nothing more than the honor of serving so glorious a cause as volunteers, the next day solicit rank without pay; the day follow-

ing want money advanced to them ; and, in the course of a week, want further promotion. The expediency and policy of the measure remain to be considered, and whether it is consistent with justice or prudence to promote these military fortune-hunters at the hazard of our army.

Baron Steuben, I now find, is also wanting to quit his inspectorship for a command in the line. This will be productive of much discontent. In a word, although I think the Baron an excellent officer, *I do most devoutly wish that we had not a single foreigner amongst us*, except the Marquis de Lafayette, who acts upon very different principles from those which govern the rest. Adieu.

I am most sincerely yours,

GEORGE WASHINGTON.

To Col. Spotswood he also wrote :

You will, therefore, send me none but natives, and men of some property, if you have them. I must insist that in making this choice you give no intimation of my preference for natives, as I do not want to create any invidious distinction between them and the foreigners.

The same policy was found essential in our recent war with Mexico. Placards were found in all the cities requiring only the native sons of America to enlist for our battles ; because General Taylor found it impossible to prevent the foreigners from deserting, as O'Rielly's regiment had done. And why not ? No nationality was staked for them.

The debates in the Congress which adopted our present glorious system of government, prove, from the language of its most distinguished framers, that our fathers never did, and never would have given, the foreigner the rights which exclusively enure to the American born. In a subsequent Congress, and before the death of our Washington, General Harper, of

Maryland, who was a member of the Convention which formed the Constitution, moved that "provision be made by law to prevent any person from becoming a citizen of the United States, except by birth," as he was convinced, even at that day, it was our essential policy that no foreigner should be allowed to participate in our Government.

Says Mr. Jefferson, in his annual Presidential Message :

A very early recommendation had been given to the Postmaster-General to employ no foreigner or revolutionary tory in any of his offices.

Here, Americans, is Bishop Hughes's advice to Irishmen :

Irishmen learn in America to bide their time ; year by year, the United States and England touch each other more and more nearly on the seas. Year by year the Irish are becoming more and more powerful in America. At length the propitious time will come—some accidental, sudden collision, and a Presidential campaign at hand. *We will use then the very profligacy of our politicians for our purposes.* They will want to buy the Irish vote, and we will tell them how they can buy it in a lump from Maine to California, by declaring war on Great Britain, and wiping off at the same time the stains of concession and dishonor, that our Websters, and men of his kind, have permitted to be heaped upon the American flag by the violence of British agents.

Here John Mitchel's from the Irish journals of New York :

For every musket given into the State Armory, let *three* be purchased forthwith ; let independent companies be formed, thrice as numerous as the disbanded corps—there are no Arms Acts here yet—and let every "foreigner" be drilled and trained, and have his

arms always ready. For you may be sure [having some experience in the matter] that those who begin by disarming you, mean to do you mischief.

Be careful not to truckle in the smallest particular to American prejudices. Yield not a single jot of your own, for you have as good a right to your prejudices as they. Do not, by any means, suffer Gardner's Bible [the Protestant Bible] to be thrust down your throats. Do not abandon your posts or renounce your functions as citizens or as soldiers, but ever resort to the last and highest tribunal of law open to you; keep the peace, attempt no "demonstrations;" discourage drunkenness, *and stand to your arms.*

It is to be conceived that the madness of faction and the insolence of race will proceed to such a length as to disarm independent companies or private men. If they do, then the Constitution is at an end—*the allegiance you have sworn to this Republic is annulled!*

Would to God that thoughtful and just Americans would be- think themselves in time. They are strong—they far outnumber the foreign born; they are proud, and flushed with national glory and prosperity; doubtless they *can*, if they will, do great and grievous wrong to a race that has never wronged them; but seriously, earnestly, we *assure them the naturalized citizens will not submit.* This senseless feud must be reconciled; there must be peace—peace, or else *war of extermination.* We are here, on American ground, either as citizens or as *enemies.*

Here the *Pilot's*, of the same year, 1844—the Roman Catholic organ of Boston:

We say to all men in the United States entitled to be naturalized, become citizens while you can—let nothing delay you for an hour; let no hindrance short of mortal disease banish you from the ballot-box. To those who are citizens, we say vote your principles, whatever they be, never desert them, do not be wheedled or terrified, but vote quietly, seriously and unobtrusively. Leave to others the noisy warfare of words; let your opinions be proved by your deliberate and determined action. We recommend to you no party; we condemn no candidate but one, and he is—Theodore Freyling-

huysen. We have nothing to say to him as a Whig—we have nothing to say to Mr. Clay, nor any other Whig, as such—but to *the President of the American Board of Foreign Missions*, the friend and patron of the Kirks and Coxes, we have much to say. We hate his intolerance—we dislike his associates—and we shudder at the blackness and the bitterness of that school of sectarians to which he belongs, and among whom he is regarded as an authority.

See the power of the Hierarchy of Rome upon Brownson, who could speak thus of our immortal Clay, and he himself a native citizen :

He is ambitious, but short-sighted. He is abashed by no inconsistency, disturbed by no contradiction, and can defend with a firm countenance without the least misgiving what everybody but himself sees to be a political fallacy, or logical absurdity. He is no more disturbed by being convicted of moral insensibility than intellectual absurdity. A man of rare abilities, but apparently void of both moral and intellectual conscience, and, therefore, a man whom no power under that of the Almighty can restrain, he must needs be the most dangerous man to be placed at the head of the government it is possible to conceive.

And in reference to our common school system, Father Schacht's charge to the Roman Catholics of Nashville :

The sisters' school commences in the morning, and I hope every Catholic will send his children. If PROTESTANTS *ask if they may send their children* to the sisters' school, *tell them NO! unless they wish their children to become CATHOLICS.* It is a Catholic school, and none but Catholics and those intended to become Catholics will be admitted.

The free school of the city will also be in operation, and *I hope no Catholic child will ever be found in that school.* We have a right to send them there ; you will have to help pay the school tax, but it is *better to lose your money than lose your CHILD'S SOUL.* *The*

honorably begotten and the ill-begotten will meet and mingle at that school, and I hope no CATHOLIC will be found there!

Therefore, Brownson says our American common school system is only intended to make infidels, libertines, sharpers, and rogues!

Hear, now, Americans, what Millard Fillmore said in a letter to Mr. Clay, dated Buffalo, 11th November, 1844:

The Abolitionists and foreign Catholics have defeated us in this State. I will not trust myself to speak of the vile hypocrisy of the leading Abolitionists now. Doubtless many acted honorably but ignorantly in what they did. But it is clear that Birney and his associates sold themselves to Loco Focoism, and they will doubtless receive their reward.

Our opponents, by pointing to the Native Americans and to Mr. Frelinghuysen, drove the foreign Catholics from us, and defeated us in this State.

When Mr. Fillmore was in the Presidential office, he wrote, through his Secretary of State, Mr. Everett, to the Grand Duke of Tuscany, to intercede for the release of the oppressed Madiais.

Bishop Hughes's journal in New York thus refers to him on his termination of office:

It does not escape the independent judgment of the universe, that the Administration, **NOW HAPPILY DEFUNCT, HAS BEEN AS BIGOTED AS IT HAS BEEN IMBECILE.** The universe congratulates the country upon having elected a statesman for President, and for permitting the Unitarian ex-preacher, late Secretary of State, to return to his pulpit to proclaim that Jesus is not God, and Mr. Fillmore himself to become a village lawyer.

Americans, now behold the Constitution the Free German Associations, in this our country are openly

promulgating, under the direction of Romish despots, to destroy our liberties :

We demand—

1. Universal suffrage.
2. The election of all officers by the people.
3. The abolition of the Presidency.
4. The abolition of Senates.
5. The right of the people to recall their representatives [cashier them] at their pleasure.
6. The right of the people to change the Constitution when they like.
7. All lawsuits to be conducted without expense.
8. A department of the Government to be set up for the protection of immigration.
9. A reduced term of acquiring citizenship.
10. Abolition of all neutrality.
11. Intervention in favor of every people struggling for liberty.
12. Abolition of laws for the observance of the Sabbath.
13. Abolition of prayers in Congress.
14. Abolition of oaths upon the Bible.
15. The supporting of the emancipation exertions of Cassius M. Clay by Congressional laws.
16. Abolition of the Christian system of punishment, and the introduction of the human amelioration system.
17. Abolition of capital punishment.

The Khan of Tartary, who does not possess even a house, and feeds on mare's milk and horse-flesh, has as much right to hold his lama immortal as the Romish Hierarchy has, by right, to send its armies of criminals and paupers to destroy our freedom.

"I prefer the liberty of my country to that of any other people, and the liberty of my race to that of any other," said Henry Clay.

“The name *American*,” said Washington, “must ever exalt the just pride of patriotism.”

“Thy spirit, Independence, let me share,
Lord of the lion-heart and eagle eye,
Thy steps I'll follow with my bosom bare,
Though threat'ning storms may howl along the sky,”

Is the American sentiment in patriotism, in religion, in politics, in life, in death itself!

CHAPTER XXIII.

AMERICAN NOMINATIONS.

“Now conquer we must, when our cause it is just,
And this is our motto—in God is our trust,
And the star-spangled banner in triumph shall wave,
O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave!”

THE Convention to repair our diseased national life, has just closed its deliberations at Philadelphia. And God, who only measures and comprehends our danger, and looks upon future actions as *done*, was to it, “first, last, midst, and without end.” On! on! seemed the silent but resistless voice, which made the hearts of patriots leap into their heads, and sent a thrill of vital force, fierce and firm, in response to that question, which knocked at every true American soul, “Who hath required this at your hands?” What a man has done, is the best test he can furnish of what he will do. And hence the gushing spontaneity, the nation-wide sympathy, the rapturous devotion with which the name of Millard Fillmore came, free from solicitation, unblemished by cunning, or wrinkled by selfishness, as the anchor of hope to the American party—the surest means at command for the salvation of our country and deliverance from the aggregated ills which have combined to curse and crush our great nationality.

In Mr. Fillmore we recognize the friend of our whole country, embracing zealously the principles for which the American party are now contending, and having imposed upon himself all the *obligations* of the American Order, is now placed before the people as their American candidate, to administer the government, if called by the free suffrages of American voters, only as an American President! Casting aside forever all former party affiliations designations, he will require of all the people but the same scrupulous test of American principles which has induced them, in their own sovereignty, to call him to their support in the administration of the government! And the wisdom and power of the American principle, that the Presidency of these States must be an *unsought* gift, is manifested in the nomination of Millard Fillmore, of New York, and Andrew Jackson Donelson, of Tennessee, as food to the blood of the American party! The life, the services, the integrity, and the honor of Millard Fillmore were the guarantees to the party, and to the country, who are now jubilant with joy, at the sacred assurances these furnish, that he will be faithful to the glorious Union, and will maintain the equal rights and equality of all the States! At home and abroad, the government will be administered fairly, firmly, and purely, in conformity with American principles, and to the honor and glory of the American name. The star of hope has appeared in the good Providence of God, and the nation now turns to Fillmore and Donelson for deliverance in this their time of trouble. It is well with the man, says the prophet, with whom

even his enemies are at peace. And when even Gov. Wise, of Virginia, magnanimously called the administration of Millard Fillmore, Washington-like, we can understand the confidence with which *all* the people are now inspired; and realize the assertion of those who sat around his council board, that not a thought was ever expressed, nor an act performed, during his continuance in office, that would not have been worthy of Washington himself! "Proclaim liberty throughout all the land, and unto all the inhabitants thereof," was the language of Holy Writ, inscribed upon the Bell which rang the annunciation of our National Independence in 1776! Since we became a free and happy people, we have never needed, so much as now, hearts of fire, to rouse, strengthen, and emancipate our country from the doating nurses and rickety judgment of men who have, by the smack of their own whip, attempted to keep down patriotism, by flogging Americans, and putting their God-conferred liberty in the swaddling bands of superstition and idolatry! When now the honored names of Fillmore and Donelson, fresh and bright, spring like a sunbeam upon the American mind, it feels the need of no keener weapon than that of truth, to sound the depths and the shallows of the intelligence of the people which embodied the American principles, and made the American party their undying benefactor! With the private and personal history of Mr. Fillmore, the public are already familiar; and the purity of his life, and the invulnerable nature of his character, impregnable to assault, is the great and indestructible element of all his mental

and moral power. A gentleman by nature, though born without any of the advantages or accompaniments of fortune, he learned, in the experience of his own history, how best to estimate and appreciate the value of American institutions. With the limited means of his father, he worked as a boy upon his farm, until the age of twelve years, when he assumed the responsibilities of his own support, and became apprenticed to a clothier, to learn the art of dressing cloth; and subsequently to a wool-carder, where he remained until the age of nineteen, so assiduously cultivating, at the same period, his comprehensive intellect, as to have remedied, in a great degree, the deficiencies of his early education. But such nobility, justice, and integrity, as he thus early represented, were soon discovered by a distinguished member of the bench, in his native county of Cayuga, New York, and at the instance, and by the assistance of this generous benefactor, and the aid afforded by a school which he himself conducted, Mr. Fillmore prosecuted his legal studies, and was admitted to the bar, at Buffalo, in 1823, and assumed the practice of law in the town of Aurora the same year. His march has, since that epoch, been steadily onward. Advanced, professionally and politically, by intrinsic merit, the sturdy and uncompromising friend of Right, he has spent his life, from the clothier's shop to the Presidential retirement, under the brilliant guidance of good sense, and illustrating at every step the same indomitable energy and decision in the performance of every trust which he manifested to Americans when called by a benefi-

cent destiny to preside over the administration of their national government!

The name of Andrew Jackson Donelson carries with it, too, the untamed and untamable energy of the popular and honored General Andrew Jackson. It rouses tingling sensations in the nerves of the American people! It enkindles afresh the inspiration of the past, and seems to shrivel every obstacle into ashes in connection with the immortal Hero of the Hermitage! Major Donelson was reared under the guardianship of General Jackson, and thus learned that the strength of American men should be given to break the clanking chains of all civil and religious intolerance. He showed the vitality of his thinking principle, by his rapid attainment to proficiency in the studies of Cadet, and graduated with distinction at West Point, in 1819. He immediately bore a commission in the corps of Engineers, and subsequently was appointed Aid-de-camp by General Jackson, with whom he continued while the General remained in the army. When the cities and plains of the country rang by acclamation for his call to the Presidency, Major Donelson resigned his commission in the Army, and gave the most of his time to facilitate the great popular movement which resulted in the elevation of General Jackson to the Chief Magistracy of the nation. He now accepted the position of his Private Secretary, and as a member of the President's family, he remained for the two terms of his administration in charge of his private, as well as official correspondence. Upon the retirement of General Jackson to private life, Mr. Donelson was tendered, but de-

clined, a high appointment under his successor, Mr. Van Buren, and returned with General Jackson to his estate adjoining the Hermitage in Tennessee, where he continued to aid him in a correspondence still as extensive as the nation he had filled with his fame.

In 1844, when the influence of the Tyler administration was prostrate, and had proved too narrow to secure the annexation of Texas, a messenger was dispatched to Gen. Jackson, desiring him to induce Mr. Donelson to accept the appointment of Minister to that Government, and manage the negotiation. In his absence, in Mississippi, when the messenger reached the Hermitage, the General returned the assurance to Mr. Tyler that he would comply with his request. And Mr. Donelson, a warm supporter of that measure, repaired immediately to Texas and succeeded in securing such a modification of the views of President Houston, as to bring about the act of annexation in a manner satisfactory not only to both Governments, but to the people of both countries, who thus mutually increased the depth and strength of their resources.

The records of the State Department at Washington, under the administration of Mr. Tyler and his successor, Mr. Polk, furnish evidence of the unmeasured wisdom, purity, and able intelligence which Mr. Donelson displayed in that ever memorable transaction. Upon the election of Mr. Polk to the Presidency, he desired the aid of Mr. Donelson in his councils; and a Cabinet appointment was urged upon his acceptance. He, however, preferred a mission to Prussia, and in 1846 took up his residence at

that Court, where he remained until the revolution and the formation of a new central government at Frankfort-on-the-Maine. To this he was also an accredited Minister, acting at *both* Courts, until relieved at Berlin, by a successor, appointed by Mr. Polk. The central Government at Frankfort relapsed to its former condition after the revolution of 1848, and Mr. Donelson, in 1849, being recalled by President Taylor, closed his connection with the public service of the country. The letters in the State Department from President Taylor attest the highest appreciation for his fidelity and usefulness as the representative of his government. During the agitation caused by the acquisition of Mexican Territory, Mr. Donelson was induced to leave his private interests near the Hermitage, for a short time, and conduct the Washington Union, to hasten the harmonious adjudication of that difficulty. He has been a consistent opponent of the administration of Mr. Pierce, and of the anti-American influences which elected him and now control his action; and, occupies the position to which the American Party has just called him, only because he saw and acknowledged the vital action of that *one* thought; that the force, power and dominion of our own nationality must be traced in letters of fire on the brow, and become the crowning glory of Americans, now or never!

And now, Americans, with a party that stands only upon the broad basis of the Constitution, and solemnly recognizes the rights of all, from the forest and prairies, the lakes and rivers of our Continent, let there be one

common stand, irrespective of all parties, for the American flag and American principles, having inscribed upon our stars and stripes our American brothers, Fillmore and Donelson.

When Washington was called by Congress to lead on an embattled host to victory, there were present those who preferred the favorite son of Massachusetts. But that spirit which fuses, thinks, feels, interpenetrates the patriot soul, and directs it, made that choice then a vital and indissoluble unit. So now, let no personal preference reveal an outward impulse which is not eager for action under the halo of light, which is borne upon our American banner. And as in the times which tried the souls of our fathers, when the mechanics of New York City boxed up their tools, and the ploughmen of New England left their implements in the furrow, to secure the great ends for which the declaration was made—so now, may all considerations but the glory of our common cause and common country, be boxed up or left; and the people, old, middle-aged and young, with the mothers, sisters and daughters of our land, form one great, vast, executive force, to elevate our national principles by men who will never be found Peter's to the sovereign majesty of the American people!



